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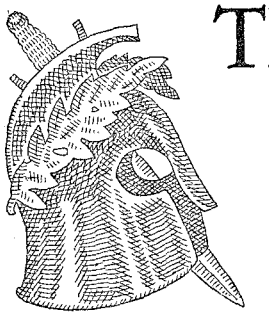
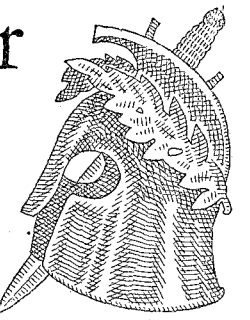


The Impossible Next War

By Roger Burlingame

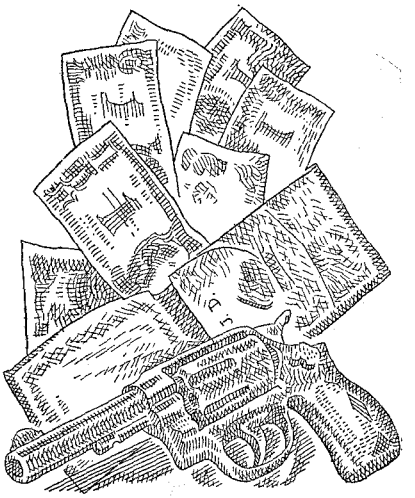


The United States, as usual, has furnished the practical working solution to one of the world's greatest problems

For seventeen years, most of the world seems to have pursued the problem of preventing war. The Treaty of Versailles with its covenant of the League of Nations led in 1919; Locarno and the Kellogg pact followed in the wake with smaller treaties, naval conferences, peace prizes, societies, munitions scandals, and other flotsam drifting along on the great flood of propaganda for peace. Yet all this parade has met only disaster. The Versailles treaty has been blown up; the League is discredited; the latest naval conference, in fear of ridicule, gave up keeping minutes; England has jumped from sanctions to bribes and back again; France, with her eyes on the Swastika in the sky, has rushed to the support of England; and the war clouds over Africa, considerably larger than a man's hand and blacker than an Italian shirt or an Ethiopian skin, are moving toward Europe.

In the meantime, however, the United States, unhampered by threats or alliances, has been able to devote more persistent attention to the problem. And the Congress of the United States, substantially aided by the American Legion, has finally solved it. It has taken them seventeen years. But what are seventeen years?

The pact makers have argued that war should be outlawed because it is dishonorable. The social scientists say that war must become intolerable because it destroys the best elements of the race. The peace societies insist that war should be impossible because it is too horrible. But Congress and the Veterans have *proved* that, for America at least, war *is* impossible because it is too expensive.



If this genial combination continues in the pace it has already set, the cost of the last war will be quite fabulous. In 1932, when fourteen years had passed since the armistice, statisticians estimated that by 1945, the United States would have spent the total cost of its part in the war all over again on the aftermath and this even if the Congress-Legion league should pass no new laws. Since then, of course, it has passed new laws and it will pass others.

Yet the part played by the United States in the last war was not large in time or numbers in comparison with its allies, nor were its losses great, considering the numbers involved. Something over 4,000,000 men were in uniform. Of these less than 25 per cent were in actual combat. There were approximately 350,000 casualties (killed, wounded, and diseased), or 8 per cent of our armed force. As England and France had, respectively, 40 and 45 per cent casualties we should consider ourselves fortunate. This, however, was natural, as only a year and seven months passed between our declaration of war and the Armistice.

Yet since the war, our Congress-Legion get-together has caused these casualties to cost us about $17,000 apiece not counting the gratuity of the bonus which went to disabled and healthy alike. Including the bonus, we have paid, since the war, some $1800 per man in uniform. And this cost, year by year, is increasing.

Let us imagine, now, a new war in which we participate on a larger scale: on the scale, say, of France, in the World War. France mobilized almost 8,000,000 men, of whom 3,500,000 were casualties. If in our next war we meet a fate like that (though victorious) our casualties seventeen years after the close of hostilities will cost us some sixty billions of dollars. If besides this we pay a bonus to all mobilized men or their dependents there will be another eight billions. I am assuming, of course, that the cahoots of Congress and the Veterans continue, and a study of pensions after the Mexican, Civil, and Spanish Wars reveals that this merger has considerable tradition behind it.

Now a debt or "obligation" as Congress and the Legion casually call it as staggering as that would certainly reduce the nation to bankruptcy. It would be more than double the present large national debt. It would be more than double the reparations which the allies hopefully levied on Germany and

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which Germany repudiated as inconceivable. It is nearly three times as large as the allied debts to the United States resulting from the World War (with interest accrued to 1933) and which the Allies now regard as no longer thinkable. But the United States wouldn't think of repudiating debts to its veterans, as Congress has frequently demonstrated, even when Congress has arbitrarily created them as it did in the case of the recent bonus. So we are faced with a *reductio ad absurdum:* The Government must pay nearly seventy billions to the veterans of its next war within seventeen years after the event; the wealth and credit of the country are inadequate to the payment and yet the Congress cannot repudiate the "obligation." So we arrive at the inevitable, happy conclusion that the next war will be impossible.

Let us glance at the social and political currents of such an aftermath. Out of a population of 120,000,000 the post-war Congress creates a privileged class of 8,000,000 citizens the recipient of $68,000,000,000 over seventeen years. On each of these persons, the government will have spent an average of $8500. It will, of course, have spent more on some than on others. On the 3,500,000 casualties (many of whom will, as now, have recovered from their casualties) it will have spent $17,000 apiece. On the others there will be an average of only $1000 for bonus. Now as this privileged class has been no more dependent upon Congress than Congress has been upon it—for in this pleasant game of back-scratching votes are an important medium of exchange —we may assume that it will become the ruling class, being able to dictate to Congress what laws it may and may not pass. So the United States would become an oligarchy and plutocracy. But the United States is and must remain a democracy. Therefore another war will be impossible.

I mean to show further that this privileged class would also be a leisure class and that it would be much larger than the mere 8,000,000 veterans or their dependents for which the veteran legislation (based on the present laws) would provide.

Now that the pre-paid bonus is safely out of the way, the successor to the current Congress will consider the subject of widows' and orphans' pensions (without regard to cause or date of death and with post-war marriage permitted) and the subject of universal service pensions. Unless some resistent force presently appears greater than any yet developed, within five years all persons who wore the uniform of the United States in the World War and all their widows as long as they survive and their minor or helpless orphans will receive a pension. This is over and above all bonuses. The fact that three widows of the War of 1812 are still on the pension rolls gives a clue to length of survival.

These laws will project into the indefinite future a leisure class from the World War of about 4,000,000 people. Assuming (quite hypothetically, of course) that the next (impossible) war occurs within their lifetime, this leisure class will join with the leisure class created by the next war so that eventually such a group might contain somewhere between 10,000,000 and 20,000,000 people, depending upon adjustment of marriage, longevity, a healthy birth rate, and other factors. But with a leisure class as large as that (and it might well be larger) production in the country would be so reduced that only a fraction of the wealth necessary for pensions and bonuses could be reached at all. So we may congratulate ourselves that, at last, war in America has passed almost beyond the pale of the most fantastic imagination.

England, France, Germany, and Italy, as well as several smaller nations, have been less happy in their progress toward peace. Possibly they still secretly cherish the hope of more wars to come. At any rate, their post-World War legislation and their pattern of veteran benefits have not rendered them impossible.

All of these countries reveal, in their statistics, the phenomenon, completely outside of our ken, that veteran costs *decrease* rather than *increase* as the years pass. They explain this by the fact that many of their sick and wounded are eventually cured, which causes their pensions to cease. Strange. They do not understand "presumptives"—persons who develop tuberculosis or shell shock six years after the war, are diagnosed by our Congress as "service-connected" cases, treated at government expense, and pensioned while the disability lasts or, in the case of arrested tuberculosis, for life. Strange again. They do not know about treatment or pensions for "non-service-connected disabilities" like falling downstairs or getting run over because once the patient wore the uniform of his country in a national emergency. They are surprised to hear about bonuses due or not due yet payable, about plans for service pensions to able-bodied veterans who never saw the front or to able-bodied widows of veterans who die in their beds after years of able-bodied life. They seem even to be a little shocked at life-long war pensions for sufferers from venereal disease, epilepsy, and sleeping sickness.

So England, France, Italy, and Germany see a possibility of pensions growing negligible instead of becoming intolerable. The figures are interesting. In the first ten years after the war (1919–1929), France discovered a decrease of pensioners of 14.1 per cent, England's rolls were reduced by 17.4 per cent, Italy's decrease was 23.6 per cent. Yet in the United States in the same period, the number of our pensioners *increased 866 per cent.* The responsibility for this increase belongs to Congress which, in those years, under the intimidation of the American Legion, passed most of the laws for presumptives, non-service-connected cases, etc., flooding the hospitals with peace-veterans, and, while European veteran hospitals were closing, causing new ones to be built here. So, by 1931, the United States was paying $2,668.61 per year per casualty whereas England paid only $104.50.

We see, therefore, that though we may complain at two and a half billions for prepaid bonuses; though we may chafe at the encouragement of healthy ex-soldiers and, often, rich ones, to ride along with other dole-getters; though we feel that many heroes have somewhat reduced their heroism by comparing themselves with business men who work for profit; while we may be nostalgic for old-fashioned but worn-out words like "patriotism" and "sacrifice" applied to our citizen soldiery—while these irritations are aggravated from year to year, we may take comfort in the certainty that so huge and grotesque a monster will finally destroy its Frankenstein and no further war will economically—the word is final in America—be possible.

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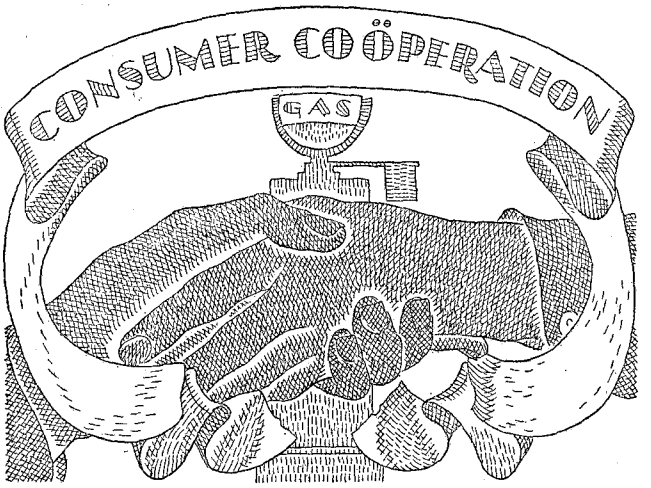
The Masses Go Into Big Business

By Bertram B. Fowler



Consumer cooperation has taken an amazing hold in the United States in recent years, and, as political panaceas fail, many see in the movement a way of adjustment of the economic situation. Its record of success in England and the Scandinavian countries and the visit of Kagawa, the Japanese Christian leader, are serving to bring the movement to the attention of an ever increasing number of people. It is a factor with which American business must reckon

A LITTLE over ninety years ago twenty-eight weavers of Rochdale, England, pooled their savings for twelve months. At the end of that time they had saved $140. Not a record in the accumulation of savings. Also remote in time and space from the contemporary American scene. Yet these twenty-eight weavers have had a profound effect upon economic America.

This year in America the 2,000,000 members of more than 6500 consumer cooperatives did business in excess of a million dollars a day. Because of those Rochdale weavers, the first cooperative gas and oil station, opened fifteen years ago, has multiplied until today there are over 2000 of them. Because of those Rochdale weavers the farmers of the Middle West are today experimenting with an economic technic whereby they control their own wholesales, dictate to factories, and operate a system of distribution that is handling a growing share of the farm supply business of the nation.

A lot of people have risen in rebellion against the ordered scheme of things. They have rebelled in many fashions. But these twenty-eight weavers of Rochdale, with their $140, staged the first successful economic rebellion by the people. At the same time their methods were not revolutionary. Rather, these people put into motion an evolutionary movement that today has made a profound impression on the economic state in Great Britain and the Scandinavian countries, and is now issuing in America a challenge that cannot be ignored.

In Great Britain the $140 start of the twenty-eight weavers has grown into a movement that embraces in its membership 7,000,000 people, representing more than one-half of the families of England and Scotland. It has spread to Sweden to control the national economy; to Denmark to remake the nation; to Finland to give to them something that has become an integral part of the Finnish nation. Now, it has come to America—to do what? It is time that American industry stopped to take stock of the advance made by consumer cooperation.

Last year buying cooperatives did a business of $365,000,000. Not a huge total, but, when we stop to consider that most of these gains were made during the depression and that the philosophy preached by the leaders of the movement is, in effect, a declaration of economic independence by the people, it is time we did take stock.

When twenty-eight weavers of Rochdale put up their $140 they wrote a set of rules to govern their society. These rules constituted something new in the way of economics. First it must be understood that these weavers had become disillusioned with the promises of politicians. They had come to the conclusion that economic maladjustments could not be righted by political action. To get economic reform, they argued, you must have economic action.

So they wrote what have come to be known as the Rochdale Principles. These principles today are accepted as the basic tenets of a new economic order by the 100,000,000 members of the International Cooperative Alliance. Wherever a consumer cooperative society is set up these principles enter into the picture. You can set up a cooperative on Rochdale lines, or you can try some other method. But the Rochdale principles will in any case enter into the argument.

The first of the Rochdale rules is that membership shall be open. Which means a classless society. No one can be refused membership because of race, color, or creed. Secondly, the Rochdale weavers decided to take the vote away from the share of stock and give it to the individual. They considered that this was economic democracy. Under these rules the individual member has one vote regardless of the number of shares of stock he may own.

Most revolutionary of all was their ruling upon the question of profits. They thought first, perhaps, of the age-long dream of production for use. But, being practical men, they realized that a business must have a margin of profit if it is to operate successfully. The problem they faced was what to do with the profits. So they wrote their rule that stated that all profits, after a portion had been set aside for education and expansion, should be returned to the purchaser in ratio to his purchases.

The idea caught on and the Rochdale Society began to grow. Last year the two cooperative wholesales in England and Scotland were the central or-

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ganizations for over 2000 retail cooperative societies. These joint wholesales owned, controlled, and operated for their consumer members more than 150 factories and manufacturing plants. They owned their own coal mines, their own tea plantations in Ceylon and India. They bought the wheat for their bread direct from the Canadian wheatfields. They were the largest single purchaser of Canadian wheat. From the wheatfields, the grain went through an unbroken channel of cooperative handling, through elevators, flour mills, and bakeries, to the table of the consumer-owner.

Last year the business of the British cooperatives took a $50,000,000 jump. Last year the banking business of the wholesale amounted to a $12,000,000 turnover every day. Their insurance business ranked with that of the big companies.

In Sweden consumer cooperation came to the nation when trusts and monopolies controlled the price levels of commodities. The movement was some little time growing through the retail stage. But when there were enough retail societies, the Swedish Wholesale was organized and became the spearhead of the attack on the existing economic order. There was an overshoes trust that fixed the price of galoshes at 8.50 kroner a pair. The Swedish Cooperative wholesale went into the overshoe business to see if they couldn't bring down the price. They had already broken the margarine trust and were beginning to feel their strength. When the overshoe war ended the cooperatives were in charge of the field. Overshoe prices had come down to 3.50 kroner a pair.

From this point the Swedish cooperatives went on until today every trust and monopoly have been brought under control. Commodity prices in Sweden are at an economic level. And the cooperative movement operates to keep them there.

The story is much the same in Denmark, in Finland, and in Switzerland. In each country the people, organized cooperatively, went at their problems from an economic angle, took economic action and built their own economic order. It is for this reason that the cooperative movement in America is significant today.

Following the Civil War, there was in America the beginnings of a cooperative movement. But either the time was not ripe or the movement was insecurely founded. In any case, the whole movement petered out. From then on until the opening of the twentieth century various waves of cooperation swept the land, but most of them ended in failure. Back of the failure in many cases was the absence of the principles upon which the Scandinavian and British movements were founded.

The real foundation of the movement was laid by the Finns of northern Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Michigan. The Finns brought consumer cooperation to America as a philosophy of life. American cooperatives had, for the most part, been set up as organizations to save the members a few pennies here and there. When through mismanagement or inefficiency the savings ceased, the membership melted away and the cooperatives collapsed.

To the Finns of the northern states, cooperation was instinctive. It was as natural for them to set up their cooperatives in their communities as it was for them to build homes. So, while the death rate of the American cooperatives still ran high, the Finnish societies continued to build.

Americans as a whole at that time still clung tenaciously to the belief that all social ills could be righted by political action. They failed to differentiate between economic and political problems. The Finns, on the other hand, went about the handling of their economic problems by economic action, and looked to the politicians for political reform only.

Thus it was that, when the depression hit the Middle West in 1920, the cooperatives of the Finns were firmly established. It was then that the western farmers began to listen to the philosophy of economic action. And as they listened more and more of them began to experiment with consumer cooperation; began to think in terms of the consumer. At the same time certain flaws in the economic system began to make themselves glaringly evident. In their desire to protect profits certain groups of manufacturers and producers began to form combines to check falling prices. As a result farmers began to be driven into the organization of consumer cooperatives.

The real impulse behind the cooperative movement in the West was the same one that had brought it into being in Rochdale, England, ninety years before. The one problem that our system of production for profit had never been able to solve was that of distribution. Mass production had made possible an economy of abundance. But the whole system of distribution for profit is based on the presence of scarcity. When there is scarcity prices soar and profit margins widen. As soon as there is an abundance prices fall, profits dwindle, and a system that lives on profits stagnates. Without the lure of profits there is no urge to produce. Therefore our machinery of production falls idle, throwing added millions into unemployment, restricting purchasing power still further and deepening the poverty and misery of the nation.

The Rochdale weavers saw this and laid down the principles for a system of production and distribution for use. The western farmers, impoverished by a profit toll that had always worked against them, saw the inherent soundness of consumer cooperation, as set in motion by the Rochdale weavers, and took it up as a method whereby they could stop the drainage of profits.

The Central Cooperative Wholesale, the central organization of the Finns in the north-central states, had been set up in 1917 with only $15.00 of capital. In seventeen years it had grown into the leading wholesale establishment in its district. It was housed in a $100,000 home, acting as a buying agency for over 130 retail societies, the largest one of which, located in Cloquet, Minnesota, a town of 7000, did a business of nearly one million dollars in 1935.

The Finns provided the pattern in America. The native farmers in the Middle West began to study the Finnish organization. They saw in such a mutually beneficial organization a method by which to work out their own economic problem, a problem that symbolized the plight of the farmer.

With the mechanization of the western farms, the farmer became subjected to a new profit drain. He sold more wheat and corn to buy gasoline and oil. In 1929 one major oil company took out of the Middle West $250,000,000 in profits. This money flowed back to the financial centers to be added to the already congested flood of funds looking for employment in capital in-

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vestments. It came directly from the purchasing power of the West, the purchasing power that was being cut lower and lower as the farmer went further into debt and paid new profit tolls.

The western farmer saw in consumer cooperation a way to stop the drain of oil and gas profits. When he saw this he went into action, and has in the last fifteen years written one of the most dramatic chapters in the economic history of America.

The first cooperative gasoline station appeared in the West in 1921. Here a group of farmers sold shares in a cooperative Society. These shares provided capital to install tanks and pumps and put in a supply of gasoline and oil. They employed an attendant to serve them. They sold gasoline to themselves at the prevailing rate. But, at the end of the year, they paid back to themselves that share of the income that had hitherto been collected as a profit by absentee owners. The Society was one of consumers. As consumers the members met to elect a board of directors from their membership to oversee the actual business of the Society. Most cooperatives have followed substantially this same pattern.

It represented the first move on the part of the farmer to keep the margin of profits in the channels of purchasing power. Other retail organizations sprang up in rapid succession during the next few years. Operating in direct competition with the established oil companies they were naturally forced to draw closer and closer together to protect their organizations and buy at better and better prices.

Because of this the first cooperative wholesale came into being in Minnesota in 1926. It represented the coalition of a few retail cooperatives who wished to buy their gasoline by the tank car lot. This organization began without capital, the member retails paying in advance when they placed their initial orders. In 1935 this organization, The Midland Cooperative Wholesale, was mainly responsible for the figures that showed the cooperatives holding second place as state-wide distributors of oil and gas in Minnesota.

The oil cooperative grew because from the first they began to halt the march of profits out of the West to the financial centers. In one Colorado town there is an oil cooperative that is an example of what is going on throughout the West. This organization started with insignificant capital and a few members. Today it has a membership of 1400, $14,000 in capitalization, and $100,000 in reserves. It has returned to its consumer members a total of $650,000 in patronage dividends, the profit spread that the consumers had retained for themselves and added to their purchasing power.

The pressure of the competition of the big oil companies, instead of stopping the growth of the cooperatives, drove them forward step by step. When the oil companies made it difficult for the local cooperatives to get their gasoline supplies there was an immediate expansion of wholesale activities. Continued pressure of competition forced new combines of cooperatives.

In 1929 there was in North Kansas City, Missouri, a cooperative oil wholesale. It operated as the buying agency for a few retail cooperatives. It was housed in a tiny building with storage space for 5000 gallons of gasoline at the back door. Just up the street was the plant of a large privately owned oil company. That year the privately owned company had just completed the building of a new $250,000 oil blending and storage plant.

This oil company had been selling the cooperatives its supplies of lubricating oils. But, following the completion of its new plant, the big company severed its business connections with the cooperative, telling the cooperators that their business was too small for them to handle.

This forced the cooperators to go further into the oil business. They set up in North Kansas City the first cooperative oil-blending plant in the world. In 1935 the cooperative wholesale, then serving over 300 retail cooperatives, bought the plant of the privately owned company at a bankruptcy sale. This wholesale was then doing a business of over $2,000,000 for the year. It was shipping a trainload of petroleum products a day to its member retails. It was one of four such plants that had sprung up one after the other following the pioneer move by the North Kansas City group.

These various oil cooperatives were something more than mere business organizations. They were the visible results of the appearance of a technic of action in the hands of farmers who were solving the problem of distribution to their own satisfaction. The figures of the growth of oil cooperatives in reality show the workability of cooperation and the readiness of the farmers to embrace a technic that actually saved them money.

All over the West cooperative wholesales continued to spring up and play an increasingly important part in the distribution of petroleum products in rural areas. The Farmers' Union of North Dakota set up their cooperative oil wholesale in St. Paul in 1928. In six years this organization spread a network of cooperative filling stations across western Minnesota, through North Dakota into eastern Montana. In rural North Dakota it is the leading distributor of oil and gasoline. It is in second place as a state-wide distributor.

Figures showing the part played by the Farmers' Union in the communities disclose significant facts. In eighty-eight North Dakota towns in which oil cooperatives had been organized there was sold during 1934 a total of 55,000,000 gallons of gasoline, tractor fuel, and kerosene. Of this total the cooperatives sold 17,000,000 gallons, a far bigger total than any other single company. The average plant of the private companies that year sold an average of 98,000 gallons. The average cooperative plant sold 195,000 gallons.

The figures of other wholesales throughout the West tell the same story. When a cooperative is set up in the average community it immediately becomes the leading distributor in the area. It is something more than competition between organizations. It is the story of distribution for service versus distribution for profit.

With these cooperatives showing large patronage dividends to members, the cooperative technic naturally began to attract the attention of urban consumers. At the same time the wholesale organizations were embarking upon programs of education and publicity, carrying the idea of cooperative purchasing to the cities and towns, intent upon widening their field of operations that their savings to members might become greater.

Most of the large towns and cities in the Middle West are now hearing of consumer cooperation. Hundreds of

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them have their cooperative gasoline stations. And from the gasoline stations there naturally goes an impulse toward further cooperative endeavor, toward more and wider savings. Madison, Wisconsin, where a cooperative gasoline station was opened in 1934, is an example. This organization, with a large share of its members on the faculty of the University of Wisconsin, opened a gasoline station and in their first eight months of operation did a business of $18,000. Growing membership led to the opening of two more gasoline stations, the addition of a coal yard and a fuel oil plant. In 1935 sales jumped to over $3000 a week.

The revolt was against profit-taking. Such a revolt had been smoldering in the West for decades. But it was with the coming of consumer cooperation that the revolt began to take real form. In Ohio and Indiana the growth of oil and gas cooperatives came to join a cooperative organization already revolutionizing the buying of farm supplies.

Revolt in Ohio and Indiana had been forced in 1920 by the fertilizer interests. It was at this time that grain prices started to crash. The fertilizer interests formed what was virtually a monopoly, pegging the price of fertilizer at $34 a ton. The farmer, actually unable to pay this price, was driven to cooperative organization. The fertilizer interests, when the economic revolt started, refused to sell to the cooperatives. So the cooperatives went farther afield in their search for supplies.

When the cooperators bought huge stocks of fertilizer to sell at $21 a ton the fertilizer interests cut the price to $20. But the revolt was under way and could not then be stopped by a price war. The one stumbling block in the path of cooperative development was the inability of the cooperators to get standard quality and assured supplies.

It was at this time that the cooperatives found a copper mining company with a surplus of sulphuric acid. The company agreed to set up a subsidiary corporation for the manufacture of fertilizer which the cooperators agreed to buy.

As a result there is in Lockland, Ohio, today a fertilizer plant with a capacity of 100,000,000 tons of fertilizer a year. The significance in this case lies in the nature of the business carried on by the manufacturer. The cooperators lay down their own specifications. The manufacturer produces fertilizer according to the consumers' own demands. The cooperators take care of all advertising, distributing, and pay cash for their supplies. Therefore we have in this instance a producer who has nothing to do but produce. There is no sales force, no advertising department, and no collection department. As a result this manufacturer signed the first contract of its kind in the United States, wherein he agrees to return to the cooperatives one-half of the manufacturer's profit each year.

The linking of gasoline and oil to the buying of farm supplies throughout the West has naturally led to the growth of consumer cooperation as an economic method rather than as a mere way of purchasing. The impulse is to move farther and farther back toward production. The saving of retail profits has been, in most cases, merely the first step of the cooperative advance.

In town after town through the Middle West the cooperative station comprises a feed mill, a bulk plant for the distribution of gas and oil, a warehouse where the farmer buys his feed, seed, fertilizer, fencing, and building materials. The current move is toward the setting up of a retail store in connection with each one of these cooperative depots.

The Consumers' Cooperative Association in North Kansas City, for instance, with its 300 depots in Kansas, Colorado, and neighboring states, is now organizing its own grocery wholesale in order to set up a store in connection with each gasoline station and feed warehouse.

Distribution for profit, collecting a toll on the farm products that the city worker must buy and another toll on the factory goods sold to the farmer, drove a wedge between farmer and city worker. The cooperatives in the West, claiming that the middleman is responsible for the misunderstanding between farm population and the town dwellers, is making a definite move to link the two through cooperative development. In Indiana and Ohio, for example, the rural cooperative organizations have laid out a definite plan of action. They are going into the towns and cities to help workers form their own consumer cooperatives to deal directly with the marketing cooperatives set up by the farmer. The goal is the elimination of the middleman and his profit toll.

At the same time there is growing up in many cities independent consumer cooperatives working toward the same end. The Negroes of Gary, Indiana, set up such a cooperative in 1932. In that year, with one-half the Negro population of the city on relief, a consumer group organized. They started with a capital of $24 and functioned as a buying club until their business was large enough to move into a store. In 1935 this group did a retail business of $35,000 and had become the largest Negro-owned retail business in the United States.

In Pittsburgh and Kansas City Negro groups are duplicating the Gary achievement. And in each city the Negro leaders are telling their people that by consumer cooperation the Negro can at last win his economic emancipation.

It is this present sweep of activity that gives consumer cooperation in America its significance. A few years ago it was a negligible quantity in the national economic scene. Today, because of the philosophy it is teaching, its importance cannot be ignored. It was his perception of the implications of the movement that led Roger Babson to warn his clients this winter that in ignoring the consumer movement in America, merchants may be sitting on dynamite.

The real strength of consumer cooperation lies in the fact that it does not preach a philosophy of revolution by force. It makes no attempt to juggle legislation or resort to political action. It is a technic that is purely economic in its operation. Instead of volubly attacking the existing method of distribution it sets about to do a better job. The figures on gain by the cooperative method of distribution tell the story of its effectiveness.

Distribution for profit today faces the challenge of consumer cooperation, the challenge of a new technic in distribution that is gaining ground among both farm groups and city workers. The only way in which the present system can meet the challenge is by doing a better job of distribution. Which would mean a complete realignment of our methods of distribu-

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tion. Our methods of production grew in efficiency as we studied methods and means and worked out our present system of mass production. But we ignored distribution, left it on a basis of inefficiency that led to its complete failure. In consumer cooperation we have a system of distribution growing up among the people.

The present visit of Kagawa to America opens new vistas in the economic scene. For Kagawa is preaching to millions of receptive Americans the philosophy of consumer cooperation as the only economic system that squares with Christian ethics. He has a large audience because the failure of our system of production has hit the churches a staggering blow. The great majority of church leaders throughout the country are beginning to realize that there cannot be a solid and substantial church while economic chaos continues.

For this reason there is at present a very significant turning of the church leaders toward consumer cooperation. These men want to know just what this thing is that Kagawa is preaching. If these religious leaders find the cooperative philosophy they may well begin to follow Kagawa's advice and help in the building of a cooperative order to square with the ethics they have been teaching.

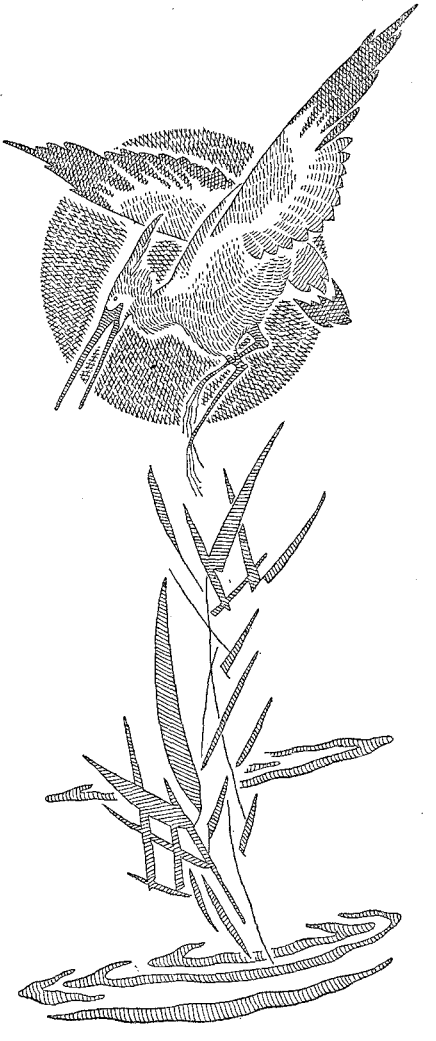
Such are the existing facts in the movement of consumer cooperation as it appears today. It is, in effect, the visible manifestation of a spirit of economic revolt among the people. This type of revolt can only be suppressed by the removal of the evils that caused it. If the evils are not remedied the revolt will sweep on. American business today faces its greatest test. For this time the demands upon it are not vague generalities. In consumer cooperation we have at last a clear and distinct outline of a method of action.

It is interesting to note that in his latest book, *It Can't Happen Here,* in which he deals with the threat of Fascism in America, Sinclair Lewis says in one place that the real hope lies in something that is being voiced in the Middle West, a something that is called the Cooperative Commonwealth.

Consumer cooperation is the first evidence of that commonwealth, the appearance in actuality of the technic whereby these cooperators hope to bring that commonwealth into being. It is because it is appearing in such terms that the movement is significant.

HERON IN DROUGHT

By Kenneth W. Porter



Cornstalks were bleached and slender bones;
The pasture-grass, sparse hair upon a skull
Long-baked by sun; field-clods were stones.
The river crawled but quarter-full
Of water thick like sluggish blood
Between wound-lips of rotten mud
Sucking the bottom of our boat
Which the creek-ooze could hardly float.
The sun sank in a sullen smoulder
Half-hidden by a bluff's gaunt shoulder;
The sickly rays shed off from it
Seemed pale flames from a charnel-pit.

Then from the reeking rim of night
The flash of pinions in strong flight!
From a bush aflower with fierce white fire
We saw a heron tower and spire.
Against the sky we saw him loom
Phœnix-like; a hieroglyph
Etched in the wall of a Pharaoh's tomb
Cut from some gray Nilotic cliff—
Symbol of immortality,
Itself endowed with that stern gift
Crying "Life is, was, and shall be!"
Above the earth's miasmic drift.
Here in this world of death and dying
Life lives for us in a great bird flying!

Oh curving breast, strong slender legs,
Proud arching neck and poniard-bill,
Your wings lift up from smoking dregs
The soul of beauty and the will!
Mount to the stars, Oh strong, alive!
Tell Heaven—and us—we still survive!

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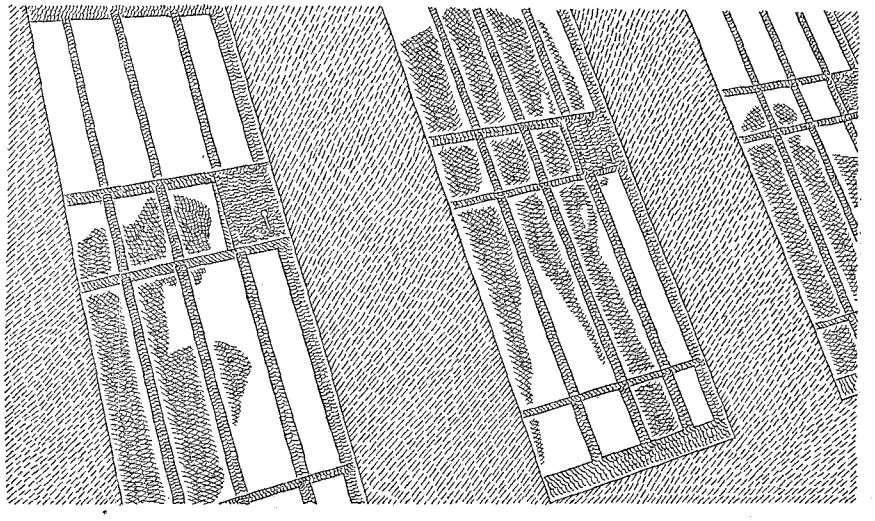
The Noonday Demon

A STORY

By Cuthbert Wright



Just before daybreak I fell asleep again, and had the flying dream which all the kids had sometimes. I was not exactly flying but moving over the ground at about forty miles an hour. There was some unimaginable goal ahead, all around the solemn mountains watched, and I was not alone. Then I, or rather the unearthly creature I rode, began to skid and quiver, and I woke up to find my best friend, Eugene Marlow, shaking me, and looked across at my roommate, Henry Hall, peacefully slumbering, as was his habit even in daytime. A watery glimmer came through our window at St. Pascal's School, Sevier; and all at once I knew it was Easter Saturday, and the whole long day before us.

"And a good thing too," drawled Marlow as I hunted for my pants and a towel, "foh in just anotheh minute, little ole boy, you would have had a showeh down yuh spine."

"The last time," I said, departing for the lavatory, "it was water in the hand."

Marlow permitted himself to smile, and went out to the T-model truck we had borrowed from Andy Gipson, Postmaster of St. Pascal's Station, Mr. Gipson being in a state of weekend nonresistance at the selected moment.

Meanwhile I dried and dressed, searching my breeches-pocket for the first check I had ever got for plundering my brains. It was for fifteen dollars, no less, and signed by the Treasurer of *The Mountain Gazette* for an article I had written, just on the chance, and entitled "If We Had Won." In accepting it, the editor had stated that he was adding a subtitle: Remarkable Tribute from a Yankee Schoolboy. I could see the black words in my mind as I put on my clothes. I am still a schoolboy all right, but not a Yankee, though I do hail from New York.

In the West Side High, where I was the year before, I used to notice that there were only two types of Irish boy when you got right down to it. There was the tough, good-looking, superficially pious kind, up to every sort of meanness and smutty as hell, but a pretty good sort if you kept on his right side. The other type was painfully plain as often as not, usually wore eyeglasses, and had round shoulders from too much kneeling, on duty and off. He took all the prizes, led the Rosary at Sodality meetings, studied for the priesthood, was just tolerated by the other fellows, and cordially disliked by the girls. I tend toward the second type though I don't wear glasses. As far back as the Eighth Grade at St. Paul's Parochial, all I was really interested in was reading books, especially ones about the life I thought I knew, that of New York City; and then trying to write like their authors. I saw I had no future except from what our English teacher, Father Devine, used to call "the fruits of the Pen." And how I used to have to mind my step with Devine in those days! Like most priests he was very strong against anything that smelled of "immodesty," especially from the Pen. But back in that time I never dreamed a priest could be bad, what I call bad. When my people decided to make me spend my Senior Year at St. Pascal's School for Southern Boys, because it was cheap and had a good Catholic rep, I felt that I was being shipped to a new land, happier than New York somehow, and surely more free. You live and learn, as they say.

St. Pascal's was run by the O. H. S. (Order of the Holy Sepulchre), a high-toned religious community that had come to us by way of England; that is, most of the priests were Limeys and meant you to know it. At our School they went in heavily for such things as English discipline and prefects, spring football, and pretty services; but in some other ways it was more of a reformatory than Cumberland Industrial. Our Headmaster, Father Fisher, was both a Britisher and a convert to the Church. There was a lay Head as well, American and a Southerner, who was supposed to look after the discipline, but like every one else he stood in terror of the Prior, as Father Fisher called himself; and it was a swell sight to see the pair of them passing the buck to each other when anything special came up like a Saturday night dance at Sevier two miles distant. "I'm afraid not, boys," Mr. Riley would say, when waited on by a small deputation of seniors, none of whom had held a woman for months at a stretch. "The Prior would never give his consent." Then the deputation with cold shivers would call on Father Fisher. "I would love to see you go, boys," the latter would decide, "but Mr. Riley would be upset."

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Next would follow a lecture, on what Father Fisher called the dangers of sex, which never lasted less than one hour by the monastery clock, at the end of which time it was too late to go anyway. "Sex" was the Prior's favorite subject; in fact, it was his only subject. He never let it alone, and some of the fellows thought this was funny in such a good man. Of course, Father Fisher did not actually use the word "sex" more than nine times in the average session, but he was very strong on "purity." It was bad enough when he kept to women, but when he touched on other things, not delicately, you understand, but quacking forever in a loud voice, it was enough to make you gag, even in Chapel.

"And have you sinned against the spirit of purity, my son?" he would ask, his spectacles glaring through the dimness of the confessional box like moons.

"No, Father . . . yes . . . I reckon so. . . . I don't quite get you, Father."

And then Father Fisher would go on for another half-hour.

You may be wondering how the other boys stood this sort of thing, and a lot besides. Another thing was that the Prior was always sneering at what he called "the incorrigible defeatism of the South." They let that pass because most of the boys had no idea of what "defeatism" meant anyway, and the teachers always laughed with intention, as their jobs depended on a big amount of boot-licking. But such cracks always made me sore, for I considered that I owed quite a lot to St. Pascal's School for Southern Boys, though I am Irish and from New York. At first, of course, I hated it. Southern boys are very reserved with foreigners as a rule, and with the exception of one lunk-headed Dutchman, who did little but mug up on studies, I was the only foreigner on the place, outside the priests, of course. The kids made me feel that at first. But when they found out that I had no morals about doing another fellow's homework, or buying a shot of corn for the bunch, and thought the Southern cause in 1860 not unlike Ireland in 1919, they warmed up some. And I certainly liked them. Most of the boys had only one fault, to my mind, and that was they were too easily downed by the Prior's nonsense, but I was in no position to talk, for he had me scunnered too. He was the sourest man I ever knew, and one to damage your faith in human beings. But also he was the most terrifying little figure I had ever come across, and he used to put me in mind of the words in the Compline Service about Satan, ". . . like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour . . . whom resist steadfast in Faith."

Anyhow, I was pretty lonesome till Marlow took notice of me, and we got to be pals. Nowadays, whenever I read some Northern crack about hill-billies, I have to think of my buddy. He was a tall, bright-haired, home-made boy from a place called Suck Creek, eight miles down the Mountain, and up to his sixteenth year had lived in a two-room log cabin with his parents, his younger sister, and a boy who was kin to them and had died since. This was another thing that used to gripe Father Fisher, who was always talking about the "promiscuity" of Mountain people. Fortunately for the Prior perhaps, Marlow never paid him any attention; and this may have been a good thing too, as I was anxious to see Marlow finish his school course in peace and safety. It's been a long time since I last saw him, but in those days, he was the straightest, most attractive, most unusual fellow I had ever met up with. He stood five feet ten bare, was almost as slim as he was prancy, a dead shot, either with pistol or rifle, never told a hot story, and had relations with all the prettiest willing ones on the Mountain, never talked about religion, and was quite religious all the time. For the teachers he was just an unimportant bundle of exasperating contradictions, but for me, he got to be unique in experience. Most of the other kids seemed like bad copies of him, and I saw the whole strange country, in a distorted way, like a kind of blurred image of my friend.

That never-to-be-forgotten day, we took off from the backs of the dormitories, though we had leave till supper, and all this secrecy was just an old habit, I guess, or a game to play as we got going. We passed the Chapel, still slumbering in its ivy after Good Friday, when the boys took turns all night before the Host, and you were lucky to draw for any hour before two in the morning. We drove out between the big gates, and on to the Highway that was thrown like a sash six miles down the mountain as far as the county seat. It got to be warmer in the valley, and we talked more. Marlow told the story of the still that was fired last week by its own wildcatters, for the Federal men had ridden into Suck Creek just in time for his sister's boy-friend to fire his shotgun in the air to warn the mountain men; and presently a thick smoke rose from the height above the sparse cabins. This had irritated the Law, which lined up before the boy's home and carried him off to the county seat, where he got six months as an accessory.

"And he's neveh took a drink in his life, and always swoh he'd do himself a wrong if he got jugged," Marlow concluded.

"But why?" I asked. "Up North nobody thinks anything of getting on the blotter any more. The best people. . . ."

"It's ouh way," said Marlow without argument. "For most of us uns it's like a shame in the blood to get jailed foh doin' nothin'."

"I can't see it," I said.

As usual, when he thought he had said enough, he changed the subject. He told another story of a deputy-sheriff who had shot and killed Marlow's boy-cousin as the latter was fleeing through the scrub. He had been doing nothing wrong either, just "drinking on the Highway." He had been a "lone boy" (orphan) and Marlow's father had raised him like his own son till he could fend for himself.

"What happened to the sheriff?"

"He got three months, and now he's sheriff again . . . foh a spell."

"What do you mean, a spell?"

"Well," Marlow answered after a pause, "my cousin was a lone boy, and my dad is bound to look afteh him . . . somehow. If I knew yuh betteh. . . ." He broke off, and shifted gears for the last hill.

Thinking together of the world's meanness, our minds switched back to school, and we mentioned Buck Gaylord, '33, one of the best half-backs we ever had, who had stopped at the School one night before Christmas while hitchhiking to his home-place. He was an Alabama boy, tough, but easily buffaloed by such as Father Fisher. The latter had benignly permitted him to sleep one night at the Monastery, but

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Buck had slipped out to a dance and come back, rather rosily, around twelve. The next morning, before Mass, he was shipped off without breakfast, under a double downpour of sleet and the Prior's tongue which charged him with having laid most of the fair world of Sevier, a difficult feat before midnight. This, far from causing a revolution, was discussed by the boys, almost with awe, so capable did the Prior seem of any villainy, however fantastic. That day we heard a good deal about the defeatism of the South.

An April sun appeared over the Mountain, and it seemed like a sin to talk any more about the Prior just then. On either side of the Highway, the country stretched, so lovely and clean-looking, bounded by bluish hills, the color of a well-oiled gun-barrel. We could make out Big Wolf Mountain and Big Butt and Laurel Top and Naked Place far to westward. The sweetness of the woods came to us in whiffs from the violets and redbuds, which are not really red but sometimes pink, sometimes purple; and the arbutus which was called joy-of-the-mountains. Further up the wiggins, the giant male balsams stood up against a pale blue sky like masts on a sea, covered with the sails of clouds. Sometimes we passed a lone cabin or a house, secure and homesome, on a green knoll, with a drift of snake fence zigzagging in and out around the farm.

"This is nice," I said.

"Yeh," responded Marlow. "It's a fine-pretty country sure enough."

He listened while I spoke of Fifty-ninth Street this same day; how the tugboats would be sending in long wails from the North River, while the housewives shook out their curtains, and the workless boys sat about the brown stoops in sunshine and clean shirts, kidding about this and that; and, directly, the little punks would pour out from the big church opposite, bringing home the holy water, blessed after Mass that morning, in jugs and carafes and one-time gin bottles. For Lent ended with the Easter Alleluias around ten; and the sun went up the sky, and that afternoon a new show opened at the Paramount.

"Sure enough?" Marlow interrupted. "Is that the law?"

"How do you mean?"

"That Lent ends this mawnin'?"

"Sure, you dummock! What kind of a Catholic are you?"

"Not foh Fatheh Fisher, it don't," said Marlow with a grin. "Well, God damn *him;* he's ten miles back by now. Still'n all, we ought to celebrate somehow."

"It's not ten yet by a good deal," I objected.

"Well," said Marlow, putting on speed, "happen we'll get to Franklin befoh Mass has done been said. I reckon there's a church there."

At that moment the first white houses of the county seat came to view, and we asked a nigger if there was a Catholic church in town. He spat convulsively, and said there was one yonder at the further end.

It was a new-looking structure of gray stone with a small tower. From inside, as we jumped from the truck, we could hear the pealing of bells and the voices of girls singing the *Gloria,* so we knew we had got there on time. The service had been going on since daybreak, and when the priest had finished the *Gloria* for himself and come from the altar to sit down, we thought how tired his voice and body must be after three hours or so. His eyes were cast down, but he was a pleasant-looking man. For three hours or more he had been conducting the long ceremonies—blessing the New Fire, the Incense, the big Easter Candle, girdled with lilies; chanting the Twelve Prophecies of Noë and Moses and Isaias and Daniel; dipping the great taper three times in the christening water, and pouring in oil and chrism; lying prostrate before the altar while the choir got through the Litany of the Saints; going out in purple vestments and returning in white ones, while lights sprang up and the bells rang, and the Mass of Resurrection began. . . . He must be pretty tired, and hungry too, and as pleased as we that Lent was all over with again. We grinned at each other as we sat down too, and the bells continued to shake and peal all over town, and we thinking of all we might do that afternoon with fifteen bucks between us. We were glad not to be the tads in the chancel who stood about scanning their prayer books so as to make no slips; and we were glad to be in church, as it seemed a nice beginning to a good day. When we got up for the Gospel, I could just make out the first words: *Vespere autem Sabbati quae lucescit*— "At the end of the Sabbath as it began to dawn." Then I remembered we had eaten nothing yet that morning; and when the people began to approach the altar-rail with folded hands, Marlow and I went up too, and closed our eyes and opened our mouths, and tasted the Lord once more. . . .

When Mass was over, the priest called us into the sacristy and talked while he took off his robes, kissing each vestment as he put it down. We must come to breakfast, he said, at the parsonage, which turned out to be a big colonial mansion called Four Oaks. He took us all over the place before the eats came, and I am bound to say we hung on every word he spoke. It had been the country house of a governor before the War, and when the Yankees occupied the county, the cellars and passages had been used for Confederate prisoners to make off when dark came and get to the hills. After that, a darkey brought in breakfast, and it was more like a banquet than anything else. There were flapjacks and candied yams and scrambled eggs and apple tarts and ice cream; and a glass of 3 per cent beer at the end, and lots of coffee with cream. Marlow did not say a great deal, but I could see that the priest took to him considerably as, whenever he did speak, it was in his grave, boyish Mountain way that made people listen. When we staggered up from table and said we must be going as there was a storm in the air, the priest came out with us to the bridle-path.

"Come back," he said, smiling. "Have a good day. And may the Lord you have taken this morning stay with you, boys."

"Yes, sir," we said, and took off. He was a nice man.

A real tempest was just ahead of us, and no mistake. As we put out of Franklin, the rain came down in sheets, and when the thunder crashed through, we had to holler to each other to be heard. The same hills that had looked so gentle that morning were colored like gun-metal, and now and then lightning shot from their flanks like shells bursting not so far off. We got wet quickly. The food and beer had warmed us some, but not very much.

"Hell!" Marlow said suddenly. "This ain't good enough. Let's get out of this."

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There was a log cabin off the road where a car had just pulled up, and a couple of boys got out and went inside, their coats up around their heads, I don't know for what reason unless to keep their ears dry.

"We'll go in there," I said, and turned the Ford's nose into a path that ran up alongside the house under a line of spindly trees.

The first thing we saw inside were the two fellows who had preceded us, each in his shirt sleeves, and a glass of red whisky in hand. There were a couple of women there too, one just a girl with bare feet; they didn't seem to know each other, or any one else, but sat, very wet, with the stove between them. The boys nodded to us shortly, and we to them. I knew one slightly from having seen him deliver coal back at school. An ex-football player he was from Pittstown who had been fired from high school in the fall just as soon as the season had wound up happily. He was a good boy when sober, but one shot of popskull set him off on his past prowess and present troubles. He was as hipped on his own body at such moments as Father Fisher on "sex." The other boy was yellow-haired and far less hefty, dressed in little but his pants and a purple jersey. He favored Marlow a shade, and I felt more fellowy to him than to his buddy.

"Aren't you from Pittstown?" I said, to be in manners.

"Am I!" responded the athlete loudly. "I'll say I am! And God damn Pittstown! And damn the —— —— Pittstown High School team! And God damn you if you don't like it!"

"Why don't you pipe down, Bull?" asked his buddy.

"Heah now, take it easy, will yuh?" intervened the trash who ran the place, appearing with a fresh bottle of mountain dew, heavily charred, "I've got young uns in there."

"Well, give 'em all a shot," howled the hero. "That's what we young uns is for, how about it, Pascal's? Elmer, give these punks a drink."

I fingered a wet check in my breeches, but knowing these people have an almost physical horror of handing over real money for a scrap of paper, I did not take the check out, but said to myself: "Why not?"

So I swallowed a glass of the stuff, and Marlow did the same. The fellow in the purple jersey handed me a second, and I drank that too. I don't know how much I took, but all at once, it seemed, time stood happily still. Everything was *cud* as they say down here. The ex-halfback was still chanting the epic of his autumn's woe, and I could have shed tears because the whole thing seemed so mean and hard on him. I could follow every strophe of his tragedy, while my mind ran out with silent thoughts ever more and more glowing. The man kept bringing in more corn, and even he seemed transfigured, a benefactor. The big boy in his dirty knicks and his yellow-haired comrade in purple were gods. How swell it was to be alive, but to be young was heaven! "And that's what the ——, —— sons-of-whores done to me!" the big boy concluded his saga. And I had tears in my eyes, but it was from happiness. "Have a good day," the priest had said. It had been good all right, so good it was almost too much to bear. I took another drink. *Marlow!* It was a pleasure to say his name, deep down inside one. He was sitting across the mean room, looking happy too, and had just given one of the forlorn women a drink from his glass. That was like him too. There was nobody in the world like my buddy, no one. After Easter I would start a novel about the Mountain, and everybody would read it who read at all, for nobody North would believe in the existence of such a place, and the author would be only eighteen at that. I would make a lot of dough. When we got our certificates, Marlow and I would marry our girls, and buy a big farm with a swell old home-place like Four Oaks and bring up our tads right. No more log cabins; no more big towns either. I would send a thousand dollars to St. Pascal's School on condition they shipped Father Fisher to British East Africa as a dinner for some man-eating nigger with a strong stomach. I had another drink, and suddenly I loved all men—even Father Fisher—and all women, not hot, but like Christ must have loved the world. . . .

Who for us men and for our Salvation. . . .

The halfback had got to the place where he was rolling up his sleeve to show the arm that had carried Pittstown through its 1933 run, and the next moment he tore off his shirt to reveal the superb pectoral muscles that had done likewise. I felt that another moment would see the appearance of the Pindaric legs that are an essential feature of his racket; and felt a need to go outside. Somehow I found myself on the road where the rain had slackened up. A thin, mean-looking man was standing by our old Ford, fingering his holster.

"Drinkin' again," he said. "Hev to run yuh in."

"What in hell for?" I asked, and said a short prayer to God and St. Pascal that Marlow would keep to the cabin.

"Is this yuh buddy?" asked the mean man, his eyes tightening on the gate. "Thought so. Hev to run yuh both in."

I turned, and saw Marlow standing by the fence. "I done come to see if yuh was all right," he said.

"But Hell!" I cried. "We havn't done anything. What right has this lunkhead to pick on us this way?"

"Resistin' arrest," said the man in his flat voice. "Thought so. Now hop into yuh cah, boys, and let's git hit over."

During the silent ride to the county seat, the innocent lad from New York had leisure to reflect that deputy-sheriffs in this land, being very ill-paid, get a commission on every pinch that is doubled in case of resistance, and if any irregularity occurs, through ignorance on the victim's part, it is tripled.

The Court House has a nice little jail as an annex. The latter, though dirty, is very commodious and was rendered more so that evening by two young men who had been there some days already. One of them had been pulled for walking the Highway, the other for killing his man. They both brightened up when the trusty pushed us in. The jail consisted of a short corridor with a kind of trough at one end and a transept on either side, each containing a double-decker, making four bunks in all. The hitchhiker had been quite sick in the course of the day.

The whisky I had drunk had worn off with dismal rapidity, and all the fine thoughts had vanished, leaving the mind blank save for a growing, naked terror. If this got back to School, I thought, we were washed up, and no mistake. And what about Marlow? He stood fingering thoughtfully the bars on the one window. My mind raced

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back the Highway of that morning, so tender and innocent in the Easter light, to where I could hear him saying: "It's our way. For us uns it's a shame in the blood to get jugged for doin' nothin'."

I spoke through the bars to the trusty, and put four bits in his hand. "Listen," I said. "We're only schoolboys, and we've got to get back tonight or we'll be shipped. Please telephone the Squire and ask him to come over as a special favor. I've got money."

"Got any moh now?" he inquired.

I turned out my pockets.

"Okeh," he said. "I'll see what I kin do."

Marlow continued to say nothing, and I tried to be mannerly to the two malefactors in the other alcove. They were both very nice, but seemed not to find it important that we leave their company that evening. I could see their point of view, for the hiker had been there forty-eight hours, and the killer of his man was likely to stay even longer.

All of a sudden, the trusty appeared at the grille.

"Come along, kids," he said.

We followed him across the hall and into a room fragrant with whisky and full of tobacco-smoke, where quite a little Sanhedrin was collected. Directly ahead of us sat an enormously fat man in shirt-sleeves, smoking a cigar. At a desk to one side was the High Sheriff of the County with a face like the popular conception of the good dick in the movies.

We gave our names. I said I was William Butler Yeats, and that Marlow was known as George Moore, when Marlow broke in, rather sullenly, with our right names. Now we could get on with it.

"Air you Dan Marlow's boy from Suck Creek?" asked a third man from a corner.

"Yeh," said Marlow. "Don't tell my dad about this."

"What would he do, tan you?" asked the man.

"No," said Marlow contemptuously. "Yuh say yuh know my daddy, and ask me such a thing."

The immense J. P. fanned himself with a copy of *The Mountain Gazette*, pursed his small lips, and delivered his verdict.

"Well, boys," he began, "there ain't a shadow of a doubt to my mind that you do deserve a lickin' but law's law. You hev been arrested as in a state of intoxication on the public roads. The fine for that is thirty dollahs for the two of you, and now I'll just be gettin' back to mah suppah."

"But we haven't got thirty dollars."

"Then you can just spend the night heah till you git bailed out."

"Hold on, Squire," broke in a new voice. It was the High Sheriff's. He did not talk like a Southerner. "These kids, I understand, are from St. Pascal's up the Mountain. There's not likely to be any spare cash lyin' around St. Pascal's for their bail. I've been trying to chisel a bill from the—the head priest—up there for quite a time. He's a pretty tight man, and a mean man, far as I can make out. Ain't that so, boys?"

"Yes, sir," I said. Marlow said nothing.

"Anyhow," continued the Sheriff, "I suggest as a matter of expediency and it's being a first offense, that we let these youngsters off tonight at half costs—that is, if they think they can make it."

This meant fifteen bucks, and I took the check from my pocket.

"I can pay that," I said.

"Leo Dillon," read he. "Which is certainly you."

"Yes," I said. "It's for an article I wrote."

"Yeah—for *The Gazette?"*

"Why yes, sir," I went on desperately. It was getting very dark. "It may be in tonight's issue if you'll please look."

There was now a great turning back and forth, both of my check, and after the Squire had been induced to surrender his fan, of the newspaper.

"Sure enough," announced the Sheriff, reading from the latter: *"If We Had Won. . . . Remarkable Tribute from a Yankee Schoolboy."*

"I'm Irish," I said.

There was a pause while I tasted the sensation that only comes once. "Do we take a chance on this, Squire?" asked the Sheriff with a wink.

"Hell, yes!" said the big man, rising. "Mah suppah."

"Okeh, Mr. Leo Dillon," said the Sheriff. "Just sign your name here, Yankee Schoolboy."

"Please, Mr. Sheriff," I asked, "there's one thing. Will this get back to our School?"

"Happen not," he replied.

I took the pen he pushed over when the trusty came in with a piece of blue paper in his hand.

"Which one of the prisoners is Dillon?" he asked.

"They're free now," said the Sheriff, pocketing the check. "Get their car."

He took the wire, read it and laughed a little. "News travels fast in this man's country," he remarked, handing it over.

It was signed *Vincent Fisher, O. H. S.,* and read:

Marlow will return to School immediately and make his confession tomorrow before Mass (stop) *You will proceed to Shelby and catch midnight North expenses arranged.*

"That's that," remarked the Sheriff cheerfully. "Tough luck, Mr. Yankee Schoolboy. . . . You can go now, boys."

We stood on the Court House steps, waiting for the trusty to bring up the Ford. The sky had cleared and there was an Easter moon shining red, almost like summer. A flash of the coming season ripped through me like an agony . . . the outfielders at School standing bare to the waist against the long rolling green . . . the Sunday twilights down with Marlow's folks in the Cove. Then the *chug-chug* from our old Ford came from the dark below. . . .

"Come on, Leo," Marlow said, calling me by my given name for the first and last time, "everything's all right now."

"So long, Marlow," I said, "I've got to go North."

"Tonight?"

"Yes."

There was quite a pause. "Come on for Christ's sweet sake!" bawled the trusty below.

"Well, so long, little ole boy."

"I'm sorry I got you into this," I said. "I know how you feel."

He was half-way down the steps. "You've always knowed how I felt," he said, facing me in the red moonshine, "I won't neveh forget yuh."

"Good-bye, 'Gene," I muttered. And that, as the High Sheriff said, was that.

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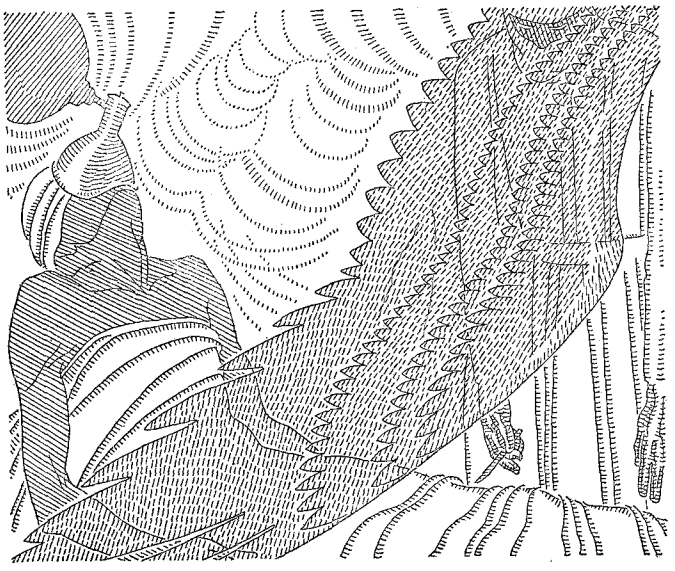

HOSPITAL

BY ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

I

As the first whirl of the anesthetic came
I fought it
being too proud to surrender even into these desired arms
again it came
and again I repulsed so paltry a conqueror
you must do better than that I said
for I am I

I strangled a little
breathe deep! said the bored unkind voice of the anesthetist
I puffed out my belly vastly to show the brute how deep I was breathing

then it came
the great power swept me in a wave
while out of calm worlds of sanity I still heard the unperturbed voice
of my friend the famous surgeon saying
I shall require the arm-rest here on the right side Miss Heath
Doctor Morris you will be at my left Doctor Jamieson opposite

a daze swept by but it could not fool me
for I knew that the perfect silence was still far away
and that certain hells lay between

two stars burning furiously and approaching with the speed of light
left me still incredulous
but when I heard the click-click-click clickety-click
of the monotonous gears of eternity
then I began to believe

and the clear precise voice out of long ago
saying as over a telephone Number-two-four-two-six please
gave me hope that the end was near and then
the well-enunciated voice of Eugen Boissevain out of space said
you see that there are many modes of being
and all you have to do is choose which level you prefer
and stay there
I realized that this was true
I was deeply interested in this tremendous thought
my God it's indeed perfectly possible to cease to be human
and become a color or a stone or a point in space
or a proposition of Euclid or what you will

suddenly force seized me and whirled me twice or thrice in the void
while I struggled vainly to regain equilibrium
then my soul said oh merciful oblivion merciful extinction
it is you it is you it is you
and with a cold deadly effort of will
I resigned my will I became the darkness

in that darkness some one lifted up my right arm to its full length
I resented the intrusion but could not speak

then I entered suddenly into the paradise of non-being
then I inherited the ancient silence.

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II

no it's all right nurse I can spit when I want to thank you
no not a particle of pain thank you

what time is it?
my God is that all? let me see
I went into the operating-room at eight
and you say it's only eleven now?
isn't time funny yes funny was what I said
you know nurse
I'm really much nicer than you'd think seeing me in this ridiculous pickle
and I want you to tell me honestly and frankly
the operation is finished isn't it?
yes I believe you well what incredible good luck!
he's a swell guy that man
you know nurse I think he's probably the greatest surgeon in the world
I am always attracted by these really brilliant Jewish types
are you Jewish too?

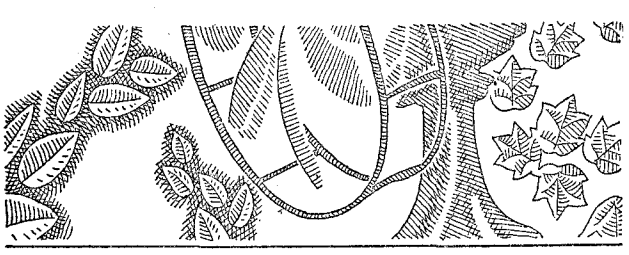
oh my God nurse! there it comes!
that's the real pain all right all right
whew! well he said it would be pretty bad
but I didn't know that a pain like this existed

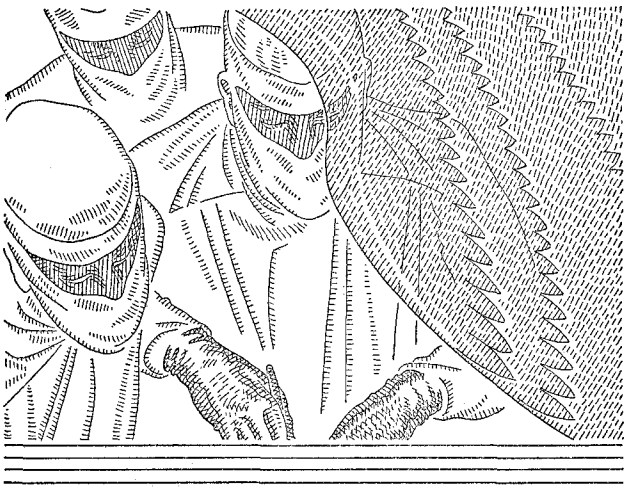
now wasn't it cute of you to have the hypodermic all ready
you certainly have a skillful quick touch
I didn't even feel the needle go in

III

hours and hours will drift along
clicks the dull electric fan
listen to my lovely song
make of it all things you can
fan and fan and fan is fannie
hear the tune O little mannie
hear the melodies that throng
down the night it will be long
fan and man and buzz and turn
water drown and fire burn
"in fernem Land weit fort von euren Schritten" . . .
"with rue my heart is laden for golden friends I had" . . .
"yet once more O ye laurels and once more ye myrtles brown with ivy never sere" . . .
"I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valleys" . . .

fan and fan and fan is fan
there's no help my little man





IV

shrieking up and down the interminable hours of the night
come the echoes the reverberations the cries
from the room across the corridor I hear the groans and babblings
of a man emerging from the brief respite of ether
a child across the courtyard is screaming in terror. on the floor above me
lights suddenly flash dim haloes in the misty night air and
I can hear the words the silences I can almost hear the rumble
of the smooth rubber-tired truck that bears away
that patient to the elevator and then down into the sudden glare
of prismed reflectors in the operating room where four chattering nurses
amid the deadly stench of ether
rattle knives and scissors and forceps and basins
and a sullen anesthetist waits boredly
until the great surgeon summoned from his tired bed at midnight
enters alert calm controlled silent his two assistants follow
all of them white from head to foot and masked like monsters
they touch nothing
the great surgeon says go ahead with the anesthetic doctor
Doctor Morris you will be at my left Doctor Jamieson opposite I am ready Miss Heath

the hundreds of rooms in this hospital vibrate night and day
I hear I feel it all
I hear I feel the same pulsation
in a thousand other hospitals near and far
I feel the pain of a woman dying of cancer untended in India
and the numbness of a man freezing to death on the plains of Siberia
and the shudders of a man in Detroit who was sprayed with burning oil

this hospital is a howling chaos
whither all voices come

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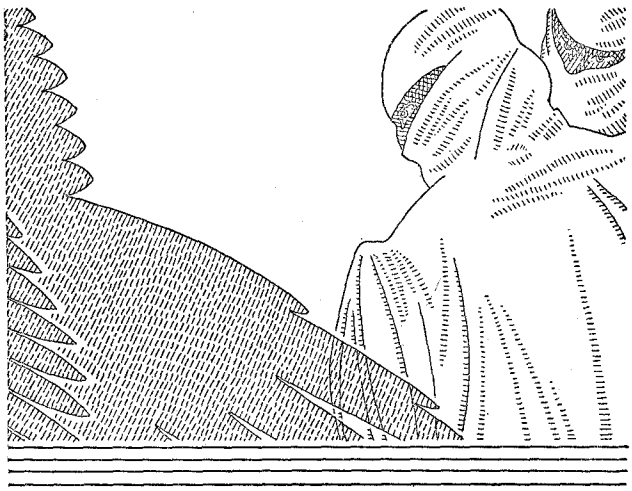


V

the hours pass on
Betelgeuse and Sirius and the Pleiades change their places in the sky
and the sun is perhaps sending down a calm evening light on China
as this minute speck of stone and water turns in its dizzy course

I must think of something I must think of something quickly
for I shall go mad rather soon if I let my mind remain a vacuum for pain
I will think of the tall bamboo forests and crystal brooks of Mokanshan
where I used to pursue the huge black-and-gold butterflies
through the glow of tropic afternoons and bathe naked in the streams
or I will think of the days when through storm and sun
I sailed among the Aegean Isles and ate harsh bread and cheese and olives
and drank the resin-flavored wine of the fishermen
and shared their danger and was their friend
or I will recall the days and nights when I lived in an attic in Paris
overlooking a secret garden
and knew love and beauty like a privileged god

no I cannot think of these things for more than a moment
my mind will not answer my commands come on then devils

VI

thank God I am here alone thank God that no one who loves me
is hovering about doubling my pain by letting me see it reflected
in the mirror of her sensitive face

when I confront certain dark powers I would do so in solitude
then can I fight better
being unburdened by the fear that my weakness and ignominy be seen

VII

oh good evening doctor you are the interne for this floor?
sit down have a cigarette yes I'm all right thank you

yes yes I had noticed those lighted numbers that flash on and off
on the bulletin-board in the hall
no I have not the slightest idea what they are for
oh they are floor-signals for doctors and nurses are they?
no I do not think that number thirteen has come up yet
why do you smile when you say that it will come soon?
oh number thirteen means that an autopsy is on in the basement does it?
thirteen the unlucky number why of course!
you doctors have a great sense of humor

it all sounds rather grim as you tell about it
this taking out of the heart the brain
the lungs the guts the entire spine and so forth
your phrase is wonderfully descriptive of the picture
"a circle of carrion-crows around a dead sheep!"
but I think what impresses me most in your story
is the fact that you then fill up the empty skull with concrete
"as a courtesy to the undertaker and the relatives"
you doctors for all your virtues seem to me an odd lot
you're not quite human you get a little warped
there's more of the mischievous ape left in you than you suspect
I think that about half of you are about half-crazy

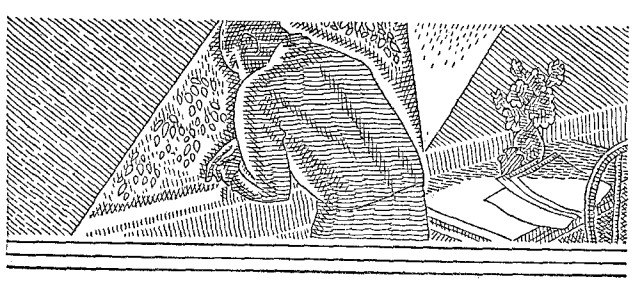
no doctor I think I will decline your courteous invitation
to come to the basement with you some night when I am better
and watch an autopsy
do not misunderstand me if I died tonight you boys
would be quite welcome to play your pranks with my useless tissues
but I would really prefer not to be present in person

VIII

the child in the room opposite mine
screamed all day and most of the night and all the next day

as I fought minute after minute and hour after hour against my own pain
I wanted to scream too and I wanted to kill that child

in the dusk of the second evening—
in that hour when hospital-corridors are ghostly with



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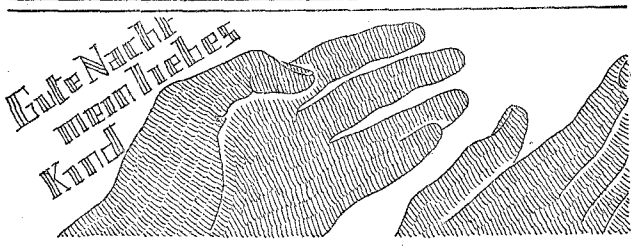


the quiet footfalls of departing visitors and with
the voices of nurses coming on duty or going off duty and there are audible
the faint sounds of motor-horns and radios from the outside world
then in the child's room I heard music

it was a richly male very beautiful voice singing
an old German folk-lullaby a Jewish male voice
as gentle as a woman's and full of honey and tears and it sang
"gute Nacht mein liebes Kind
gute Nacht mein liebes Kind . . ."
on and on through the endless tender stanzas
that breathed unbearable love like a benediction
as the song rehearsed the pictures of the sunny play-hours of the day
the flowers the trees the birds the slow-closing afternoon
and the coming of tranquil night
"gute Nacht mein liebes Kind"
superbly the male voice chanted on
pouring out a passion that was no less rich than life-blood
and slowly as the end of the song drew nearer
the voice grew lower softer as perhaps the eyes of the child closed
"gute Nacht mein liebes Kind
gute Nacht mein liebes Kind . . ."
and then as the powerful voice hushed itself to a whisper
the control was lost
and the man croaked like a raven
and his singing ceased.

two days later
the child's voice too was silent

IX

"good evening how do you feel? yes I expected that
but now I am sorry to say that I have bad news for you
I wish I could let you off but I cannot
there are indications of a possible infection
in such a case I have no choice
I shall operate again at eight o'clock tomorrow morning"

X

"I shall require the arm-rest here on the right side Miss Heath
Doctor Morris you will be at my left Doctor Jamieson opposite"

XI

howling hell! howling hell!
oh very well oh very well
but if anybody thinks I can stand this new dressing
he's just mistaken that's all
yes I will ring once more for a nurse
and if she doesn't come in five minutes
I'm going to get out of bed and walk down those four flights of stairs
and stand in the middle of the street and howl like a dog
I'm going to howl— I want a doctor I want a doctor
and I can't get one in this god-damn hospital
that will shame them that will shame them
I said to myself

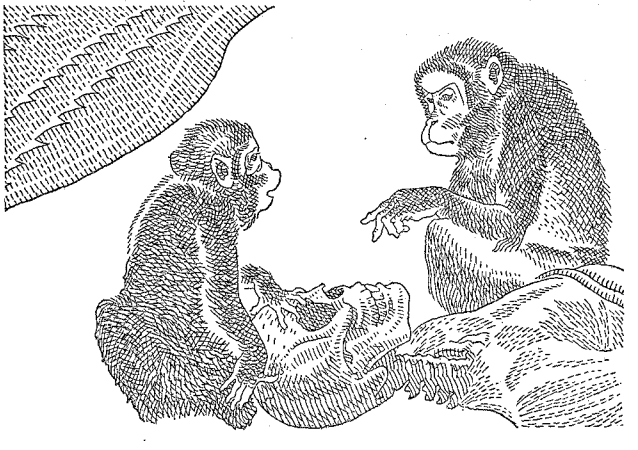
a nurse a dumb one came
and I said— a hypodermic quick!
and she said— I don't know whether you can have one
and I said— you'd better know you'd better know!
go look at my chart and you'll find out
and she came back and said— I can't find your chart it isn't there
and I said— get an interne get an interne
he can give an order for morphine you'd better hurry

and she said— "Oke" and went away
and I never saw her again
probably she thought it wasn't very good policy
for a nurse to wake up an interne at three-thirty in the morning
and patients rarely raise rows about such things
patients go away very soon but internes last forever
so I got no morphine that night
and I sincerely hope that this particular nurse
gets no water in hell

XII

now turn over on yer right side
so's I can wash yer back
that's right dear

yes I was in the war



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I was just a girl then in training in Dublin
they sent me right over to France
yes it was pretty hard work we had too many cases
and it wasn't a right hospital at all just boards

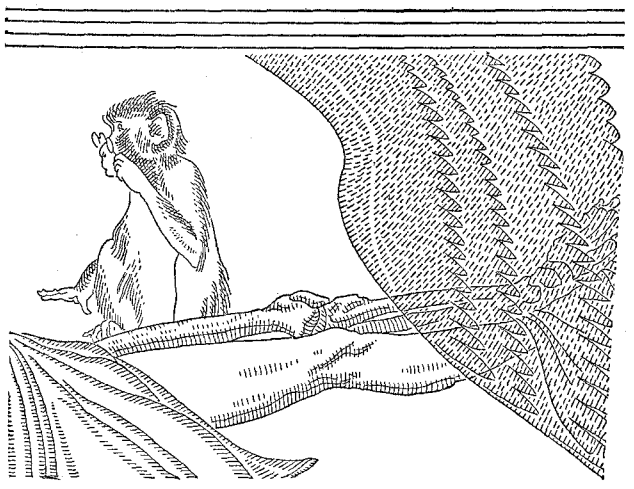
no I don't remember anything special about it
no I didn't meet any romantic heroes
most of them were pretty sick
we had a few German officers and they were nice
they seemed so surprised and grateful when you did things
for them
our orders was to treat them just the same as anybody else
well why not? they're human
there was one of them who spoke wonderful English
he was always quoting Shakespeare at me
he was a card he died

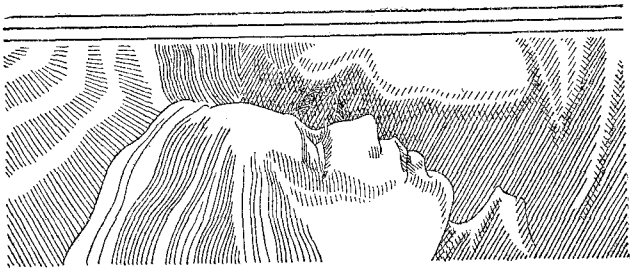
now turn over on yer back dear
so's I can wash yer front

XIII

I wonder what the real relations are
between all the temporary ghosts
that pass up and down these bare corridors

is the quiet prim little floor-superintendent liked
or do all the twenty-five other nurses on this floor
stalk the corridors with knives under their white blouses
waiting until she makes a mistake and they can strike to
kill?
is that beautiful dark-eyed young nurse with the Italian
name
who is so conscious of her breasts
really trying to get up an affair with me or am I flattering
myself?
which of the nurses slept last night with which interne or
doctor?
that tall placid blonde one slept with somebody I am sure
for her satisfied smile as she washed me this morning
was musical and monumental
do these women admire the surgeons whom they serve so
attentively





or do they note and remember their mistakes
and regard them as a lot of pretentious boobs?
where when and how do they have their love-affairs?—
in their own rooms in the nurses' wing of the hospital
or in hotel rooms
or furtively in the linen-closet when the halls are silent?
how much money does that skinny tired-looking nurse
manage to save out of her salary and send to her adored
nephew
to play at the races?
how does that whale-shaped nurse
manage to waddle about these halls so many hours a day
without crying out to all the world how her feet hurt her?
what are their hopes? what are their fears? what meaning
do they derive from life as they see it in this madhouse
of shrieking pain and noble devotion and unfair bureau-
cracy and severe science?
what price do they pay for their unshrinking callousness?
are they human? if you pricked them would they bleed?

some I think would not
but there are others I think who would bleed to death
if you merely touched their pulses with understanding
fingers

XIV

thank you so much Miss Cohn Miss Murphy Miss Jones
Miss Amendetara
thank you so much Doctor Bernstein Doctor Jamieson
Doctor Morris
yes I am glad to go of course even though you have
all been so kind
yes I shall come back some day to visit you here in your
world
that is not the real world— a world perhaps more real or
more horrible
or more beautiful— I do not know— than the real world
but I am glad to go now

you really mean that the rules of the hospital
oblige me to sit in that wheeled chair and be carted to
the door of exit?
you mean that though I am big enough to knock all of
you flat
I am to ride like a baby in its perambulator to the door?
very well! how wonderful!
life is wonderful death is wonderful everything is won-
derful

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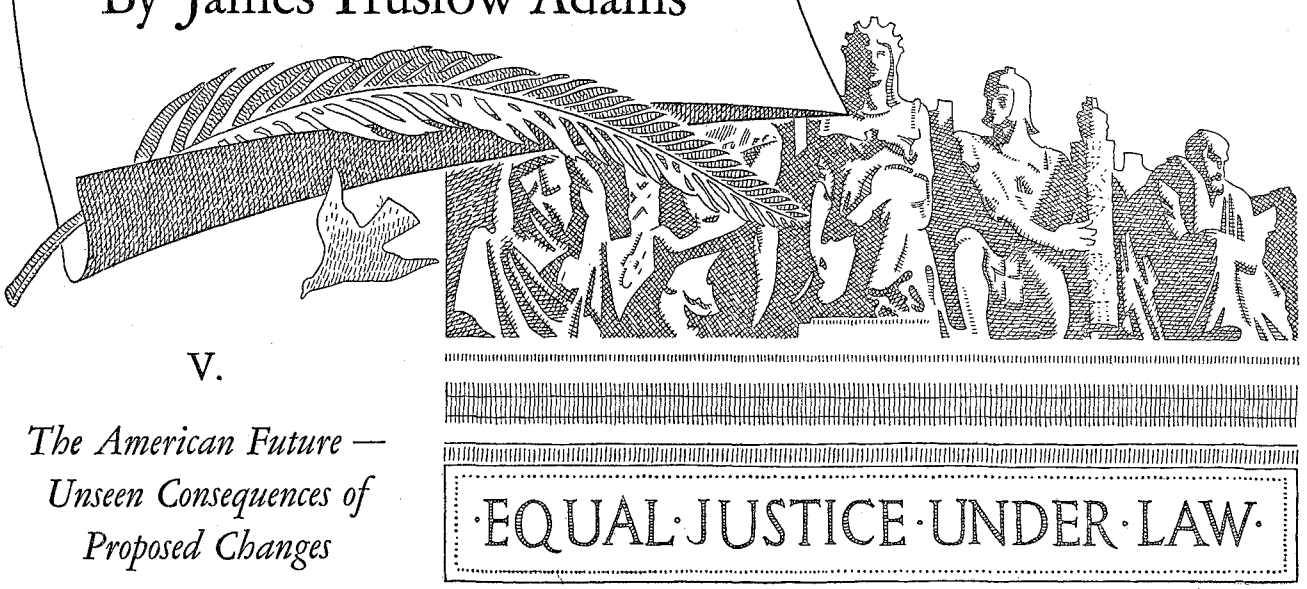
The Crisis and the Constitution

By James Truslow Adams

The final article of the series by Mr. Adams on the Constitutional situation. In the May SCRIBNER'S, *however, Mr. Adams will again appear as a contributor with an article entitled "Enforced Gambling," analyzing fiscal policies of both government and business*



V.

The American Future — Unseen Consequences of Proposed Changes

It seems to be indisputable that in the coming generations the scope of governmental action will be largely and steadily increased. This is due to three causes. One is the mere mass of population, as we have shown in a previous article, even though the increase be halted in another generation or two. With two or three families to the square mile, to take a very simple example, government need have nothing to do with garbage disposal or a sewerage system. With a hundred thousand to the square mile, such sanitary problems become questions of life or death and the government must take charge. The second cause of enlarging government action is the steadily increasing demand of people for certain free services, such as education, roads, bridges, libraries, museums, and a host of other things. In much of this enlarged and enforced sphere there is no logic. It is simply that people demand certain things for nothing. When I was young I had to pay three cents to walk over the Brooklyn Bridge. Now it is free but, illogically, I still have to pay to cross the same river on a ferry or in the subway. Obviously, private corporations cannot give the public free service, and their functions have to be taken over by government when the people insist on not paying and on still getting the service. The third cause is the increasing complexity of modern life, and the necessity, first, for regulating, and then for operating, services of one sort and another, such as the post-office, upon which either private enterprise does not care to enter, or which, for one reason or another, can be more efficiently and satisfactorily run by government.

It is this third cause, the complexity of modern life, embracing all sorts of regulations as to living conditions, wages, and so on, which gives us most difficulty. Nobody questions that governments will more and more have to regulate if not enter business. Our own has already done both to an extent little realized even yet by the public. It is estimated, for example, that the United States Government already has $16,000,000,000 worth of investments in all sorts of enterprises. The Federal Government is in truth at the moment that much decried object, a holding company, and by all odds the largest in the country.

It is this third cause, or this third sphere of governmental action, which has not only, as just said, created most of such constitutional difficulties as exist but about which honest opinions may most differ. Each generation has its own "intellectual climate," and its own pet ideas or fads. "National planning" is the pet one of our own time. It has a fascination for minds of the most various sorts. From the days of Plato and long before, men have enjoyed planning an ideal society. In our own time, this trait has received immense reinforcement from various directions. A planned society is, of course, of the essence of socialism. Again, the Russian experiment of the "Five Year Plan," followed by another (and, as one admirer even has said, which must be followed by about eight others before Russia will reach the point of general comfort already attained in capitalist countries), aroused very great interest. The presence of poverty in the midst of potential plenty has also affronted man's intelligence, although

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the anomaly is due less to greed and selfishness than it is to the fact that we have not yet developed the knowledge of how to distribute goods to the point attained in our ability to produce them. It is not without interest, however, that this very capacity to produce, this creation of at least a potential age of plenty, has developed from a capitalist form of society, whereas no form, Russian or other, has as yet solved the other problem of equitable distribution with high production. In our natural annoyance over not having the brains as yet to solve that problem, it is human to find a scape-goat by indicting the system which has produced the plenty but has not known what to do with it. It would be more fair, however, to recall that in the entire history of the human race it is only within the past half-century that a possible plenty has replaced the actual scarcity of the million years or so previous, and that this amazing change may have been caused by the combination of factors operating in the recent past. Moreover, it might be wise to consider whether a complete change in those conditions, instead of adding a just distribution to an achieved plenty, might not instead merely destroy the plenty itself.

One point has already been made abundantly clear, not only in fascist, nazi, or communist states but even in our own United States, and that is that the elaborate planning of the economic life of a people by the state, once entered upon, seems bound to extend rapidly in wider and wider circles. We have already noted this inevitable tendency in the case of the AAA. This started to control only a very few "basic" crops, such as cotton and tobacco. Let us put it in the simplest form. A cotton planter is paid for reducing his cotton crop. On the idle land he raises peanuts. The national peanut crop then becomes too large, to the detriment of the former peanut growers. Peanuts become "basic" and controlled. Then the farmer starts to raise potatoes, with the same repercussions, and they have to be made "basic" and controlled. But there are also various competing substitutes for such crops. These also have to be taken into the governmental regulation schemes.

Mr. A. A. Berle, Jr., one of the original Brain Trust, recently spoke of the necessary extension of government into fields of business which might not seem necessary, such as public utilities, but in which the "mental inhibitions of the private operators have created a political situation." Naturally, if, as in the case previously cited of Iowa City, the Federal Government gives a town half the money necessary to build its own plant and thus destroys the entire capital value of a private plant which had been giving good service, the "mental inhibitions" of investors will soon stop the flow of private capital into a business which can be assassinated by the government at any moment. Government will then have to build, perhaps, *all* new utility plants. Such unfair competition, to dignify it by that name, is thus also bound to enlarge the sphere of governmental action.

With that come other things. The bureaucracy increases in size, importance, and desire for extension of its domain. As we have seen, even at the point we have now reached "on our way," Roosevelt has increased the number of government employees by well on to 200,000. With regimentation also comes the need for increasing control over the lives and ideas of those who are affected in various ways by the new regulations. This has many aspects, and here we shall touch on only one. The present administration sold bonds to the public, promising to pay principal and interest in gold coin of a certain weight and fineness. Then, in spite of Roosevelt's assertion that such action would make the names of those taking it "anathema for a century to come," it broke the contract, and refused to pay. There were still the courts to which a citizen could have access for redress. The next step, therefore, was to pass legislation depriving the citizen of that right on the ground that "the sovereign" cannot be sued. (Our theory has always been that the people and not the legislature or executive is the sovereign in America.) That would seem to mean that if the administration passed a law confiscating the property of Henry Ford or Tom Jones, and took it, Ford and Jones would have no recourse even if the Supreme Court declared the law unconstitutional. The appalling possibilities of such a travesty on the Constitution need only a moment's consideration.

With the advance of planning, trespassing farther and farther on individual rights, habits, and points of view, goes the necessity for controlling public opinion by the press and all other means of influencing it. It is no accident that Doctor Goebbels in Germany, for example, should tell the press that "our state is a leader state," which examines every decree before passing it, and that therefore press comments are uncalled for and can "have no other result except the excitation of the citizenry"; and that Doctor Gürtner, the Minister of Justice, announces that judges shall not be confined to the letter of the law but to the spirit of the state, and that in future there may be "wrongs" to be punished even when no law threatens them with punishment. In other words, the authoritarian state has to be authoritarian, and the former legal rights of the citizen vanish.

The plain fact is, which Mr. Roosevelt recognized when governor of New York and as to which he warned the people, that too much planning and centralization lead to an oligarchy, and have certain very unpleasant results unless we can expect a "reversal of all the teachings of history." He might have added, not an oligarchy even but a dictatorship. It is an odd but terrifying fact, which never is hinted at by our blue-print planners, that from whatever philosophical direction an authoritarian state starts, it ends in one-man control. The acclaimed social philosophies of Italy, Germany, and Russia are far remote from one another, but in practice they converge to one central point. Liberty of thought and speech are ruthlessly destroyed. The press is controlled. Justice in the courts is abolished. The dictator becomes supreme. In Italy, the young Fascisti take an oath to obey without question any order of Il Duce. In Germany, Doctor Goebbels says to Hitler, "You, our Leader, have given us our daily bread," and of the government, "*we* are right; and we cannot bear with any one who maintains that *he* is right." Kiroff declares in Russia that "no one may dispute Stalin." We have not gone that far "on our way" in America, but we may note what is claimed to have been the unconstitutional removal of a member of the Federal Trade Commission by the President for the sole reason "that your mind and my mind do not go along together." Where all this leads at the end,

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as the head of the State finds it more and more difficult to lead the people as he would, is shown by the insane venture on which Mussolini has embarked the Italian nation, and the elaborate playing on emotion by every means of modern propaganda until he was acclaimed with mad shouts of the populace "Duce! Duce! To believe, to obey, to fight!"

It is not a matter of sheer accident that in all the world today, the nation in which the individual has left the widest personal liberty, in which he can follow his impulses and live his own life most completely, is the British Empire, which prides itself on "muddling through," whereas in those which have gone farthest on the road toward complete planning and the authoritarian state, personal liberty has been wholly lost and the citizen lives confined by rules and oppressed by fear.

There is a specious air of scientific exactness about the totalitarian states and a planned national economic life, which attracts many superficial "advanced" minds, just as it attracts the blue-print minds. But, in fact, these states, as they have developed, do not represent an advance in the art of governing or the best ordering of society but on the contrary a return to the primitive and barbaric. A Mussolini, with all the modern methods of arousing mass emotion, demanding absolute obedience to his own will, working the people up theatrically to a frenzy of emotion when he wishes to carry out a policy, is not far removed from the African chief in the jungle who rules his tribe in much the same way and by the same haranguing and beating of tom-toms. The liking for this sort of thing, on the part of such as do like it, seems akin to the movement back to the infantile and primitive which was notable after the war in the various fine arts. The devotees of this movement were not content with drawing our attention to certain admirable traits in savage art but insisted that it was far finer than anything which civilization had produced, that instead of being obviously primitive, it was really "advanced."

National planning and the increase in the functions of the central government have become a sort of religion with their adherents who seem to be utterly blind to the inevitable evils which the totalitarian state breeds. The movement toward it, either slow or rapid, seems also to be inevitable unless, which is unlikely in the near future, we can manage to get along with less government participation in private life instead of more. However, that fact merely makes it all the more important that we should recognize the concomitants of increasing government control rather than turn our eyes away from them. One of the most ardent devotees of the cult, for example, seems to think he is going to get all the assumed advantages of a planned economy and yet retain his present personal liberties of thought, speech, and printing what he chooses. But, as we have just pointed out, no matter with what liberal philosophy a national planner starts, he is bound to end up finally in the Dark Ages. Hitler detests Stalin's philosophy and Stalin detests Hitler's, but when it comes to governing, each uses much the same methods. The fact is that if people are to be governed from above in all their daily concerns, if they are to be told how many bushels of potatoes they can raise and all the rest of it, then they have to be controlled or else the elaborate system breaks down. They must be induced, voluntarily or involuntarily, to accept all the regulations made. In order to help their voluntary acceptance, all means of influencing them are gradually taken over and controlled by the government—the press, speech, radio, movies, and so on. For those who do not accept, even when, as far as possible, they are allowed to see and hear nothing but what the government wishes them to, there are persecutions, torture, "purges," and massacres, as we have come to know them all too well in Italy, Germany, and Russia. As we have already said in this and the preceding article, it seems reasonable to assume that our unique civilization, poised dizzily on the achievements of abstract science, and also the potential plenty reached for the first time in all history, are due to a combination of factors hitherto not operating. One of the most important of these has been the unexampled freedom of thought and expression. If this is destroyed, then both science and the dream of plenty would be so also in time. So we come to the strange result that what is considered the scientific ordering of society, that is, the control of its whole economic life from the center, with resultant final abolition of individual freedom, brings about the downfall of science itself, on which the whole structure was erected.

All these things are not mere immaterial generalizations but must be taken into serious consideration in deciding what alterations are to be made in our Constitution. We have already pointed to many factors operating in American life which would seem to make it certain that centralization is likely to continue, and at an accelerating rate. In this connection, however, we may note briefly certain other factors in our past and present which also have a bearing on our problem. All of them, I think, tend to make rapid centralization of control more unsatisfactory and hazardous for us than for almost any other complex modern nation.

For one thing, there is that object of mirth on the part of the Brain Trust but a very real thing nevertheless, our tradition of "rugged individualism," if I may use a phrase which nowadays is considered an antediluvianism of thought. A nation may change quickly from one temporary emotion to another, but it does not overnight change its innate way of regarding life. Now, for three centuries no other people in the world have been so free from interference in their private lives or have felt the door of individual opportunity so open to them, as have we Americans. I am not speaking now of these few years of depression nor of the frontier having been closed. I am speaking of what has become our national habit of thought. We have wanted as individuals to go our own way, to live our own lives, make our own money, and go to the devil, if necessary, in our own fashion, as fast as possible and without interference from government or any one else. That trait has brought great evils and involved enormous waste, but it is a trait which has developed both from the adventurous character of all who come to us as immigrants, and from those conditions of life and opportunity which have been present in America and nowhere else in the world to anything like the same extent. This trait does not lend itself readily to regimentation. If there were a very rapid increase of government control over all our lives, there would have to be, for

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us, fully as great a control over the manufacture of "public opinion" as there has been in other nations with a more drilled or docile population, and perhaps as complete an effort to control individuals by more forceful means as has been necessary elsewhere.

There are also other points. Owing to various historic causes, such as the unusual opportunities for high wages or profits, the rapid increase in population, made up of many races, and other reasons, our tradition of public service has been unusually low and our politics singularly corrupt. I do not mean that we have not public servants both able and unselfish but that on the whole our ablest and most ambitious men have been more attracted by the great prizes to be won in business and the professions than by public office. When, for example, Roosevelt wanted "scientific" advice as to his policies, he had to get together a "scratch team" of college professors and others, who, as I have said, had had little experience in the carrying out of policies on a large scale, instead of being able to turn, as a new English Prime Minister can, to the able group of highly trained heads of departments with the whole accumulated experience of the Civil Service behind them. We are gradually, in some departments at least, developing such a service, but the utter confusion, both of conflicting policies and administration, which has reigned in Washington, indicates how little prepared our governmental organization is at present for coping with vast extensions of power.

Another characteristic of our political life is the immense influence of pressure groups—the tariff men, the Silverites, farmers, veterans' organizations, and so on—all wanting to raid the Treasury or pass legislation in favor of themselves regardless of the good of the whole. With every extension of central control and power, provided our political system remained without major change, the opportunities and activities of such groups, and perhaps many new ones, would increase. England, for example, can operate an old-age pension system with a minimum of waste, but as we consider the staggering pension scandals among us, following for a half-century and more every war we have been engaged in, we are appalled as we contemplate what other pension systems operated by the Federal Government might bring us to, however beneficent the plan might be as originally conceived.

As we have seen, the Constitution consists of far more than a few written words. It is our whole way of operating a government, and a most important part of it is our Party System. It is a most complex one, with its roots deep in every small locality in the whole nation, slowly developed in response to the needs and wishes of the people, a living if often immoral and inefficient organism. With all its imperfections, it is our only method of governing ourselves. If it is abolished, self-government ends, and we would have to put up with the fate of those in Italy or Germany who had been used to some extent at least to self-government and no longer have it. As we tried to show in a previous article, there is a point, quite certain even though we cannot locate it in advance, at which our American method of running government would have a head-on collision with the new necessities of super-planning. Mr. Roosevelt, in his Inaugural Address, himself indicated this, when he said that the emergency might require the partial abdication of Congress and the granting to him of extraordinary powers. The "emergency," however, appears to have become permanent in his opinion, and in any case it is impossible to conceive that those responsible for the smooth running of so complex an industrial civilization as ours could allow themselves to be interfered with at any moment or in any way by the Legislature.

In connection with this we may note one point. All people desire prosperity, and we Americans love a boom. When prices for all things are rising—stocks, real estate, commodities—it would be practically impossible for any political body to apply the brakes, stop the rise, and cause a decline, though any other policy might be recognized by them as leading to inevitable economic disaster. If the curves in the economic cycle are to be "ironed out" scientifically (if that is possible), it is evident that it will be quite as important to stop a boom as to try to initiate a rise. We know what happens to elected officials who happen to hold office when a rise ends and turns into a decline. It is not hard to imagine what would happen to those who could rightly be accused of having deliberately tried to check the boom, and brought loss of profits, actual or anticipated, to a people which loves speculation and rapid money-making. Can this sort of economic control go with self-government?

Our enthusiastic planners, however, either believe, which seems incredible, that we can go as far along their road as many of them wish and still maintain both our present personal liberties and our present form of government. Else they are blind to both the teachings of history, once believed in but now discarded by Roosevelt, and to the governmental experiments going on in other nations for the past decade and more.

The United States, like other nations, is entering upon a period of vast change. Not only are we subject to many of the conditions which affect others equally with ourselves, but there have been basic changes in our own country, such as the shift from rural to urban population, the shift from agriculture to industry, the closing of the frontier, and others. Moreover, although from heredity and environment certain traits have developed which we recognize as American, we are not yet a homogeneous race. Even in 1930 over 38,000,000 of our people were either foreign-born or had one or both parents foreign-born. Immigration has now been largely stopped, but the American race, with its definite character, has yet to be fully developed. Given these two factors—the changes coming in our environment and conditions of life, and the still fluid nature of our national character—it is difficult to predict now what the nature of the demands on our Constitution may be within the next generation.

That there will have to be some changes, we have tried to make clear in these articles, and also that they will be in the nature of increasing the sphere, functions, and power of the Federal Government. What, then, shall we say of the present crisis, and what attitude should we take toward the many suggestions of change in the Constitution now being made and which may be made during the campaign?

For the sake of clear thinking, I believe we should keep a number of the points brought out in these articles in mind as fundamental in considering any particular suggestion.

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For one thing, we should not get panicky as to "antiquated parchment" or "nine old men" being able to force America "back to the horse and buggy days." Not only is the Constitution much more than the parchment but in all its many parts it has thus far proved so flexible, in spite of hysteria at times, that, as Roosevelt himself said, it had met every change in a century and a half until his own administration. On the other hand, it is, taken as a whole, no sacred cow. It has survived in the past because it has been changed in many points by many different methods, and to continue it as a living institution we must be willing to change it in future.

As to methods of change, I think we can rule some out at once, such as, for example, the suggestion made by Professor W. Y. Elliott and others that at some given date, say 1937, we should have a constitutional convention and draw up a wholly new instrument as was done in 1787. This would have many drawbacks. It would bring us back to a piece of paper which, like the first one, would be open to all sorts of interpretations, and would have to start on another career of court rulings or other authoritative interpretations, if there are any others. Moreover, all those parts of the constitutional machine, such as usages, political parties, and the rest of what we have described, would either be scrapped or suffer perhaps the most unexpected repercussions. In other words, we would have to start again with only the nucleus, "the tap root," of a constitution and slowly build up a real working constitution once more no matter how ideal the "literary one" might be. Moreover, if we felt that every one of our institutions, such as private property, and ways of doing things, were to go into the melting pot within two years, and that we might thereafter have to live under a wholly different set which no one could foresee, any sane and prudent man would at once stop any business commitment he could, and dispose of his property as safely as he could, by sending it abroad or other method until he could know what the new fundamental law of the land might prove to be. Who, under such a condition, would dare to build a plant, invest for the future, make any long contract? This criticism is apart from the consideration of the wisdom of any of the particular changes which Professor Elliott or others may wish to embody in their entirely new instrument.

Another suggestion, that we have a regular date, say once every twenty years, when amendments would be proposed to the people as a matter of routine, would have a similar drawback, though in lesser degree. We know how under our present system of electing an administration every four years, the economic life of the nation usually tends to slow down and be hampered by uncertainty at such intervals. Changing the Constitution at regular periods would likewise, and probably even more seriously, tend to make for periodical uncertainty and hesitation.

The better way would seem to be to do as we have done in the past, that is to adapt the Constitution to our needs as they change, by any of the methods already used, that of formal amendment when others less formal prove insufficient. This avoids the difficulties mentioned above, and concentrates attention on the real conditions of the problem. A far larger number of citizens could discuss intelligently a specific amendment than an entirely new constitution.

In considering changes we have also to be guided by certain general considerations. For example, granted that the inevitable tendency will be for the central government to do more and more, do we wish to go in that direction as fast as possible or do we prefer to retard the process as much as is consistent with the need of each time? If we want a socialist state or any form of the totalitarian ones, the thing to do is to hasten the process. If we believe that even though we are to be inevitably and gradually forced along the road we have been going there are grave attendant dangers, we will move as slowly as possible consonant with avoiding other and immediately imminent dangers.

It is true that the Federal Government can do many things more efficiently and uniformly than the States, yet we have to consider the possibility that efficiency and uniformity may be bought at too high a price in other results. We must, as far as we can foresee them, look for the unexpected repercussions, as we have called them, of any change. If, for example, we give the Federal Government greatly enlarged powers over labor matters, the character of our national politics and parties will also greatly change. We have never had a distinct Labor Party in America, and the so-called "radical" ones have polled comparatively small votes. One chief reason has been that the limitations of the power of the Federal Government acting constitutionally have not made it possible for the aims of such parties to be attained in Washington. Much of the labor legislation which in other countries has been national has been State with us. To transfer, on a large scale, power over labor from the forty-eight States to Congress, would certainly alter the complexion of national politics and parties.

Moreover, as we have mentioned, every new power given the central government will also bring into play on Congress new pressure groups. For example, we may fully believe that the conditions of life today make old-age pensions a social necessity. Nevertheless, we may disagree as to whether they should be handled by the States or by the Federal Government. The latter would give us more uniformity, whether more efficiency or not; but certainly the pressure on Congress would be greater than on the States, where the taxpayer feels the cost of government more directly. The States, moreover, have to keep their expenses within either their taxing or borrowing powers. They have no right to issue money. At a given point their legislatures have to resist pressure or bankrupt the State. The Federal Government can be, and now is, asked to issue paper money for pensions even when it is rolling up huge annual deficits. Few Congressmen can resist well-organized national pressure, and if the Federal Government provides old-age pensions it is perfectly clear from the history of other pension groups that there will be enormous pressure for steady increases, by raising rates and lowering age. In this, as in many other cases, the cost of Federal experimenting is far greater than that by States. Also, if a State fails in its measure or even goes bankrupt, the others and the nation yet stand. All is not lost at once.

In the discussion which will come over perhaps many proposed amendments, their proponents will lay all the

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stress on the desirability of the immediate object to be gained. If we are to judge wisely, however, it will be of the greatest importance to take our eyes off the immediate aim, which may quite truly be desirable in itself, and look over the entire political and constitutional field, trying to discover what the unexpected, but also possible if not inevitable, results of any proposed change may be elsewhere. These will not be put before us by those in favor of the change, just as the blue-print national economic planners never allow that at some point on their road we shall all have to cease to govern ourselves and consent, willingly or forcibly, to being governed.

As we have said, some constitutional changes will from time to time become necessary, taking all things into consideration, and will be made if revolution does not take the place of orderly revisions. With the trend of almost the entire world as it is today, however, the time has come when we should study every proposed change, necessary as it may be, in the light of the most fundamental thing of all, which is our ultimate scale of values in life. What are the "goods," mentioned in an earlier article, which we most desire for ourselves? It is worse than useless to try consciously to modify our form of government unless we know what, as the means for regulating society, we want it to provide if possible; and we cannot tell that unless we know what things in life mean most to ourselves as individuals. Nor must we forget that many things which appear good at first sight are incompatible with one another. Such a decision as to the goods a man values most was not infrequently put to a slave in the South in the old days by a kind master, who offered to free him. Did he prefer a low scale of economic life, with assumed security and actual slavery, or did he prefer freedom with all its uncertainties? What do we Americans want today? As citizens of one of the few remaining countries still possessing freedom for the individual, it is a question we should ponder deeply if asked to make radical changes in our government. In these articles I have not suggested any specific changes myself nor analyzed any of those suggested by others. I have merely tried to help in the broad consideration of the problem as a whole. If the next election turns on the question of any large alteration in our present form of government, it may be the most fateful in which we have ever been called upon to express our opinions at the polls. Our duty both to ourselves and to the nation will demand that we shall not allow ourselves to be led away by immediate aims or specious ends, but that we shall do our best to see things straight and see them whole.

THE OX-PULL AT THE FAIR

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

A BEAUTIFUL, sleek ton that is alive
Tautens in twin beasts, eight pistons drive
Under warm silk, with slow relentlessness.
A man leans like a man bent to caress,
His wiry body curves above the sharp
Horns like the golden framework on a harp,
He speaks an ancient language, half the brutes',
Gutturals and words down at the roots
Of life and of desire. The oxen twist
The muscles in their necks, the amethyst
Of their wide eyes is specked with sparks of flame.
The man leans forward with his beasts, the same
Urgency is in him, and his will
Becomes a part of them, the three lean still
And strain until their bodies show deep grooves,
Then the dead weight gives, the stone-boat moves.

This thing the farmers stand here to admire
Goes down deep years by thousands to desire
Old as the time when life and strength were one,
Deep as a man's begetting of a son.

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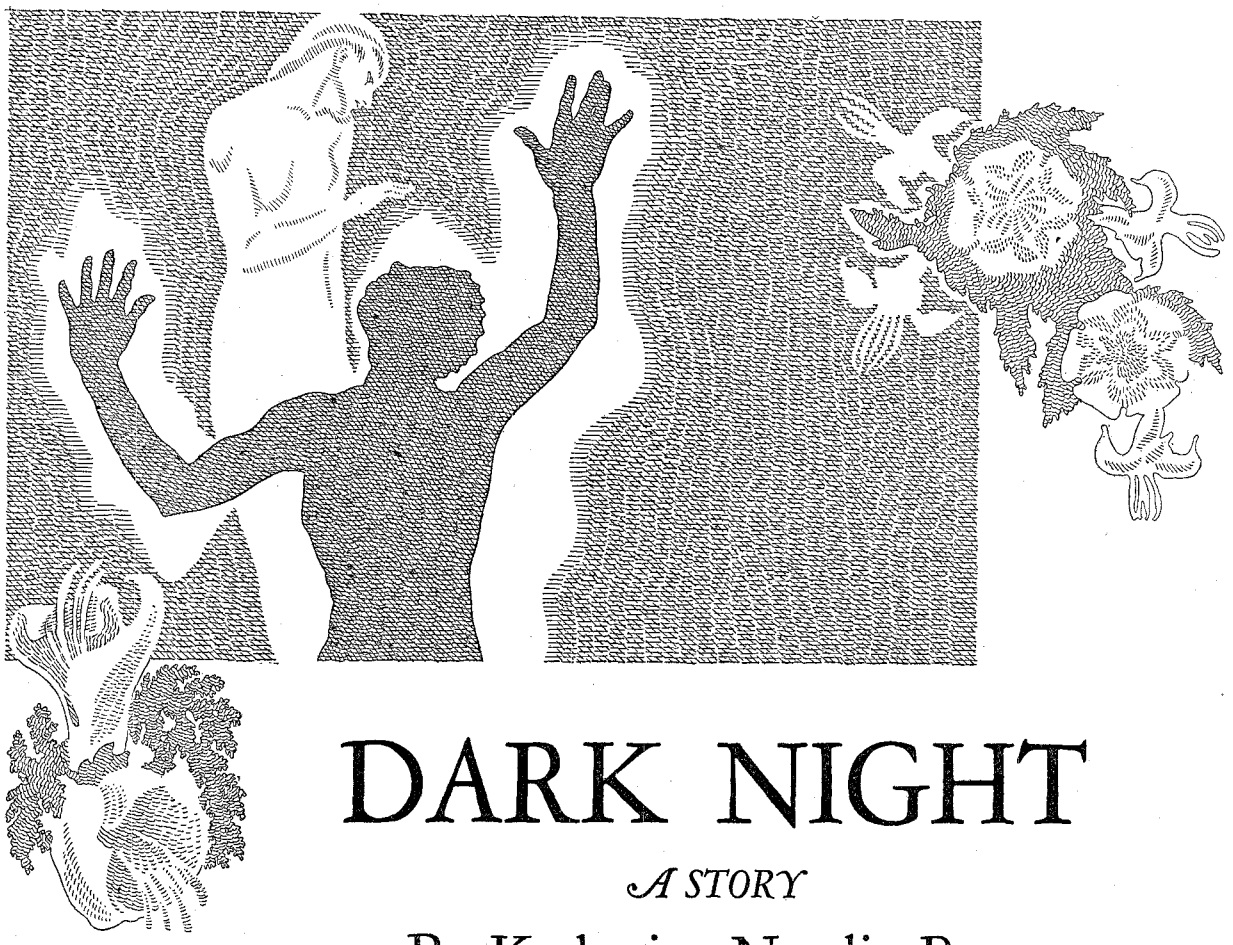

DARK NIGHT

A STORY

By Katharine Newlin Burt

THE first night was clear, the tallest clear night, Emily thought, that the pines had ever held above the house; the long-leaved Carolina pines that grow up in tall moving columns straight, very far, before they branch crookedly and hold out long iridescent groups of needles into the air. That first night, when Emily came out after a solitary dinner to walk up and down the terrace, she found a moon. It was set up like a pale half-cymbal in a high crotch of pine; seeing it, Emily wanted to hold out her hands and cry. It was a clear, high, still, and lonely night.

She walked to the end of the terrace where it turned and there, at the corner of the house, she stood with small streaks of moonlight on her hands, hoping that Wally would come back. He would be coming back as soon as his business was done. It was a brief business, not important, and this town of Thebes was not far away. If he drove fast . . . wanting Emily . . . a night like this clear marriage night . . . high bridal night . . . the dogwood flowers falling in gentle and warm snow . . . if he drove fast, he might be coming back before this moon was set.

She turned from the moon and began to wander down the terrace. Then, facing the moon again, she walked back. The air was very soft and still. The bay-flower was sweet in the swamp. A whippoorwill began to cry suddenly close to the moony lawn. He shouted persistently, flogging the submissive stillness of the night. As Emily came to the opposite end of the terrace, she saw the light in the Negroes' house down in the hollow. As though shy of her observation, it vanished at once. One of the Negroes had moved the light. A banjo began to thrum. Gus was "pickin' the box." It sounded gay and friendly. She wished that she had been one of the black maids to go down and spend the evening there.

She paced through the golden shafts of her own lights shining steadily across the terrace, reaching far down across the lawn, groping towards the swamp. The light from the house made the moonlight blue. She went through the wide golden shafts, seeing how again and again they painted her white dress from blue to yellow. Each time she passed a window she looked into the beautiful rooms that belonged to Emily and Walter Hart. It was curious and exciting to see the bright chintz-covered armchairs standing empty under the shaded lamps, to see the mosaic of the books, the close flower-patterns of the rugs, the corner of a sofa with plump cushions, the clock on the mantel . . . she could hear its silver striking through the open window—the portrait of Wally's grandfather in a blue coat. It gave her a charming sense of homelessness. In her white dress, with her narrow body and slender face, her dark smooth hair, she would startle a reader in one of the rooms, looking up suddenly to see her close against the pane with a sad smile between her hands.

Emily grew tired of walking and stretched out in a long chair tilting her

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face moonwards. That early moon might not be set before Wally would be back, drawn by the fragrance of white bay-flowers, the warm soft falling of blossoms and the monotonous soft chanting of the whippoorwill. A little bat swooped across her, almost touching her face. She drew back but she did not really mind its velvet flight. It too was moon-enchanted; and bewildered by the shafts of her window lights.

Lying there, still, watching the bat's moon and hers climb free of the tall pine, seeing the sky about it grow blue in a wide encircling ring, seeing the green needle-ends brighten as they were freed from that plague of polished silver, she heard the whippoorwill withdraw further and further and then cease. Hamon came at eleven to switch off the lights and lock the doors. "Leave the French terrace window at the end unlocked, Hamon," she told him. "It's such a beautiful night. I shall be out here very late."

The golden columns vanished by ones and twos and threes. Now only a light upstairs shone faintly in streaks through a slatted shade against her bedroom window. The moon was climbing, but it seemed rather that the trees drew down and away from the still moon. The earth was falling. . . . Emily caught herself up from sleep and began to walk again up and down the terrace in the blue strong moon. Her white dress was colored by the moon and her pale arms. Her flesh was the color of bay-flowers in the swamp. Her small white feet touched the bricks of the terrace with the precision of dove's feet. The house now was a wall, darker than the clear blue night. It was cooler. A little light breeze made the long needles swing and sing. The moon wakened a mockingbird. He poured out, as though his body had been a small full pitcher, a gurgle of quick music and was still. Emily walked up and down pausing at intervals to listen. She could hear the soft occasional rush of motors on the high road. Far away through a space cut in the pines, on the edge of the horizon, a light shone and went out, shone and went out steadily. It was the airplane beacon half way between her and Thebes.

Wally's business at Thebes she knew was not urgent but she knew that the woman was urgent. Emily had seen the woman once, tall, round, with a big, orange-colored mouth, a dark woman thick set with glossy flesh. Her hair had been bleached out artificially to a silver cap set on her head, sleeked away from her plaster-white forehead and her long scarlet-lobed ears, her blue and bloodshot, amused eyes. She had a thick short neck and heavy short shoulders and breasts close together sticking out almost under her chin. . . .

The second night, when Emily came out to the terrace, was not clear like the first one. It was a milky night. The clouds had been gathering in upon one another so that the later moon was invisible, only its clotted light making the crinkled cloud ridges prismatic. Emily walked quickly to the terrace end and quickly back. The Negroes' house was very strongly lighted and they were laughing in the hollow. Every night they laughed and sang and shouted, glad to be free of their languid labor and of the sultry day. She was angered, on this second night, by their noise. Wally should have built them a house farther away, beyond the stables, where they could not be heard or seen. Tonight the whippoorwills too were very noisy, two of them shouting each other down with an incredible emphasis, a human persistence in useless argument.

The moon was not in the pine nor would Emily tonight have put out her hands towards it. On that still high night she had been an innocent baby crying. That was because she had been hoping that Wally would come back. On this second night, walking quickly up and down the terrace, her steps in her high-heeled scarlet slippers clicking, Emily knew that Wally would not be coming back. In some room—in some room that Emily would never see, she knew that he was with the woman.

Emily's own room was large and clean with a dim green-gray fragrance, with water-cool green shadows of her slatted blinds. Her linen was sweet and chill and fine and she wore fine sheer gowns handmade, foamy white with lace. She was white within her gown and her chill sheets, her feet were white, almost green white, like buds on April trees not yet unsheathed.

Tonight Emily passed the windows of her house coldly like an enemy. They were the rooms of another woman. There had been a woman happy in those rooms. Some one else was walking the terrace in a crimson dress, her earrings swung in her ears. Their weight was vaguely comforting. The click of her high heels was comforting too. The night was clotted in its stillness. It was insensate to the chastisement of whippoorwills. It could not feel the velvet passage of small bats. It had a preoccupation of its own. The heart of its preoccupation moved in the swamp. The bay-flowers' sweetness was a disguise like the perfume of an unclean woman. There were smells in the swamp of bog and rot and slime, of water rats dead in smothered places. The heat on this second night was damp and clotted like the sky. Emily, walking sharply with her clicking heels, felt the wetness on her brows and arms and the sides of her legs. The skin beneath her breasts was wet.

When Hamon had put out the lights, this night was like a hot globe of clouded glass. The house was dead. The slatted light upstairs shone very faintly across the single tree. The servants had stopped their laughing. They were already asleep.

Emily Hart was bewildered in this iridescent stifled night. She felt weak. But her weak body that was called by her name was beginning to be slowly and strongly moved. Some other mind drew up under the dark pines across the dim lawns of the wan terrace, drew up from the swamp its secret heaviness.

The green-white April body, the green-white April mind called Emily had been smothered out by the dark thick body of that woman with the orange mouth. For two days and nights, now, Emily had been with that woman. Had been possessed by the woman, as Wally was possessed.

As Hamon put out the lights, the smell of swamp rot crept up towards the house, conjured by that other mind that had never been called by the name of Emily. Emily's innocent moon-crying and moon-begging had been silenced. Now her heart was tugged and pulled like a black swamp root at which she labored in the silence. In answer to her labor down in the swamp there was some dark shape. It would have tearing hands, a body that knew only its own desire without awareness of an-

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other's nerves or fear. Its blind cruelty would answer the deep hate of her swamp mind, more secret than April shoots, or chill marital buds, or the fragrance of white bridal bodies, stronger with its silent root-hands than a child's hands reaching for the moon. Out there, down there, moved an answer to her conjuring power, some tool for a purpose stronger than Emily Hart's bridal will. Her white hands opened and shut upon the folds of her red dress, like paws for the wishes of a swamp mind.

After a long while she could walk not another step on the smooth bricks. She leaned against the vine-covered railing. She was wet so that her dress clung as though she had climbed up out of warm water. She yielded, panting, to the strong secret power. Something was coming up in the curdled night to learn the will of her swamp mind. In the dim curdled heat she heard the crowded thud of her pulses, willing, conjuring, using the disgustful hate of two days and two nights.

She stood there, for an immense time, surrendered, summoning, drenched with her weak body's sweat. Thoughts no longer circled her mind in velvet flight. She had no thoughts. She did not know for all that while that she was Emily Hart. She had gone down . . . from the terrace, across the lawns, into the pines, down into the swamp. . . . From there a dark will went up, tearing through the swelter and the snarl up to the broad dim highway that led to Thebes.

The moon was set, the curdled night had passed into smoothness and grown fair with dawn, when she came back into her exhausted body and let it gather itself slowly up and drag itself, faint, wrung, in at the door and through the dark hot rooms and up to her empty marriage bed.

Hamon, the colored houseman, was going from room to room of the long house, pressing out the electric lights. It was eleven o'clock of the third night and, when there were no guests and no one was using the downstairs rooms, he shut up at eleven. He seemed to be fearful of each room, as with his dark forefinger he pressed down the abrupt curtain across his eyes. Emily could see how quickly he stepped away from each space as it went black, taking away the golden shafts through which Emily had been passing back and forth.

Emily thought, he is putting out the body of my home, he is putting out colors and safety and everything I know with my head. This is the third night and he is putting out the terrace which is now a sliding foothold between the house and the night; between Emily Hart's sliding mind and that other mind which was never called by the name of Emily. He is putting out Emily Hart, causing her to change into the darkness of the lawn, going down into the pines and the pines going down black into the swamp; all with the smell and other name of night.

She had never known such a dark night as this third one. Nothing could have been visible had there not been a hot steady wind which kept the pines moving and turned the immense black clouds full of soft hot thunder. Blood hounds were baying distantly down in the swamp and she could hear, closer, the Negroes chanting in the house that Wally had given them in the hollow. Hamon would be hurrying down to join them, leaving the big dark house and lending his voice to their fearful singing. It would be a black man in the swamp. The house Negroes wailed and chanted softly in their terror and compassion, their dread of his fear, their horror of his horror.

Emily Hart, walking fast up and down her black terrace and looking down, saw that now the paper whiteness of her long slim arms and hanging hands was gone. She could only feel them lying against the soft blackness of her gown. All whiteness now was gone out of the world. It was a dark night.

Emily thought, how much older darkness is than light. For so long man had lived in the dark before the membrane of his blunt seeking head had thinned gradually to discern the green fan of its first dawn and quivered the folds of a filmy lid against the unbearable first smiting of a sun. Night was old and old were the faceless thoughts of night, its fearing, prowling, seeking, blunt-headed, naked-toothed, its opening and shutting paws. Night speech was old, too, and fearful.

In this hot thunder night the hounds bayed, their tongues let fall thick slobber into the muck of the swamp. They were hunting a night animal before dawn webbed him, before the sun showed him his sad blunt face and filmed beginning eyes brooding over themselves in some scared pool—bared teeth, filmed membrane eyes, paws and mouth bloody with a crying feast. Emily Hart, on the terrace of her long dark house, tried to keep her mind, worn with its disgustful hatred, above the lawns going down into the pines, away from the pines going down into the swamp.

On the first night, the clear, white night, she had been a baby crying for the moon; in the second curdled night she had felt the power of an ancient swamp root in her mind; on this third night, as the lights went out and the dark hot thunder smote dully the immense dark clouds, that will was quiet and secret as though it had been fulfilled.

She did not know when her thinking stopped—it ran down like a well-oiled machine, without sound, slowly—but after a while without thought she went down by a shallow step to the dark lawn and down across the dark lawn in among the immensely tall dark pines. She went cleverly without the interference of her thoughts, past and above the Negroes' house in the hollow and along the top of a ridge that stood high from the swamp. In the house the Negroes' chanting was loud in bursts, then soft, repeating its wailing rhythms, drawing in and out like the breath of scared men.

Emily heard before her a sound of stomping and knew that she was close to the stables. One of the hunters nickered. That would be Melody, knowing her without vision or scent in the dark night.

Beyond the stables began the steep descent into the swamp. Down there the night was snarled. She knew the bogs across which Wally had put logs and wire for hunting, in order to keep the horses from going down up to their ears in sudden muck. She stood, her dark hands clenched upon her dark dress, listening.

She heard a thousand noises: the motors coming from far away and nearing and going, calling boldly with their horns, the night train carrying its endless boxes of Florida fruit northward in the refrigerator cars, and the sad nostalgic crying of a locomotive whistle in the night. She had gone

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north at night and had seen the dark pines lean forward and back past her window and the light of her own house winking to her as she went away into the northering night. She could hear the horses now, wakened by Melody's nicker, moving their feet and jaws. The Negroes chanted, "Ah got to live alone —I got to die alone." The baying of the hounds was closer. A man shouted, "Ha-loo!" and another voice answered him distantly with the same syllable, "Ha-looo!" and she saw a lantern move for an instant across water. It looked so far and so immediately below that her hair lifted in the fear of height. An owl swept past a branch with a faint ruffled sound of flight. Some animal moved in a field and house dogs barked monotonously, bored by their loyalty to men.

Emily stood with her hands clenched, listening. All the time beneath the noises she had been hearing that other noise of something alive that had been climbing up slowly from the deep swamp.

Emily Hart was not waiting for Wally now. She was not crying, nor grieving, nor hating. Her disgustful hatred had been fulfilled. The moving body came up out of the snarled yarn of the shrubs, came blundering, gasped faintly as it came, staggered. Its big splay feet caught against a root and it dropped flat a yard from her on the ground. Down below, nearer than before, she heard the hounds baying. The light moved for an instant and there was the calling of the voice, "Ha-loo!"

She spoke softly in a voice that was hot and thick on the tongue of Emily Hart.

"Don' scare,—you. How clost are they to you now?"

The man leaped—flung himself towards her, fell against her. He was on his knees, he wrapped his hot wet body about her, she could feel the ague that churned the blood in his veins. He groaned words without shape.

Emily, standing still, said, "Can you ride?"

His tongue freed itself from thick saliva. "Can ride—can ride—where yo mule, gal? Hounds they'se bayin', white folks is clost upon me. . . . Ain't nowheres to go . . . ain't nowheres to hide out . . . they's cut me off. They's atween me and the rails . . . they's atween me and the ribber. . . . Where yo mule, gal? Mercy take me!"

She pulled away her dress from him and went back into the barn.

Inside the barn it was sweet and homely, warm, clean, still. The horses standing in their stalls seemed good. It was like the house of God. A holy, friendly place. The body from the swamp was outside waiting. Melody came softly and smoothly from his stall at her leading. She set the halter smoothly over his little high head. From the shape that hung against the side of the door he shied up high as a tree.

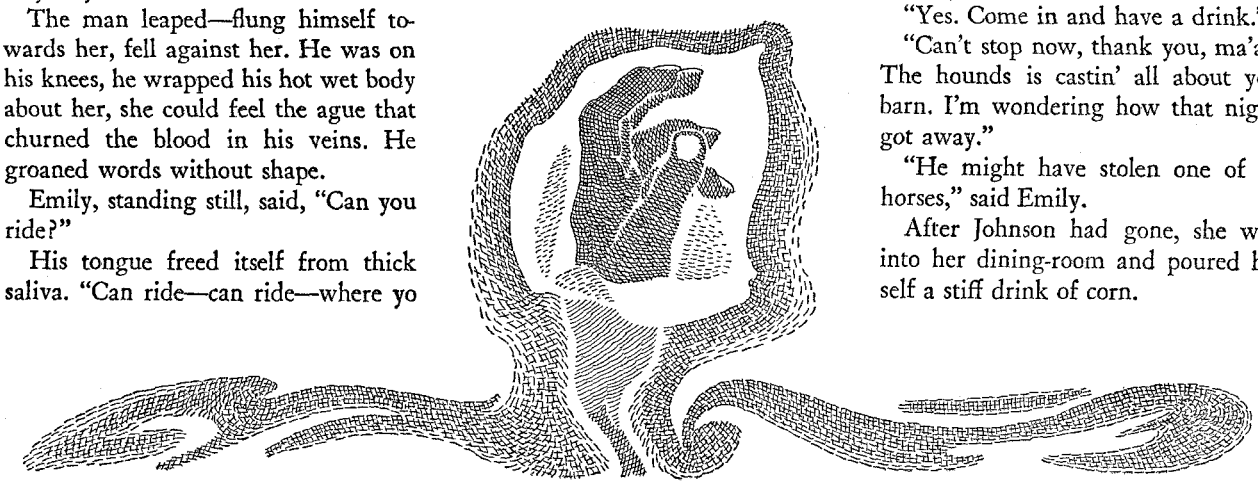
She drew down Melody's head and put her arm about his delicious neck. He smelled clean and strong, as a horse smells.

"Get up quick," said Emily. "I can't hold him."

The man stepped back and flung his bulk across Melody's back, snatching at the rope. He gave one croaking cry as the horse plunged out into the dark.

Emily listened to the crashing and felt the jarring of the ground beneath her hands and knees. She heard the going for long after it had really passed beyond the reach of her ears. She got up from the hot needled earth and moved weakly, climbing back up to the dark long house. It stood higher than she had ever believed. Higher and steeper. It would not be possible for her to reach it, she thought, before the dawn.

Hamon had not locked the French window at the terrace end. She crept through it into the hot dark room. One light in the hall shone through an intervening room so that, as she stole along the wall, resting against the tables and the chairs, she could see her white face and arms and the dark blots of her eyes, the shape that was Emily, coming to meet her in the mirror at the other side of the large room. As she passed the mirror, they became one. And she stepped out into the lighted hall.



Now the rain rattled down all over the roof and the windows and crashed on the terrace bricks. She stood in the middle of the hall and waited.

Under the violent slither of the rain she could hear the shouting and the baying, the running steps of men. The hunters were in her woods. They would be questioning the Negroes. The chanting had stopped. They would be saying, "No, seh. No, seh, boss, we ain't heart nothin'. No, seh, boss, he ain't been neah by heah. Ain't been no sound of runnin', no sound of hoss, no voice of a woman . . . no, seh, boss."

Emily waited until the steps and voices began to come up closer to her house. She brushed the pine needles from her crumpled dress and from her blown hair and went, when they rang at her front door, to open to them.

"Sorry to bother you, Mis' Hart. You haven't heard or seen a nigger on the run? He hasn't disturbed nor scared you any, please, ma'am?"

"No, Johnson. A nigger?"

"Yes, please, ma'am. A nigger. County's up after him."

"What's he done, Johnson?"

"It's not a story for a lady. Caught a white woman alongside the road out of Thebes yesterday. Sorry, ma'am. Make you feel sickish, don't it?"

"Yes. Come in and have a drink."

"Can't stop now, thank you, ma'am. The hounds is castin' all about your barn. I'm wondering how that nigger got away."

"He might have stolen one of the horses," said Emily.

After Johnson had gone, she went into her dining-room and poured herself a stiff drink of corn.

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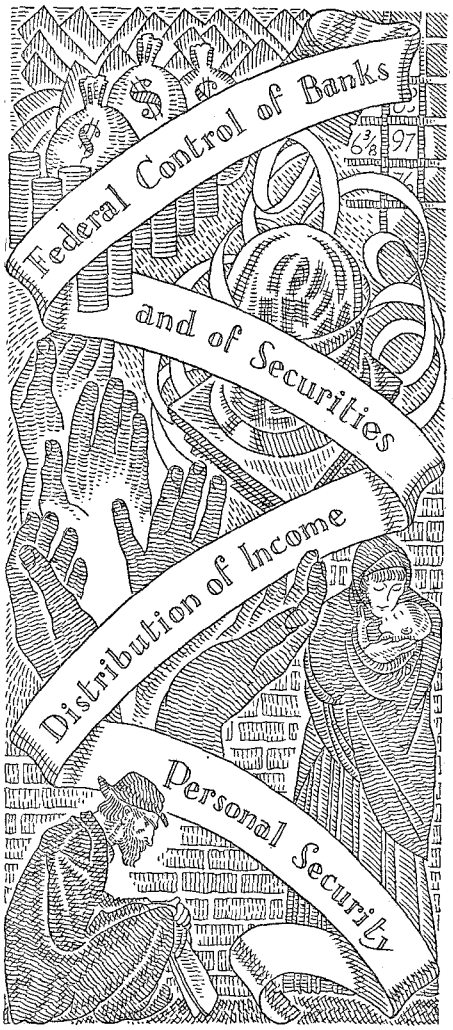
MAP of the New DEAL

By David Cushman Coyle



Four coordinate lines of progress which the New Deal has made may be seen through the clouds of controversy, declares Mr. Coyle. We face the crisis in a long battle against the concentration of wealth and power in private hands. To some extent it is the fight of independent business against money power. Mr. Coyle's trenchant paper offers a contrast to the point of view presented in James Truslow Adams' series in "The Crisis and the Constitution"

HISTORY in the making is a different thing from history neatly laid out in numbered paragraphs in a school textbook. The New Deal is a confused picture of emergency legislation, recovery programs, reform measures, and mistakes, mixed together and obscured in clouds of controversy. There is, however, a tide in the affairs of men, strongly running through the fog.

The American people have come to a crisis in their long battle against the growing concentration of wealth and power in private hands. Again and again the people have revolted against their lords and masters, only to be thrown back in disorder, while the great financial powers extended their control from one industry to another. The Populists are forgotten, Bryan rose and fell, Roosevelt the first came, saw, and turned back. Over the Sherman Act, the Clayton Act, and the Income Tax the snowball of Big Business rolled. Wilson and La Follette, Norris and Borah, seem to have fought in a lost cause. But the judgment day had not come. Now it is here. The great rackets of the financial world have grown so powerful that they are killing the economic system. Soon, now, there has to be a finish.

The time has arrived when the conservative financial powers are unable to offer any prospect of stable prosperity. Whenever business tries to run, they load it with new debts, with watered stock, with monopoly prices. Their "New Era" of the twenties was founded on Peruvian bonds, Straus bonds, imaginary stock values, inflated bank credit, and installment selling. The best they can offer for the future is another wave of prosperity founded on unlimited new debts, which, as their own experts admit, will crash about 1940. The fact that several men want the Republican nomination for the Presidency on those terms shows how eternal is the craving for martyrdom. But for the rest of us, who miss the glory and get only the unemployment, it is not good enough. Whether the lords of high finance get another chance will be decided this year. Whether they can run the United States is decided by natural law. No organism can permanently stand repeated paralytic shocks of increasing intensity.

There is no unanimous agreement, even among the leading New Dealers, as to what the New Deal really is or ought to be. Any observer has the right to describe the New Deal from any standpoint he may choose. From the standpoint taken in this paper, the New Deal, if it means anything, is the early stage of the final effort of the American economic and political system to throw off the shackles of high finance. In all its various aspects, the New Deal is related to this central line of progress. The emergency measures, such as the AAA, were regarded as temporary, because they were made necessary only by the continued existence of big business. As R. H. Montgomery has pointed out, the east Texas oil field, in order to preserve the high price of gasoline, is operating two minutes and thirteen seconds per day. "If we prorated cotton on the same basis, the farmer would plant twenty stalks to the acre—the school teacher would teach one day every two years, and the surgeon would remove one appendix and retire." The time to expand production of cotton, wheat, and little pigs must await the time when Big Business no longer has power to plough under the major part of its productive capacity.

The essential elements of the New Deal may be said to be the lines of ac-

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tion that look toward the elimination of financial centralization and the restoration of economic freedom. There are at least four coordinate lines of progress that can now be seen through the mist.

First is Federal control of the securities markets and of the banks. In the first thirty years of this century, the rulers of finance exercised their power largely by way of these instruments. From the battle between Morgan and Harriman over the Northern Pacific, down to the great pool operations of the boom, the giants have fought their battles in Wall Street to decide who should have the right to stick the farmer, the worker, the small investor, and the consumer. Wall Street is supposed to be a market, where investments are bought and sold like cabbages from a farmer's wagon. But a pool with a few million dollars could buy and sell among its members, so that the outsider entering the market in search of a sound investment would find a rigged price that bore no real relation to value nor to the law of supply and demand. A rigged market has no rights that the public is bound to respect. By one means or another, the Stock Market and the over-the-counter markets will have to be controlled so thoroughly that no private person, however wealthy, can successfully make a killing. That is a man-sized job, and will take time and hard fighting.

The banks have the function of creating and destroying money, and of deciding who shall have the use of credit for business purposes. These are large powers, and they have been used in ways that caused trouble. Mitchell and Wiggin are gone, but not before they had contributed largely to the sufferings of their countrymen. Most of our bankers were honest and are honest now, but they have played favorites in granting the use of credit, they have assisted in the concentration of financial power, and they have helped to float bonds that did no good to their country. When the times were dangerously booming, honest bankers inflated credit for their own profit and the nation's loss. When times were desperately hard, honest bankers destroyed ten billion dollars of money. They had to do it, by force of circumstances. Banking is too big a job, with the public interest too much at stake, to be left free to follow the lure of short-term profit. The nation acting through its central government must control the expansion and contraction of the volume of money, and it must oversee the allocation of credit for the protection of small business men.

The second main function of the New Deal is the distribution of income. Capitalism is supposed to have its own internal mechanism for distributing income through wages and dividends. But under the domination of high finance the mechanism fails to work. Even before 1929 several million Americans were unemployed—kept from starving by charity, kept from producing useful goods and services by the policies of the lords of finance. The few million stockholders of American industry were getting good dividends, but only the insiders had any power of control. As a rule the dividends were not paid directly out of capital, but the effect was the same as if they had been. For the very processes that brought the fat dividends led to loss of the principal, and forced many small investors out of their jobs so that they had to spend their savings. The proof of the failure of the distribution system is the fact that poverty increased on one end and wealth on the other. Meanwhile technology had advanced so far and the export market had so far vanished, that only by a great increase of the smaller incomes could industry find a real market. The dilemma permits no escape. Unless the poor can have larger incomes, industry cannot run. If the financial overlords control industry, they lap up the money of the poor. Therefore if industry is governed by finance it cannot run, and finance will have no one to rob. The parasite has grown too big for its victim to carry. Only the Federal Government has adequate power to take money from the rich and pay it to the poor, so that business may have markets and the productive power of technology may be used.

The purpose of redistribution of income needs to be clearly understood. The poor cannot be made rich by giving them their prorata share of the wealth of the rich. But the national income to be divided can be greatly increased by cutting down the power of the rich to prevent the use of our resources. Concentration of wealth creates artificial scarcity. The gist of the matter is that the burden of high finance must be lifted from the neck of industry.

The third line of progress of the New Deal is in the direction of personal security. One of the principal causes of the overconcentration of wealth is the pathetic and hopeless struggle of the poorer people to save money for a rainy day. The savings go into savings banks and insurance companies, where they become the football of high finance. Not that savings-bank deposits are always lost to the depositor. In some parts of the country they are practically never lost. But savings have to be invested, and even the investments that are not lost play their part in the great Wall Street game. Insurance policies are usually paid when due, and yet the conservative investment of the funds may have helped to supply the backlog to the speculative boom. Stocks may pay dividends, and yet the directors may have participated in a market pool that thoroughly cleaned out some of their stockholders. Savings in small sums are weak and helpless. Gathered into large funds they offer temptations: to graft, and, even more, to honest but mistaken manipulations that destroy business prosperity.

The savings of the poor not only go to increase the power of the rulers of high finance, they also help to overload the business world with debts. For every investment is a debt. When the poor have saved enough to create debts enough to crush business, it collapses, and the workers are unemployed. Savings-bank deposits are lost not so much by failure of the bank as by its success. It succeeds in investing the depositors' savings, and destroying their jobs, so that they have to spend their deposits in order to live. The New Deal, if it is to be successful, must develop means for guaranteeing basic economic security to all the people, so that they may be released from the hopeless attempt to make themselves secure by savings that serve only to wreck industry.

The fourth necessary line of progress is toward industrial decentralization. The insufferable instability of business is brought about by centralization in three phases: centralization of ownership, centralization of control, and centralization of geographical location.

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All three are connected but different. Geographical centralization is a result of the other two and of various historic factors. The rural areas are drained of small industries which are necessary to their economic health. Areas which are too valuable to be abandoned are at the same time too thinly populated to support a tolerable standard of civilization. They require additional local sources of income. The United States is now in a badly unbalanced condition, with money incomes concentrated into a few metropolitan areas, and with wide sections of country sinking deeper each year into debt and decay. Federal income taxation and spending in debtor areas help somewhat to redress the balance, but never enough. Decentralization of industry is the only permanent remedy.

The United States will have to find means to cause small locally owned industries to prosper in the rural areas, so that all the occupied portions of our country may be financially healthy and able to support a civilized standard of living.

All these four lines of progress are parts of the general development of which the New Deal is a manifestation. The securities market and the banks must be brought under strict Federal control. The national income must be redistributed by direct Federal taxation and spending. The people must be assured of basic economic security. Industry must be encouraged to decentralize not only as to ownership and control but also as to location.

In approaching these four necessary changes, the leaders of the New Deal are obliged to start with the American tradition and the temperamental characteristics of the American people. It is not enough to recognize that high-finance capitalism has arrived at its death spasm. They must recognize also that they can lead the people into the next stage of history only along those paths where the people can be persuaded to go. The possible paths toward the future are limited by several strongly established traits in American character.

Our history has taught us to believe in the virtue of free business initiative. We have actually lost most of our freedom but we do not like it. The New York bankers, the trusts, the chain stores, the holding companies, hem us in from above. Below are the lesser rackets of the underworld lying in wait to snap at any business man who appears to be friendless or unprotected. We are becoming a nation of yesmen, cringing to banker and gangster, and despising ourselves. But we are not therefore ready to set up a technocratic or communistic dictatorship and to buy security by the open and admitted sacrifice of the remains of our freedom.

Because of the attitude of Americans toward liberty, we have apparently only two choices. If the New Deal can be made to succeed, we shall use the Federal sovereignty to drive back and hold in check the predatory rackets of the upper and under worlds, protecting for ourselves an area in which we may enjoy a reasonable degree of freedom. Or on the other hand, the Liberty League and the National Association of Manufacturers may establish firmly the freedom of the predatory financial overlords at the expense of the people in general. After failing to establish a stable prosperity the Liberty Leaguers would be forced to resort to increasingly violent means of suppression, or else to foreign war, leading by natural stages to an explosion of the people, beyond which prediction is futile. Similar events have occurred abroad.

A second American characteristic is the tendency to think of economic conflicts in sectional terms rather than in the European terms of class war. We have already had an economic conflict that took the form of secession and civil war, because the people on each side of the dispute were more or less completely localized on different sides of a boundary line. It is true that there have been bitter fights between capital and labor, and there will be others in the future. But with all the violence of strikes, there appears to be small likelihood of a successful revolution that would capture all of our 175,000 governments, Federal, State, and local. On the other hand, the conflict between debtor and creditor is sectional. The Western debtor areas want inflation, the Eastern creditor areas want "sound money." Only by adopting policies that will stop the concentration of capital ownership into certain areas can the Government prevent an increasing strain on the fabric of the Federal Union.

A victory for the Liberty League, with resumption of unlimited growth of business debt, would necessarily lead to a collapse of the American economic system. But the form which the collapse would take might be determined by the sectional character of the nation. As the debts resting on the rural areas were found to be more and more insupportable, new disorders might arise like the farmers' holiday of Mr. Hoover's time. If the Federal Government were strongly held by the creditors, prepared to back the Constitution with the Army, the strain on the Union might be severe. Those midwestern farmers, we should remember, were talking revolution not in terms of Karl Marx but in terms of 1776. American, quite, and our modern tories had better not forget it.

A third factor which is a corollary of the American temperament is the type of national planning which can be done in this country. Many of those who are most interested in national planning conceive it in terms of a national economic general staff deciding what we should produce, how much, and at what price. They forget the organizational difficulties of planning a production schedule consisting mainly of luxuries, and they forget that under Prohibition this country passed with flying colors a post-graduate course in mass disobedience. They ignore the fact that there are other forms of orderly action besides programming and scheduling.

The American people started national planning in the first Congress when they adopted a protective tariff to encourage industry and break clear of English manufactures. They have been doing the same kind of planning off and on ever since. The New Deal, if it is to succeed, will have to avoid so far as possible such unworkable types of planning as the NRA, and place the emphasis on establishing national policies that will cause things to happen without telling every one what to do all the time. Most of the vital New Deal measures have been of this latter kind, and there should be more.

The progress of the New Deal, then, must be predicated on a recognition and utilization of the available character of the American people—their desire for freedom, their tendency to sectional conflict and comparative absence of revolutionary class feeling, and their established habit of bringing about so-

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cial changes by strategic national policies rather than by detailed regimentation.

The New Deal began with Mr. Hoover, who set up the RFC to stop the business cycle. The tired business men of the National Association of Manufacturers are apt to forget that only the RFC saved them from a condition of terror, when millionaires in Newport had their yachts loaded with gold, ready to flee at the crack of the Revolution. The business world cannot operate except by Federal support, as the tories knew once but have forgotten. Mr. Roosevelt had to take over a prostrate country and set it on its feet, and he or any other President must carry on. How far has the New Deal progressed since it fell from the nerveless hands of Mr. Hoover? It must be recognized that the President has not had a clear field. He has had to struggle with conflicting expert advice, with popular follies such as the demand for "economy," and with the bitter opposition of the entrenched money-changers. However, in the mêlée some things have been done.

The banks were closed and opened with the strong hand. Bankers gathered in annual conclave at New Orleans in 1935 can stick out their tongues at the Government, saying that if they catch it out alone they will cut off its credit. But the fact is, as the President politely told them once, there is going to be cooperation between the Government and the bankers, and that's that.

Marriner Eccles's bank bill was passed with most of its essential provisions, and with due notice that there will be another next time, until this country gets a banking system that makes sense. Meanwhile the Stock Market has been going up steadily for months without setting off a runaway inflation of bank credit; and if the time comes when a bucketful of cold water is needed, there is some hope that the fire bucket will be ready.

The gold standard, citadel and shrine of high finance, was desecrated in the first year of the New Deal; now it is forgotten and forlorn. The gold lies buried somewhere in Kentucky, and from it no doubt arises a subtle magic vapor of confidence in the ultimate safety of the nation—or does it? Anyhow, no more can the financial tycoons strike chills to the marrow of those who propose action in the national interest, by threatening to draw out their gold and leave us flat. They have lost their sacred calf, and have been snubbed by the Supreme Court when they tried to get it back. Progress there.

The hopeless struggle of the American Society of Civil Engineers to persuade Mr. Hoover to do some public works has been forgotten. We have had two public-works programs, with extras, including the CWA and the Federal Emergency Relief. The old doctrine that the nation is not responsible for unemployment is almost wiped out. True, the first public-works program loaded most of the cost on local governments or on sales taxes, but those errors can be rectified by new legislation when we get to it. True, the CWA was too hastily planned and the people scoffed at it—but it added several times its cost to the national income. True, the whole Federal effort has been on a pitifully inadequate scale, and the breakdown of morale among the unemployed has been correspondingly disastrous—but it was all the people were ready to stand for, and at least it turned the business curve upward. Moreover, certain minor parts of the spending program have been of unquestionable value. The CCC, for which Mr. Roosevelt was unmercifully kidded during his campaign, has been a success. The TVA, in spite of the courts, has made surprising progress. The Soil Conservation Service, in spite of lack of trained personnel for a large program, has established itself as one of the most heartening examples of public service that America has seen in many a long year. The Federal Housing Administration, after a bad start, has done much to take the graft out of private housing construction, and will do more as its program develops. The National Planning Board, although it failed to establish itself as a real economic planning agency, has published important reports on the conservation and utilization of basic natural resources and on other technical aspects of national administration. The Rural Electrification Administration has already shown that much may be done even with the unregenerate utilities as they are, by careful planning and tactful management. Many of these alphabetical activities are so obviously the nation's business, and so honestly run and sometimes even so efficient, that they will be hard to abandon under any administration.

True, there have been less attractive aspects of the efforts at recovery. The PWA suffered not only from the absurdities of the Act which it tried to administer, but also from administrative difficulties. Harry Hopkins had a thankless job that had to be done, with inadequate funds, in a great hurry, and in an atmosphere of popular misunderstanding. And there was the NRA, child of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce and the Share-the-Misery movement, through which the leaders of Big Business got their great opportunity to exhibit their continuing inability to act in the public interest. Peace to its ashes.

The problem of the budget has harried the New Deal since before Mr. Roosevelt was elected. The people were absurdly wedded to the notion that the national budget could be balanced downward by cutting expenses. Mr. Hoover had tried it, and naturally the national income and the Federal revenue fell faster than the expenditures; all he accomplished was to leave the country a wreck for his successor to repair. But still the people refused to see that expansion is the way out of depression. The Administration has therefore had to talk about budget balancing, although of course it could not risk destroying the nation by seriously trying to cut off spending. The country was like a delirious patient with an irrational fear of food, who has to be fed while being piously assured that it will never happen again. Even as late as December, 1935, the Gallup poll showed the chief demands of the people to be employment and economy—like a girl who asks only two blessings, unlimited candy and a slender figure.

Of course the budget will have to be balanced, but not at the expense of the unemployed. The only way to balance the budget is upward, not downward. The income taxes will have to be increased until in good times they will more than carry the expenditures. But first the national income must be brought up to a point where the people can pay taxes, and that means running a temporary deficit. The whole affair would be simple enough, if it were not that Mr. Hearst and the other large taxpayers have succeeded in mislead-

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ing the people. The New Deal has failed to kill the depression because it was not ready or able to educate the people rapidly as to the economics of government spending.

More satisfactory progress has been made in the control of the financial rackets. The Securities and Stock Market Acts were passed, with a fairly good set of teeth, and the SEC has done some good work in controlling the worst skulduggery in the Stock Exchange. The over-the-counter markets are a more difficult job, but at least the principle is established that the capital of the nation is now in Washington. Similarly, the Holding Company Act, constitutional or not, showed that the country has reached the end of its patience with the electric-power bandits. Also it incidentally exploded the good old graveyard telegraph vote, to the considerable advantage of honest public opinion in future controversies.

In 1935 the Administration managed to get an embryonic social-security law, but whether it was good or bad is a serious question. Certainly it is inadequate in size and absurdly organized, and it lays the costs in exactly the wrong places. Mr. Epstein in a brilliant article in the November 1935 *Harpers*, after pointing out the many errors of the act, declares that it will do more harm than good by discrediting social-security legislation for years to come. On the other hand, if pressure for amendment is intelligently applied, it may serve as an opening wedge for a more sensible program. Only time can tell. One thing is sure. The old-age pension will be of no economic value until the idea of establishing a reserve fund is abandoned and the costs are laid directly upon the income tax.

The tax policies of the New Deal have been wavering and uncertain. The people had been so thoroughly sold by the great Mr. Mellon that until quite recently no rational discussion of income taxes was possible. The President made it clear that he favored income taxation and opposed sales taxes, but he had to accept consumer taxes for the public-works program and the AAA. Since then many states have adopted sales taxes, and the people are apparently getting disgusted with them. Small but significant improvements in the income taxes have been passed, plugging holes and slightly increasing the rates. In 1935 a corporation tax graduated according to size was embodied in the law. This latter is the most important advance yet made by the New Deal. It may have its adventures with the Constitution, but in the end it bids fair to be a powerful weapon against the concentration of industrial control.

Altogether, the New Deal has made definite progress along all the necessary lines of advance. It has made a start toward Federal control of the securities markets and of the banks. It has done away with the Hoover doctrine of Federal irresponsibility for unemployment, and has spent small but visible sums for public works and relief, as much as the country would permit. It has made additions both to the effectiveness and the size of the income tax, showing the small but healthy beginnings of a program of distribution of income. It has made a mistaken gesture toward social security, which at least showed a sense of public responsibility. Some thought has been given to decentralization of industry, especially by the TVA, and a tool of immense potential effectiveness was invented in the corporation tax on size.

From here on, the road is obscured by the dust of the political campaign. When the dust clears away, the main problem will be whether small business can be awakened to the necessity of a massed attack on high finance. Up to now the advance has been slow and precarious because the small business men were hypnotized or bullied into supporting their masters, who controlled the big business organizations, such as the U. S. Chamber of Commerce and the National Association of Manufacturers. The underlying conflict of interest between business and finance will need to be made clear, so that the forces of production may be lined up together against the great rackets of Wall Street. If the issue can be made clear, the chance that the American people may throw off the yoke of high financial control and reassert their liberties is worth the wager of our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

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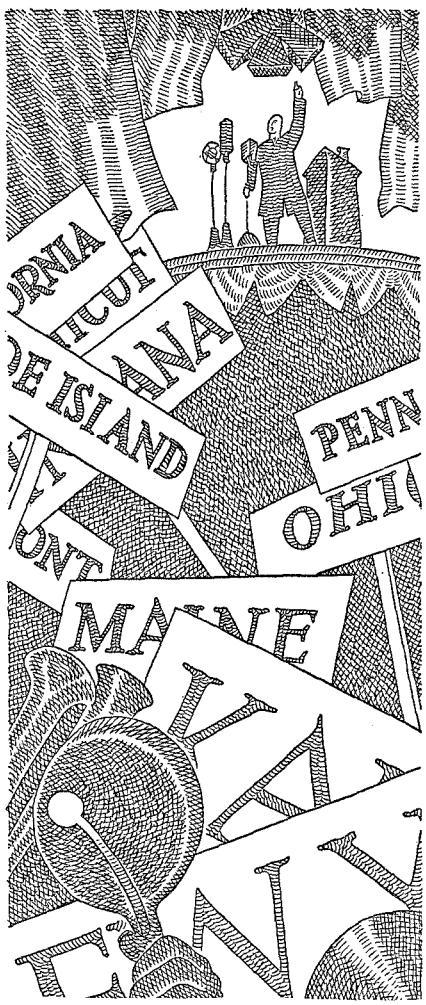
Across the Busy Years

FOURTEEN REPUBLICAN CONVENTIONS

By Nicholas Murray Butler

IV. Conventions of 1920-1932

As the Convention of 1920 approached, the situation was one of great party disorganization and uncertainty. The Democrats had been in power for eight years, and that influential patronage which had ordinarily been in Republican hands for the better part of a half-century was now lost to the party organization. There was no noticeable drift toward any one candidate for the Presidential nomination, as had been the case in the days of Blaine and of McKinley. This led to the bringing forward of a number of candidacies, sometimes with and sometimes without the active support of those whose names were used. Probably the largest body of organized support favored the nomination of General Leonard Wood, but there was vigorous widespread and earnest support for former Governor Frank O. Lowden of Illinois, whose public service both at Washington and in the state of Illinois had been admirable. In addition, he possessed a very charming personality which endeared many persons to him. When placed in nomination by Congressman Rodenberg, his name was received with great enthusiasm. Senator Hiram Johnson of California also had a very considerable following, reminiscent of some of the groups and episodes of the Conventions of 1912 and 1916. On the first ballot no fewer than fifteen candidates were voted for, the larger number of votes being cast for General Wood, 287½; Governor Lowden, 211½, and Senator Johnson, 133½. Senator Harding's nomination was brought about late on Saturday afternoon on the tenth ballot by a concentration of the friends of all the other candidates except those of General Wood and Senator Johnson, for both of whom a very substantial number of votes was still cast.



In this paper, President Butler brings to a close his records of the Republican Conventions. He views his half-century of participation and gives keen, sometimes biting, estimates of the leaders. He criticizes recent Republican leaderships and cites the need for change of front and a constructive program in 1936

A group of personal and political friends, drawn from a dozen or more states, arranged to have my name presented to this convention for the Presidential nomination, with assurance of widespread and powerful support provided certain conditions could be met. This proved to be impossible and, therefore, these delegates voted almost to a man for the nomination of my warm friend, former Governor Frank O. Lowden of Illinois, who I had hoped would be the convention's choice.

Senator Harding's nomination is widely attributed to personalities and causes which had nothing to do with it whatever. Colonel George Harvey, who claimed the honor of having brought the nomination about, not only was not concerned in it in any important way, but was secretly supporting another person and planning a coup, which had it not been for the stubborn independence of the Connecticut delegation might have resulted in success. Another man who is often supposed to have played a controlling part in bringing about Harding's nomination, but who in reality had nothing whatever to do with it, was Senator Penrose of Pennsylvania. Penrose had conceived the idea of nominating Senator Philander C. Knox, his colleague, and he had approached William Barnes of New York on the subject three months before the convention met. Just as he completed all his personal arrangements for the Convention, Penrose was taken gravely ill and passed wholly out of the picture. He died a few months later. The notion that John T. King of Connecticut was in constant communication by telephone with Sena-

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tor Penrose at his home in Washington during this convention is a myth. Penrose was too ill to telephone.

There were certain elements of chance in the nomination of Harding which must not be overlooked. In the first place, there was the excellent impression which Harding's personality and power of speech made upon the Convention of 1916, when he was chosen Temporary Chairman. The stunning character of his appearance at that time and the effect of his voice and manner, both upon the members of the Convention and upon the vast audience assembled in the hall, are not likely to be forgotten by those who witnessed them. His selection as Temporary Chairman was, in turn, the result of accident, as has already been described in connection with the Convention of 1916, but it was an accident destined to have large consequences. Of course, the carefully planned and assiduous work done on Harding's behalf by Harry M. Daugherty was of greatest importance, but even that would not have won the battle had not a group of Senators put their heads together to nominate a man who, as one of them cynically said, would, when elected, sign whatever bills the Senate sent him and not send bills to the Senate to pass.

On Friday morning, June 9, while the nominating speeches were making at the Convention Hall, I sat alone with Warren Harding in his rooms at the Auditorium Hotel. The weather was very hot and he had taken off his coat and waistcoat and was fanning himself vigorously. In the course of our conversation he said: "I cannot afford to keep these rooms any longer and I have sent word downstairs to say that I am giving them up this evening. This convention will never nominate me. I do not propose to go back to the Senate. I am going to quit politics and devote myself to my newspaper." These words were spoken between eleven and twelve o'clock on Friday morning. At about six-fifteen on the following afternoon Warren Harding had been nominated for President of the United States. At the moment when his nomination was made, Frank Lowden and I were sitting with Harding in one of the small rooms back of the platform of the Convention Hall. We three were alone. The roll was being called on the tenth ballot. Suddenly, there was a tremendous roar from the Convention Hall. In an instant, the door of the room in which we three were sitting burst open and Charles B. Warren of Michigan leapt into the room, shouting: "Pennsylvania has voted for you, Harding, and you are nominated!" Harding rose, and with one hand in Lowden's and one in mine, he said with choking voice: "If the great honor of the Presidency is to come to me, I shall need all the help that you two friends can give me." In another instant Harry Daugherty arrived, seized Harding, and took him back to the Auditorium Hotel before a crowd could assemble.

1924

In 1924 the convention was called to meet at Cleveland and the sentiment of the entire Party was for the renomination of Calvin Coolidge. His quiet and well-balanced personality and his hard common sense had made a very distinct appeal to the people of the United States, and no other name than his was to be considered. On Saturday morning before the convention met, James R. Sheffield of New York and I arrived in Cleveland and called upon our friend, Secretary John W. Weeks of Massachusetts, for a friendly chat. Quite casually, we happened to say to Weeks, "What are you doing about the Vice-Presidency?" He responded, "Nothing. What are you two doing?" We replied, "Nothing." Thereupon we three decided to do something, and during the next few hours we brought together under the informal chairmanship of Weeks a small group, the purpose of which was to select a candidate for the Vice-Presidency whom we might all support. By Monday morning the group included Secretary Mellon of Pennsylvania, Secretary New of Indiana, Senator Curtis of Kansas, Speaker Gillett of Massachusetts, Charles D. Hilles of New York, Congressman Longworth of Ohio, Senator Watson of Indiana and three or four more. We discussed every sort and kind of name, hour by hour, by night and by day. Some one had objections to make to every name that was proposed. Finally, at about four o'clock one morning, Harry New rose and said solemnly: "I am going off to bed. The kind of man you are looking for as Vice-President was crucified nineteen hundred years ago." Among others we discussed former Governor Herbert S. Hadley of Missouri, who had played so important a part in the Convention of 1912, and who was now Chancellor of Washington University, St. Louis. I telephoned to him to ask whether we might consider his name, but he said, "No." Finally, we came to the conclusion that probably the best thing to do would be to offer the nomination to Senator Curtis of Kansas. When that conclusion was reached, it was proposed that we should then go down to the room of Mr. William M. Butler of Massachusetts, who was the Coolidge manager at the convention, and tell him what was proposed. Objection was made to this on the ground that if we did so, the several score of newspaper men who were waiting in the halls outside our rooms would say that we had gone to Butler to get our orders, and that, therefore, we must bring him up to see us instead of our going down to see him. This was done and between one and two o'clock in the morning Chairman Butler arrived, escorted by Charles D. Hilles. John Weeks told him of our discussions and deliberations and of our conclusions. Butler looked at Weeks with a perfectly impassive face and said: "I have just been talking by telephone to the White House. We must nominate Borah for Vice-President." This statement was received with a silence which could have been cut with a knife. Finally, Chairman Butler said to Weeks: "Mr. Secretary, what do you think of Borah?" Weeks, coming forward to the front of his chair, replied with a stream of adjectives and expletives which would not look well in print. There was more silence. Then Chairman Butler turned to Secretary Mellon and said to him: "Mr. Secretary, what do you think of Borah?" The Secretary, looking dreamily off in the distance, took his characteristic little cigar from his mouth and said placidly: "I never think of him unless somebody mentions his name." Chairman Butler then withdrew. Of course, we were all familiar with the conversations which had been going on in Washington, but the convention had not the slightest intention of being controlled by them. The delegates were off on a rampage so far as the nomination for Vice-President was concerned and were wholly uninterested in the preferences of President Coolidge or his Convention manager. They regard-

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ed the nomination and re-election of Coolidge as certain and were going to have the quite unusual fun of picking the candidate for Vice-President themselves instead of having a candidate handed to them by anybody. As a matter of fact, they were so foolish as to nominate Governor Lowden for Vice-President, despite the fact that he had told all his friends that under no circumstances would he accept the nomination. This nomination took place on the second ballot when no fewer than sixteen names were voted for. Governor Lowden's declination was repeated with emphasis in various forms, and at an adjourned session in the evening Charles G. Dawes was named in his stead. The nomination of Dawes was brought about at the urgent insistence of the delegation from New Jersey under the leadership of Senator Edge and of that from Nebraska with which State Dawes had had long and close association.

The Convention of 1924 was the first of three on a rapidly descending scale of competence, intelligence, and courage. The addresses at Cleveland by both the Temporary and the Permanent Chairman of the Convention, and the appallingly long platform which, as was humorously said, resembled a Memorial Day parade in that it took an hour to pass a given point, made an impression of intellectual sterility which time has done nothing to remove.

Going Down Hill in 1928 and 1932

Both in 1928 and 1932 matters grew steadily worse. The speeches of the chairmen and the platforms presented gave evidence of a combination of intellectual confusion and moral cowardice which were reflected in the steadily weakening hold of the party organization on the people of the country, particularly those of the younger generation. The campaign of 1928 would have been lost had it not made mean-spirited use of widespread religious bigotry and intolerance in its fight, partly open and partly concealed, on the candidate of the Democrats.

The Convention of 1932 represented the lowest level that has yet been reached. The literally appalling speeches of the Temporary and Permanent Chairmen and the platform, which played on every string of demagogy and cowardice, were listened to with stolid disapproval. The spectacle of three members of the Cabinet and the legal adviser of the National Republican Committee running about the floor of the convention in order to influence the delegates to vote against their real convictions in the matter of a declaration for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, was the most offensive happening which any convention has seen. The natural and necessary result, of course, was the cataclysm of November, 1932.

Looking Backward 1880–1936

As one looks back across the half century and reads the record of these highly important political gatherings, he cannot fail to be impressed by the very unsatisfactory character of almost all of the declarations of principle and policy known as platforms, which were adopted by one convention after another. Almost without exception they are diffuse and long-winded, as well as lacking in that definiteness and precision of statement in regard to debatable questions which high intelligence and courage demand. Time and time again these platforms hedge and qualify and side-step as to matters of large public concern, in order to meet the views of those so-called practical politicians who have in mind the support of some local or sectional faction, usually a small fraction of the voting population.

Having taken part for a long term of years in preparing platforms for state and local political conventions, first in New Jersey and then in New York, it was natural that I should be associated with work on the several national platforms almost from the beginning of my convention experiences. The usual practice was for some one chosen by the Chairman of the National Committee to prepare a draft platform and to bring it to the convention for submission to the Committee on Resolutions when appointed. That committee would as a rule accept the draft platform in major part. Some additions would be made here and some excisions there. Some statements would be modified in form and some in fact, but as a rule the draft platform survived all these processes in most respects. What was stricken out was almost always that which was progressive and forward-facing.

For a number of years this preliminary work was done, and most effectively done, by Charles Emory Smith, editor of *The Philadelphia Press*. After his death in 1908 this job was turned over to me for the three following conventions. What happened to the platform prepared for consideration by the Convention of 1916 has already been recorded. In 1908 the preliminary draft was completed at a conference held at the Hotel Savoy in the city of New York in the rooms of Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island. There were present in addition to Senator Aldrich and myself, Senator Eugene Hale of Maine, Senator John C. Spooner of Wisconsin, and Senator Albert J. Hopkins of Illinois, who was to be chairman of the Committee on Resolutions. Several times during the day and evening over which this conference extended, Senator Aldrich called up Secretary Taft at Washington and got his comment or criticism or approval of some proposed declaration.

In 1912 the major part of the platform was adopted precisely as I drafted it with three exceptions. When I read it to Senator Fairbanks, who was to be chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, he expressed the opinion that it should contain some reference to Lincoln, and thereupon he wrote the second paragraph of the platform in which Lincoln's name is mentioned. The short paragraphs, after those relating to conservation and the parcel-post, were suggested by other members of the committee when they had the platform before them for consideration. One short declaration the committee struck out entirely on the ground that it was "too weird." It was a statement that in revising the tariff schedules with a view to their reduction and the promotion of international trade, all efforts should be made to put this policy into effect in ways that would raise the standard of living not only in our own country but in those other countries with which we did business. A quarter-century has elapsed and the principle underlying this proposed declaration of 1912 has come to have a far greater importance than any one could then have foreseen. I was never able to get into any platform a straightfor-

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ward declaration in favor of economic and social security through a system of social insurance against unemployment, disability, and dependent old age.

Literally thousands of different political workers and leaders passed under the eye of any one who sat and watched the proceedings of these fourteen Republican National Conventions. They included men of every kind and type, and were a true cross-section of American political life and American political thought. Of all the severely practical politicians I unhesitatingly put William Barnes of New York at the head. Grandson of Thurlow Weed and having had an excellent education, he became not only an expert practical politician, but a keen and well-read student of political theory. The literature of political science in France and in Germany as well as in England, was familiar to him. He was skilful in high degree in the management of men and, unlike most of his fellow practical politicians, held fast to a set of fundamental principles from which no influence or power could budge him. William Barnes might be defeated, but he would neither compromise nor surrender.

In the long procession of men who tramped across the political stage during these years there are four personalities which are outstanding—Garfield, McKinley, Foraker, and Elihu Root. Garfield attended but one convention, that of 1880, which ended by nominating him for the Presidency. He was a most accomplished orator, with far more scholarship and distinction of manner than were the fortune of most of his political companions.

McKinley first came to the Convention of 1884, when he was made a chairman of the Committee on Resolutions. He returned in 1888 to hold the same distinguished post and again in 1892, when he was chosen Permanent Chairman. It was then that he escaped by a hairbreadth being nominated for the Presidency at a time when his election was probably out of the question. McKinley was an admirable speaker, but his power over men lay very largely in the charm and gentleness and kindliness of his manner. He lacked the scholarship of Garfield, but he excelled him in personal attractiveness.

Foraker had a most exceptional personality, full of fire and vigor, speaking always with great emphasis and jumping to his feet from time to time with a lightning-like quickness which never failed to command attention. He appeared first at the Convention of 1884, returned in 1888 to nominate John Sherman, served on the Committee on Resolutions in 1892, was chairman of that committee in 1896 and also placed McKinley in nomination in 1900. He appeared for the last time at the Convention of 1904.

Elihu Root attended but two conventions, those of 1904 and 1912. On the first occasion he was Temporary Chairman, and on the latter he occupied the chair throughout the entire series of troubled sessions. The source of Root's power was intellectual. No American in the last half century has equalled him in the field of constructive statesmanship or in intellectual grasp and power of exposition. A present Justice of the United States Supreme Court has said in conversation that our American political history has produced no one, save Alexander Hamilton, who takes rank as high as, or higher than, Root. Had Boies Penrose given way and permitted the nomination of Root in 1916, the whole subsequent history of our country and of the world would almost certainly have been very different.

George William Curtis was a member of but one convention, that of 1884. Warren Harding was a delegate in both 1912 and 1916, and presided over the last-named convention as both Temporary and Permanent Chairman. Benjamin Harrison was a delegate in 1880 and again in 1884. Theodore Roosevelt appeared twice, first in 1884 and again in 1900. Mark Hanna was a delegate in 1884, 1888, and 1896, and was present at the convention in 1900 as Chairman of the National Republican Committee and, in all respects but one, its controlling force.

The figure that made the least appeal throughout all these years was that of Henry Cabot Lodge. He was able, vain, intensely egotistical, narrow-minded, dogmatic, and provincial. For him Pittsfield, Massachusetts, represented the Farthest West except on the quadrennial occasions when he was willing to cross the state boundary to attend a Republican National Convention at Cleveland, at Chicago, or at St. Louis. One would hardly have suspected his background of education and literary work. Lodge came first to the Convention of 1880 and was present again in 1884, but he was not a member of the Conventions of 1888 or 1892. He was a delegate in 1896, 1900, 1904, 1908, 1916, 1920, and 1924. His persistence in asking for honors for himself made him Permanent Chairman of the Conventions of 1900 and 1908, and both Temporary and Permanent Chairman of the Convention of 1920. He was chairman of the Committee on Resolutions in 1904 and 1916, but in 1924 he cut a sorry figure. So much out of touch was he with the controlling forces of that convention, that both he and Colonel George Harvey wandered together about the corridors of the Cleveland Hotel asking the newspaper men what the news might be. The crowning revelation of Lodge's political character was made by his conduct at the Convention of 1916. In an impassioned speech he placed the name of John W. Weeks of Massachusetts in nomination for President and cast his vote for him on the first ballot. On the second ballot he deserted his candidate and voted for Theodore Roosevelt. When the third ballot was taken he remained outside of the Convention Hall because of excessive modesty, since he hoped that by reason of Theodore Roosevelt's intervention the nomination might come to him. A few minutes afterwards when Hughes was nominated, Lodge appeared upon the platform and made a speech in high praise of him. This rather swift boxing of the political compass was the subject of well-nigh universal comment and universal hilarity.

Largely owing to Lodge's control of the Republican majority in the Senate, and his dominance of the Committee on Foreign Relations, the party organization had been going steadily downhill since the summer of 1919 in respect to everything which related to vision, to high intelligence and to forward-facing, liberal policies in the field of international relations, as well as in leadership in all that pertains to social service and economic development. The power of the Republican name remained still very great and millions of earnest men and women throughout the land clung to it, hoping almost against hope that, somehow and from somewhere, constructive leadership

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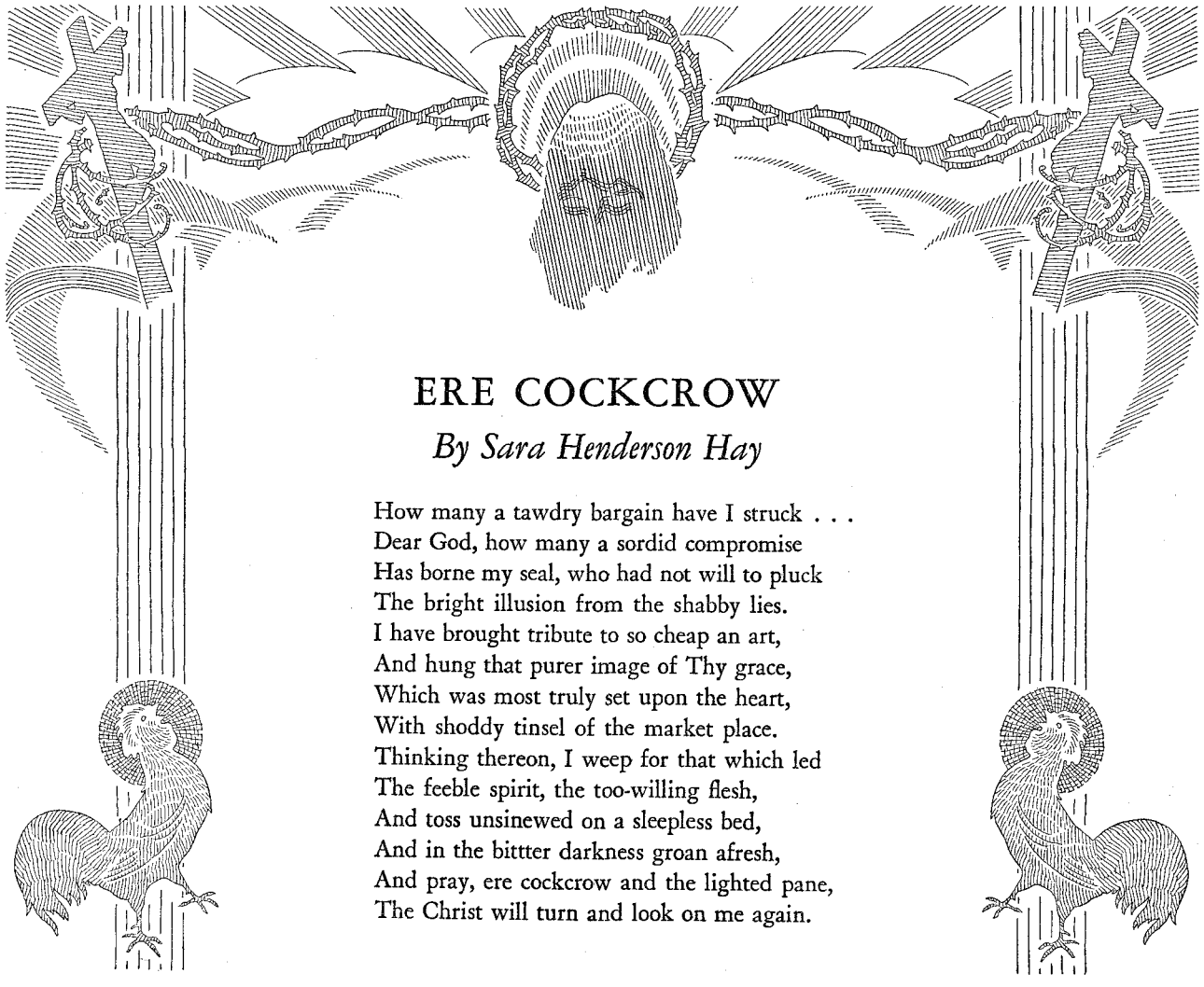
would be provided to give representation to their ideas and their ideals; but this was not to be. Stolid self-contentment and the pride of political possession held the field, and would not yield a jot or tittle until the whole of the party's political structure was brought down in one great crash by the voters of the nation. There is where it is today, and there it will stay until ideas and ideals, as well as courage to expound and to defend genuine American principles in a spirit of true forward-facing liberalism with full recognition of the new international world that time and circumstance have created, come to take possession of it and to transfuse it with new and vivifying blood so that it may offer that new, liberal and forward-facing leadership to the youth of the land. Surely, it is little less than grotesque to continue to describe as liberal those public men who are definitely and vigorously opposed to almost every constructive policy which is offered at the moment, simply because they gained for themselves that adjective under the conditions which prevailed a quarter-century ago. Certainly, the time is ripe for presenting to American public opinion a political program which will not be one of mere criticism and attack, but one of constructive and definite proposal for the solution of the many new and pressing economic, social, and political problems that confront our people. Such few of these as are primarily national are inextricably mixed with the many that are international. Senatorial dealers in political antiques continue to repeat and to applaud sentences torn from Washington's Farewell Address and from Jefferson's First Inaugural, without any regard to their historical background, in the attempt to persuade the American people to uphold policies and ideals which affront everything for which Washington and Jefferson themselves so definitely labored. Those men were not building a self-centered or an isolated America. They were building an America to be to all the world an example of the true meaning of liberty and a personal influence for public service and for peace and good will throughout the earth.

Prosperity is not, and can no longer be, the characteristic of one nation only or of a few nations. If it exists at all, it will be, generally speaking, world-wide. International peace can no longer be the concern only of two governments which may be on the verge of conflict, for events have made it the concern of every government which really cares for the happiness and security of its own people. Economic war may be quite as destructive of national prosperity as is armed warfare. If the Republican Party organization of 1936 is intelligent enough and sufficiently open-minded to see these facts and to act upon them, the Republican Party may well be about to begin another long period of helpful service to the American people. May this beginning be made in 1936!



ERE COCKCROW

By Sara Henderson Hay

How many a tawdry bargain have I struck . . .
Dear God, how many a sordid compromise
Has borne my seal, who had not will to pluck
The bright illusion from the shabby lies.
I have brought tribute to so cheap an art,
And hung that purer image of Thy grace,
Which was most truly set upon the heart,
With shoddy tinsel of the market place.
Thinking thereon, I weep for that which led
The feeble spirit, the too-willing flesh,
And toss unsinewed on a sleepless bed,
And in the bittter darkness groan afresh,
And pray, ere cockcrow and the lighted pane,
The Christ will turn and look on me again.

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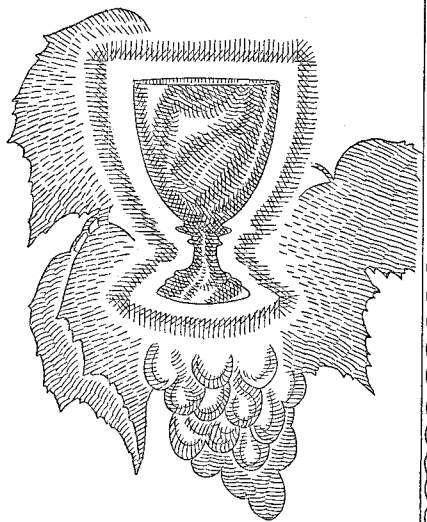

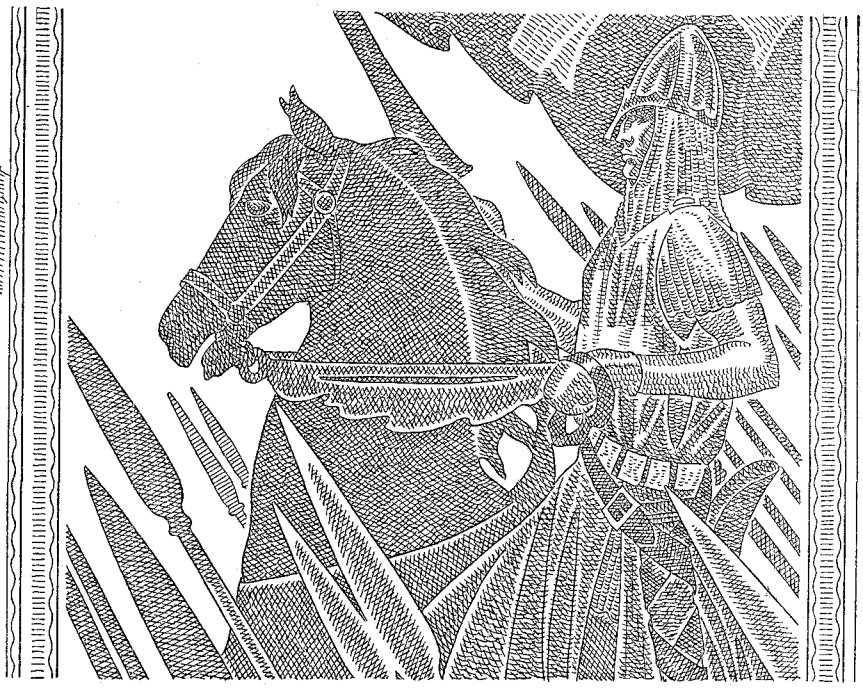

THE CRUSADER

A story by the author of *The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze* and *Inhale and Exhale*

William Saroyan

The small Greek with the false teeth and the sick eyes was luckiest of all, and gamest, and the marbles acted well for him, stacking up a high score every time. He talked to himself in Greek, a few words in English like *God damn,* and *Jesus Christ.* He wasn't a shipper of grapes or a real estate man or a broker like the other men who played the game: he was a Greek gambler, high-strung, reckless, and at the same time cautious. The game was for two dollars, against one other player, or two, or even three or four, just so they played quickly. The Greek couldn't tolerate any player who didn't play quickly and if such a player got into the game, the Greek stepped out quietly, bought a ten-cent cigar, lit it, and stood aside, talking to himself. He wanted speed, so he could win. Slow players always beat him because they worried so much about each marble, and ten marbles to worry about was too many.

The Greek himself never worried, he cussed. Even when he rolled up the highest score that was ever made on the machine, 13,000 double, he swore. God damn it, he said, thirteen, no good. And he picked up eight dollars, and collected twelve nickels from Joe, the cigar-stand man who got forty per cent of the machine's daily earnings. Some days the machine earned as much as forty dollars; forty per cent of that was more than the profit Joe made on cigars, cigarettes, candy bars, soda water, magazines, and newspapers. Joe never stepped out of the stand to verify a score, he just handed out the nickels because the machine was making good money for him. He didn't mind handing out the nickels at all. All he wanted was to see the machine going all day, and when the cold weather came and the vines of all the vineyards in the valley were touched by frost, the machine began to be busy from eight in the morning till three, four, five, and sometimes even six the next morning. That meant plenty of nickels in the slot for Joe.

The machine was called The Crusader, but nobody ever bothered to notice its name except Jeff Logan, the young man nobody knew. Jeff came to the hotel around midnight one night and got a room, and in the morning he came down and saw the Greek and Peterson the barber shooting a game.

"What's this, boys?" he said, and the Greek said, "Two dollars a game; want to shoot?"

"Sure," said Jeff, and he got into the next game. He made the double hole, and then he got seven of the marbles into the sewer. "Ha ha," he said, "zero double, that's a mighty big score." The ninth marble was just about to fall into the sewer too, but instead plopped into the 2500 hole, which was right in front of the sewer. "Ha ha," said Jeff, "there's still another marble; maybe I'll win yet." The next marble rushed around at top speed and smashed right into the 2000 section, surrounded by wire.

If you were very lucky, you could get three marbles into the 2000 section, three into the 1500 section, and three in the 1000 section.

Nobody was ever that lucky though.

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The Greek and Peterson the barber tried to beat Jeff's score, and normally each of them could have done it very easily, but Jeff stood over the board and watched every marble carefully. He didn't say a word, but something went wrong. The Greek got five marbles into the sewer, and the other five fell into small-number holes, and he didn't make the double. Then Peterson made the double on the first ball and seven small-number holes, two in the sewer, and his whole school added up to 3500 double, a whole thousand under Jeff's score.

Jeff picked up the money and went into Omar Khayyam's for breakfast.

The Greek looked at Peterson. "Who is that fellow?" he said.

"Never saw him before," said Pete. "I've been in this town twenty-seven years. I've been the first barber in this hotel shop twelve years and I never shaved that fellow yet."

Joe, standing behind the cigar-stand counter, yawned, dreaming of the summer just ended, the clear hot days and the fine warm evenings, the air full of the smell of ripening fruit. Now it was winter again, November, and the grapes were all shipped east, Chicago, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, New York, Boston. Pretty soon there would be frost, and the few acres of Emperors would be spoiled. The farmers would have to hurry up and sell their Emperors if they wanted to get a little money out of their hard work.

Farmers are crazy, Joe thought.

He was a short Italian with a bullet wound in his shoulder: a poker game in Pennsylvania, 1909, and it was a good thing the Polak didn't kill him. Joe always wondered how it came about that the Polak didn't kill him. Joe cheated, and the Polak was sitting right across the table, four other players around the table, and the Polak shot him in the shoulder, and Joe's brother Louis, 1874–1918, hit the Polak in the face with a chair, swinging sideways, and killed the poor guy. The Polak's head was very smashed. "Ah, God," Joe sighed, "poor brother Louis dead in the war, poor Polak dead in a poker game." It was a long way from the coal mines of Pennsylvania in 1909 to this quiet little town in California, in 1935, a long long way by highway, and year, by grief, and by dream. "Blessed Jesus," Joe said in language that was not made of words, "please forgive Joseph Torina for cheating in 1909, please forgive the Polak for getting excited and shooting, please forgive poor Louis, my brother, for killing the Polak. I do not want to make trouble, Jesus. I do not want to hate. Forgive me, Jesus, and let them come to me for cigars and cigarettes, newspapers and magazines. Let them light the cigar in peace and do no evil. Let them live quietly, smoking the brand they can afford."

Praying, Joe could hear the steel marbles rolling around the board and he could see the Greek and the barber watching the marbles.

It was a nice game, and you couldn't cheat. That was the best part of it. You could lift the machine to make a marble fall into a big number, but nobody ever did it. That was not a way that anybody would care to cheat. That was not a swift secret way.

Jeff sat at the counter and ordered buckwheat cakes and coffee. The waitress was Mary Russek, a little German girl he remembered from the second or third grade at the Thomas Edison public school, across the tracks. He remembered her the minute she came up to take his order. He remembered how shy and pretty she was as a little girl, but he couldn't remember her name. Then it came to him because of the way she smiled: Mary Russek.

"How's it going?" he said.

Mary Russek wondered who he was because he wasn't like anybody in town. Everybody in town had a way of talking and acting that made you know he was of the town. She didn't know just what it was about them, but she knew even from the expressions of their faces that they were of the town. It wasn't dumbness, it was a sort of foolish joy in being home. Everybody of the town looked at home, and at the same time you could see how miserably lonely each of them was. This fellow, she could see, wasn't much at home anywhere, and she knew he was lonelier than anybody in town, but gayer too. She could tell he knew the only cure was death, and he didn't care to die right away. She had that feeling about him from the decent way he looked at her, smiling and being innocent.

"Oh," she said, making a sigh out of it, "so so."

Jeff put a forkful of the buckwheat cake into his mouth and washed it down with coffee, smiling at the waitress.

"I'll tell you what," he said. "If I guess your first and last name, you go to a movie with me tonight; if I don't, I'll send you some flowers, a box of candy or anything else you'd like."

"What?" said the waitress. Did he know her? Had she seen him somewhere? Talked to him?

"How can you guess my name?" she said.

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "I figure your first name ought to be Mary. Is that right? Remember, a movie."

"Well," said the waitress, "that's my first name all right, but you couldn't guess my last name in a million years."

He was feeling very happy about the waitress, going back to the beginning, to the early magic days of life in the world.

"No," he said, "I won't cheat you. I'll tell you. We were together at school, across the tracks. You're Mary Russek."

The waitress felt like crying because some one had at last recognized her, some one had remembered her, some one knew she had been alive years ago. All the lost years were now regained for her, the emptiness filled with this boy's remembrance of her. She wished she could remember him; not his name, but him himself. She tried to think of all the boys at school, but only the essences of the meanest of them returned to her: the boy with the warty hands who was always teasing her, and the little Italian boy who tripped her while she was walking to the blackboard; that was all.

"I don't remember you," she said. She wanted to say she wished she could remember him, but all she could do was look at him and be sad.

"I don't think I've changed any," he said. "What time are you through working? Six?"

"I can't go to a movie," she said. "I'm married."

He remembered the marble game with relief: that would be a nice way to get through every day.

He left a half dollar on his check and turned away from the waitress. She watched him push through the swinging doors into the lobby of the hotel. Behind the wall was the marble machine. They put the wall up so polite people wouldn't see the fruit shippers

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and brokers playing the game. Sometimes the players were noisy too, and swore out loud. So they put the wall up. You could hear them cussing if you were in the lobby of the hotel, but you couldn't see them, so that made it different. The polite people sometimes cussed too, even the very polite ladies. Even the local society ladies. They sometimes said little words that were practically dirty.

The waitress watched him walk beyond the wall. She had never felt so happy and sad at the same time. She didn't remember him, but she believed she knew him as well as anybody could ever know him, and while she had this feeling she felt also that she knew her husband, Tom, better than she knew any one else alive, and that it was a meaningless knowing because there was nothing to know about Tom except that he was nothing. His nothingness was whole and endless. It was there when he was asleep and it was there when he was awake. And she loved him: she could never stop loving him, and yet she felt dimly that unless she could love this young man who had just had buckwheat cakes and coffee she would die of grief. The mere fact that he was alive in the world made her feel that if she could not love him, she would want to die, she would not want to do another single thing: lift a plate, take an order, speak a word, walk, go to bed, sleep, waken, live. She would want to be dead in the winter, cold in the cold, unalive with the deep livingness of the only one in the world who brought back to her her own life and all the hours of it.

That was before the frost came and the lobby began to fill with grape shippers who had closed their packing houses for the year and farmers who still had grapes to sell and insisted the frost hadn't touched their grapes because of the heavy foliage. The farmers looked worried and unhappy and after a while the marble game got to be the biggest thing in the hotel. The farmers themselves stopped talking about their grapes and stood around the machine watching the Greek and Pete the barber and Jeff Logan and Sam (Pittsburgh) Berman and Walter (Boston) Grappa, and Benny (real estate) King shooting the marbles. The loudest one in the bunch was Benny King. It was natural with him, and he never talked under a shout. In fact, the marble game, with Benny shouting all the time, got to be the biggest thing in the whole town, the biggest thing in the whole country, and maybe the biggest thing of the year 1935.

Jeff went back to Omar Khayyam's that first day for supper, but Mary Russek had gone home. He was glad of that because he had been playing the marble game all day and although he had come out exactly even, except for the nickels he had pushed into the slot, he felt sullen and very much in love with the waitress, and knew he would not have been able to look at her the right way, or talk the right way.

The next morning he had breakfast at Hart's on Fulton Street because he wanted so badly to see the waitress again and didn't want such an absurd thing to go too far within himself. He was as sure as any one could ever be about such a thing that he loved her, but he was sure also that he didn't want to love her. He was sure that she meant more to him than his own wife meant to him, more, even, than he imagined it would be possible for any one to mean to him again, and, very deliberately, he wanted to stop such a beginning. He told Helen he wanted to visit the home town for a couple of weeks because he kept remembering the place. "It's ridiculous," he said, "but I would rather you didn't come. I want to be there alone."

She was glad, of course, that he didn't want her to go with him because she had visited the city years ago and thought of it as the dullest and most stupid place in the world. "That's true," he said, "but I like the way you can hear the trains at night, the bells and the whistles, and the freight cars bumping together."

They were tearing down the old telephone building on Tulare Street. Less than a dozen men were doing it. You could see them in the hollow building, bringing down walls of brick, standing in the ruins they were making. The year of the building was still visible the day he stood and watched the men working: 1898. That wasn't very long ago, but it was long enough. Then, two days later, the building was almost all carted away in trucks. If he ever returned to the city, he would be anxious to notice what sort of a building they had put up in its place.

The old two-story Republican (morning paper) Building was being remodelled, or modernized, as the sign on the board fence said. That was too bad. It was the only building in the whole town he liked. No elevator. You walked upstairs and liked it.

The marble game got very lively the second day he was in town. Benny King showed up with twenty dollars of borrowed money and you could hear him all over the hotel. Benny never won. He was a man of about fifty who had always been known as a ladies' man. There was always a wilted flower in his lapel and the right expression on his face. All the same, he was a melancholy fellow and probably shouted because all his life things had gone haywire. He was supposed to be a real estate agent, but he hadn't sold a piece of property in years. He had no office, and clients were asked to meet him in the lobby of the hotel.

About three in the afternoon Jeff saw the waitress. She went over to Joe, behind the counter at the cigar stand, and bought a half dozen Santa Fé cigars for George, her boss. She turned to see if he was among the players, and he was, which was better than nothing. She thought he had left town.

Three days went by, and then it was Saturday, and the grape shippers and the farmers listened to the football games. It was warm in the lobby and the men smoked cigars and listened to the radio.

The valley was quiet, and the season was over. The grapes were harvested, packed in crates and sent to the eastern market, or squeezed into juice for wine. The farmers were quiet and unhappy. There was a farmer from Sanger who had forty acres of fine Emperors, but nobody would buy. He kept telling everybody that the frost hadn't touched his grapes, but nobody paid any attention to him. Jeff heard him talking about his grapes to the colored newsboy who walked in and out of the hotel all day. That was sad because the colored newsboy only wanted to know if the farmer would like to buy a paper.

It was very still and sullen everywhere because the time of sun was ended, and it was winter. The air was clear and cold, making the reality of the town and the world a sharp and melancholy reality.

There was much of delight in his

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being again in the valley, and yet he knew that never before in his life had he been so sad, and of course there was nothing to be sad about. That was the worst of it. He knew there could never be more in life for any one than what he already had, and yet he wanted more. And there wasn't more.

One night he woke up and heard the freight trains bumping together softly, and for some reason he decided he would go down in the morning and find out the name of the marble machine. He knew the machine had a name, because he had seen the letters making the name, but had never read them.

In the morning he read the name, *The Crusader*. The crazy holy warriors, killing for the Holy Sepulcher. Travelling far from home to find it.

And when the Greek with the false teeth showed up he said, "Howdy, Crusader; any luck?"

"I shoot you a game for two dollars," said the Greek.

And the game started again. Pete the barber joined him and the Greek, and an hour later Benny King showed up.

He walked into Omar Khayyam's every ten minutes or so for a drink of Scotch, smiling at the waitress behind the counter. It was all right. He loved her. He loved Mary Russek of the second grade more than anybody ever loved anybody, but it was all right. Nobody had ever found the Holy Sepulcher, and nobody was ever supposed to find it. You were only supposed to keep looking for it, killing for it. You found the rock-hewn tomb of Jesus when they put you away, dead, and never before. You found the instantaneous and endless glory of mortality when you died. It was all right. The marble game was always in the world.

He lost a lot of money because he was drunk, and knew all about everything, and didn't want money anyway. The Greek talked to himself and rolled up big scores, and Benny King shouted all over the place and lost.

And the next day it was the same, drinking and knowing and losing, and the day after it was the same, and never before in his life was he so happy and so miserable.

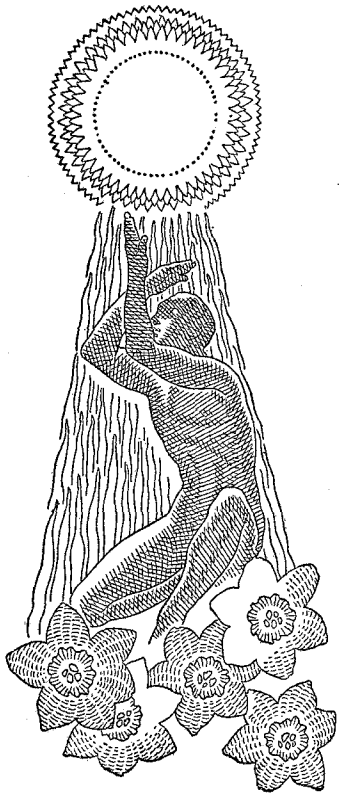
One day he hired an automobile and drove into the country, to Fowler, Selma, Kingsburg, Dinuba, Hanford, and when he got back to the hotel he didn't even go up to his room for a shower; he got right into the marble game and began drinking.

When he was very drunk, and very sober too, he sat at the counter in the restaurant and ordered a steak. The waitress stood before him, wishing to be endlessly dead.

"One thing," he said to her in a loud voice that only she could hear, "I want you to know. I remember you, and I remember the beginning of the world. That's all. And I want nothing more than I want the beginning again, and you are the beginning, and it's all right too. I can get by on food and water and air and fire, and I can get along without the beginning, but that is the only thing I want."

He swallowed two mouthfuls of the steak and went back to the marble game. He played from two in the afternoon until six the next morning. He stayed in town five days longer, and then he went away.

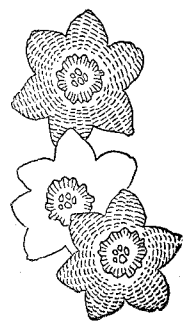
The waitress, standing behind the counter at Omar Khayyam's, watched for him a week, and then she knew he was gone, and in the evening when she went home she was almost dead with grief, and except for the fact that she too could get by with food and water and air and fire, she would have been dead.



THE APRIL EARTH

By Max Eastman

My peace is broken, my white gentle sleep
So softly drifted on, so cool caressed
By morning's rose and evening's amethyst—
Jarred by the wind's breath, startled by the sweep
Of the fox's brush, the rabbit's light-foot leap.
On my own rhythms lulled as on a breast,
In habit resting as the heart-beat rests,
From change and danger I lay buried deep.
Had I a shield, a refuge, I might shun
This deed of arson from the distant sun,
This green-clad burning big with crimson shame,
Big with its own quick death, heavy and hot
And headlong in my nerves. But I can not.
A sky thrown torch has kindled me to flame.



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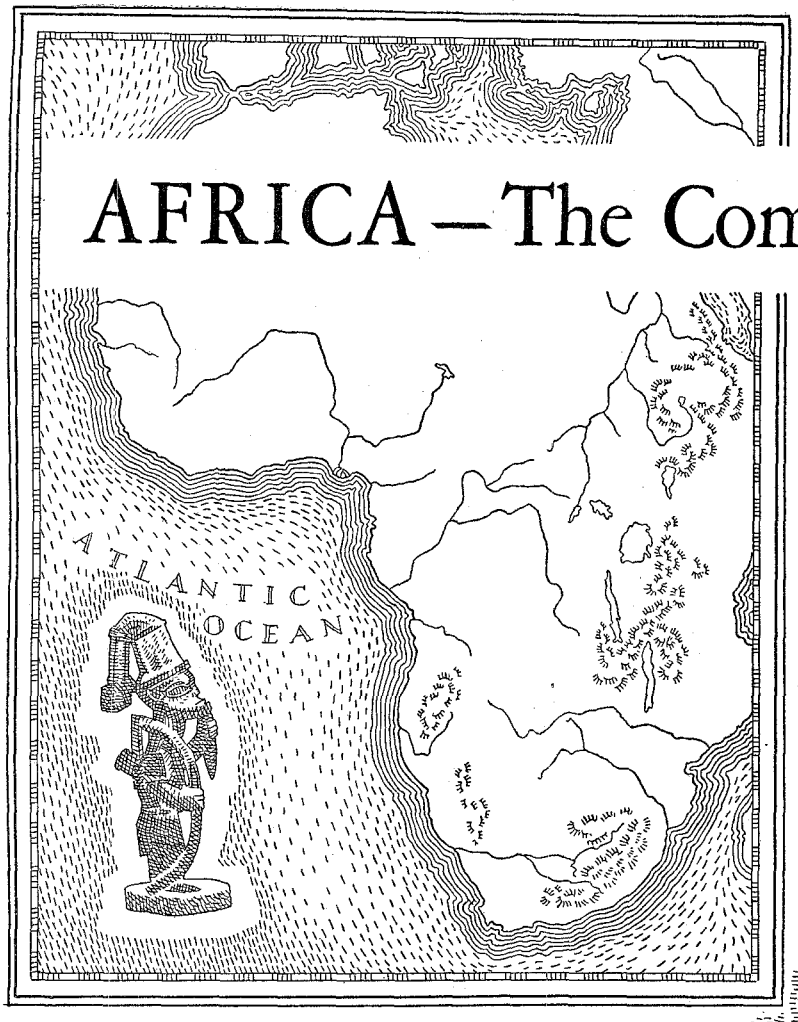
AFRICA—The Coming Continent

By Lothrop Stoddard

The real significance of Africa and the struggle for its control reveal the Abyssinian campaign as only the opening gun. As Asia becomes nationalistic and European influence there fades, Africa looms. Neither internationalization nor cession by France and England of their joint control seems possible. Other suggested solutions have their flaws. What is to be the result?



ITALY's invasion of Ethiopia is widely regarded either as an isolated episode or as a by-product of Europe's troubles. Both these views are short-sighted and partial. The truth is that Mussolini's Abyssinian adventure is a sort of curtain-raiser disclosing strange vistas for those who have eyes to see. Not merely Ethiopia but Africa, vast and inscrutable, is coming into the limelight. Soon, very soon, the huge bulk of the Dark Continent will move massively toward center-stage.

This startling novelty must profoundly alter (may even radically transform) world politics and world economics as well. Though Europe is most deeply concerned, both Asia and the Americas will be notably affected in many ways. It therefore behooves us to heed Africa and strive to read the signs of the times, because we Americans know almost nothing about the matter. It would be most unwise to let its repercussions catch us unawares.

To put the thing in a nutshell: Africa is the great *waxing* factor in world-affairs. It is no exaggeration to say that what the New World of the Americas was four centuries ago, Africa is today —a practically virgin field, as plastic in the hands of its conquerors as it is rich in untapped resources.

This momentous fact is understood in Europe and already moulds the calculations of its statesmen, staff officers, and financiers. That, in turn, throws a new light on Italy's Ethiopian policy. To stigmatize Mussolini's drastic move as the mere personal whim of a half-mad dictator or even as the rash throw of a political gambler is to ignore utterly the deeper aspects of the situation. In this matter, at least, Il Duce is "crazy like a fox." Whether or not he gets away with it, the fact remains that he has rightly read a vital trend and is resolved that Italy shall have her share in the transformed Africa of the morrow. Likewise the evidence tends to show that he could not get this by diplomacy. In the larger sense, therefore, Italy's resort to force means the first attempt to break the virtual land monopoly over Africa which Britain and France now enjoy. And even though Italy is temporarily balked, there will be other attacks upon this monopoly unless France and Britain soon make concessions far larger than any they now seem to have even remotely in mind.

In all this we may glimpse a tantalizing historical parallel between the situation in Africa today and that in the Americas after Europe had brought them within its ken. Columbus's epoch-making voyage gave Spain a first mortgage on the New World, while the almost simultaneous discovery of Brazil by Lisbon navigators presented Portugal with half of South America. Rival claims were soon adjusted and stabilized by a Papal Bull decreeing that the two Iberian kingdoms should share the

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New World between them. This full monopoly Spain and Portugal successfully maintained for nearly a century. Save in the remote sub-Arctic north, all other Europeans found in the Western Hemisphere were treated as interlopers. Not until England's defeat of the Spanish Armada in the year 1588 was the Iberian monopoly broken. Thenceforth not only England but France, Holland, and other European nations might colonize a New World to which Spain's shattered sea power and Portugal's ebbing strength could no longer bar the way.

Of course, historical parallels are never perfect and should be cited with due caution. Nevertheless, we can helpfully consider this one in order to grasp the larger aspects of the African scene.

With its island outposts, Africa stands forth as a huge continent of nearly 12,000,000 square miles—thrice the area of Europe and four times the size of the United States.

A glance at a political map discloses one outstanding fact: Africa is almost wholly in European hands. Only two native states retain anything like independence. One of these is Ethiopia, now under Italian assault and presumably doomed to some form of European control, no matter how Italy's venture turns out. The other is Liberia, a squalid little Negro republic whose future is almost equally precarious. With those two dubious exceptions, European control over Africa is complete.

But take another look at the map. Control is not exercised by Europe as a whole. Only six of Europe's many nations have any share in this vast colonial domain; and of that half-dozen, two dwarf their colleagues into relative insignificance. That redoubtable pair are Britain and France.

A few facts will make this plain. Down the whole eastern side of Africa stretches a broad band of British territory, from the mouth of the Nile to the Cape of Good Hope. Cecil Rhodes's "all red" Cape-to-Cairo dream has come true. Also, Britain owns several sizable blocks of land in west Africa. These, however, are enclaves in the solid mass of French Africa which reaches from the Mediterranean down into central Africa well below the Equator. British and French Africa are almost identical in size. They each total about 4,200,000 square miles; between them, they possess more than two-thirds of the whole.

And even that does not tell the entire story. The other two European nations whose African holdings rank high in extent and value are Portugal and Belgium. Portuguese Africa totals 1,500,000 square miles, while the Belgian Congo runs to over 900,000 square miles. But Belgium and Portugal are not merely small nations, they are also dependent upon France and Britain in many respects. Neither could keep its vast African possessions without French or British assent. So they must bow to the will of London and Paris in African matters. Politically and economically, they are part of the Franco-British scheme of things.

At the tail-end of the list come Italy and Spain. Spanish Africa consists of a few Moroccan shreds and patches, together with some small islands off the west African coast. Spain is thus a negligible factor. Only Italy really counts, with her three colonial parcels —Libia on the Mediterranean, and in northeastern Africa her sundered bases, Eritrea and Somaliland, from which she is launching her attacks on the coveted Abyssinian lands that separate them. Yet Italian Africa, though extensive (650,000 square miles), is mostly desert, with few natural resources. Of itself, Italy's present colonial domain is almost worthless from a business point of view.

Our realistic glance at the map thus shows that England and France together own or *control* more than 90 per cent of the Dark Continent—an effective land monopoly if there ever was one. As between the two, Britain has rather the better of the bargain—the proverbial lion's share. Since both Powers are well satisfied with the present set-up, they can be counted on to back each other against interlopers except where divergent policies elsewhere may partially tie their hands.

Anglo-French predominance did not reach its present degree until the close of the Great War. Before 1914 Germany, though a late-comer in the race, had acquired important parcels of African real-estate, aggregating nearly 1,000,000 square miles. During the war, however, they were all conquered by Franco-British arms. Then Britain and France had the German colonies assigned to themselves under the guise of Mandates from the League of Nations. It is true that the conquerors did not thereby acquire an absolute title to these territories. But every one knows that, practically speaking, they form part and parcel of the French and British colonial empires, and that neither country has any more intention of surrendering them than Japan has of giving up her mandated islands in the Pacific even though she has quit the League. Furthermore, such slight limitations upon sovereignty as are implied in annual reports to Geneva and certain economic requirements are fully recompensed by the solemnizing of their mandates by the League of Nations. Indeed, the Covenant's ban upon forcible changes of existing frontiers consecrates the Anglo-French monopoly over Africa somewhat as Spain and Portugal's pristine monopoly of the New World was sanctified by the famous Bull of Pope Alexander VI.

At this point some persons may ask: "Suppose Britain and France do dominate Africa; what of it?" The answer is that Africa becomes rapidly more and more vital to Europe as a whole, while at least two European Great Powers (Italy and Germany) will never rest until they obtain a share of Africa conforming to what they deem their legitimate needs. So, unless Britain and France modify their present predominance, either by ceding extensive African territories or by internationalizing them (at least, in a "Pan-European" sense), there is an excellent prospect that Africa will engender war upon war until the Anglo-French monopoly is broken.

This may sound highly alarmist. That is because our thinking lags behind brand-new realities. The true problem of Africa dates from yesterday. Half a century ago, the great central block of the Dark Continent, stretching from the Sahara desert to Africa's temperate tip in the far south, was quite undeveloped—indeed, mainly unexplored. Yet in that vast central zone lie Africa's grand prizes for whoever can take and hold them.

It was about 1880 that Europe suddenly realized the neglected treasures lying almost at her door. Once that idea was grasped, the scramble for Africa began. Within twenty years Europe had partitioned Africa; or, to be more exact, Britain and France had

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taken most of the booty, a few other nations had grabbed the leavings, while the rest of Europe got nothing at all. It was a wild hurly-burly, much like the rush of land-boomers into a newly opened Indian reservation. Luck and strong-arm stuff played the major rôles.

Africa was thus parcelled out. At first this meant little in an economic sense. Hoisting flags and running boundary-lines dig no mines and do no business. To make use of the newly won territories needed time, effort, and money. Even by 1914, this developmental process was still in its pioneering stage. The real opening-up of Africa and its systematic exploitation has occurred only since the Great War—that is to say, in less than twenty years.

In those two short decades, however, astounding progress has been made. Railroads, motor highways, lake and river steamboats, even regular airplane lines, tap the wealth of remote regions. In Africa's very heart a gigantic industrial center has arisen almost overnight, the copper mines and smelters of Katanga, Belgian Congo, today rivalling those of Butte, Montana, and Cerro de Pasco in Peru. Far and wide athwart Africa, virgin cotton fields which know no boll-weevil compete sharply with our own South. This African treasure-house seems to contain almost everything. Virtually all the metals are there in abundance, together with soils and climates suitable for every agricultural staple of both the tropics and the temperate zone. Broad plains give ample scope for stock-raising. Mighty forests assure the wood supply. Africa's extensive coal fields, though mediocre in quality, assure adequate fuel through scientific processes already in use. And Africa's coal is amplified by tremendous sources of water power. So well-endowed is Africa in this respect that it could generate something like three times as much hydroelectric current as all North America could do in like case. With the perfection of long-distance transmission lines, this factor alone ensures momentous economic developments. And these, in turn, imply that Africa is destined to become not merely a source of raw materials but a capacious market for goods of every kind.

Africa thus stands on the threshold of a tremendous economic evolution. Europeans are well aware of this, and for years the more observant have been "thinking African." Shortly after the war, for instance, H. G. Wells pointed out that "Africa is economically necessary to European civilization, which can scarcely get along without Africa's natural resources." Recently, Count Coudenhove-Kalergi, the well-known head of the "Pan-Europa" movement, viewed the prospect still more broadly when he wrote: "Africa has become our nearest neighbor, and its destiny is part and parcel of our destiny. The more Europe departs from Asiatic and American politics, the more she is thrown back on Africa. Through the emancipation of America and of Asia, she has lost her Latin-American markets to the United States and her East Asiatic markets to Japan. Africa thus represents the future basis of European production and the future market for European goods. . . . The transformation of Africa into a great European plantation would improve the whole economic condition of our continent and would raise the standard of living among all its peoples."

This trenchant survey brings out another reason why Africa must become still more indispensable to Europe as time goes on. Asia has long been Europe's fruitful field of empire. But that day is almost done. From end to end, Asia stirs with a fierce nationalism which spells the rapid decline of Western control throughout the East. And Europeans admit it. They see the handwriting on the wall. But, as Europe retreats from Asia, she will have to strengthen her hold on Africa and hasten its economic development. That alone can replace lost Asiatic markets and sources of raw materials become uncertain.

Thus, despite the amazing progress already made, Europe's exploitation of Africa has only begun. But this concerns Europe as a whole—not merely the few Powers who today monopolize Africa. More and more, African monopoly must tend to split the nations of Europe into Haves and Have-Nots. Unless the growing tension is somehow eased, Africa is bound to become the arena where contending forces will clash and battle in the world of tomorrow. And of those future struggles, the present fracas in Ethiopia is but the signal-gun.

This dark prospect is not ignored by forward-looking minds. Ever since the Great War many of Europe's ablest thinkers have grappled with the problem. This is especially true of England, where outstanding writers like H. G. Wells, Leonard Woolf, and Professor Toynbee have suggested the internationalization of central Africa, preferably under the authority of the League of Nations. The acute crisis provoked by Italy's invasion of Ethiopia has further quickened public interest and has drawn an admission from the British Government that the whole matter ought to be taken up officially for candid examination. Sir Samuel Hoare, former British Foreign Secretary, formally advocated the calling of an international conference to see how the needs of over-crowded nations like Italy and Germany for a more assured access to raw materials, freer foreign markets, and outlets for congested populations can be met.

These are hopeful signs. They prove that, in England at least, constructive thought is being brought to bear. Yet hope should not blind us to the obstacles which loom up only too clearly as soon as we quit talking generalities and get down to the brass tacks of *just how* this can be done.

Of course, the problem is really world-wide because it involves the needs of dissatisfied nations outside Europe—notably the needs of Japan. Nevertheless, it remains true that, if the aspirations of Italy and Germany in Africa could be measurably satisfied, Europe's chronic crisis would be eased and the Dark Continent would cease to be the breeding-ground for future wars, as it is today. Therefore we may well concentrate on Africa as the most likely means of appeasing Europe's present troubles.

Now, in practice, the only way this can be done is for Britain and France to concede much themselves and make their satellites, Belgium and Portugal, do likewise. Before discussing what those concessions may be, we should get one point clearly in mind. The problem which confronts us is how to satisfy the needs and desires of *whole peoples organized as nations.* To say (as is so often claimed) that Italy and Germany should be satisfied if their citizens can settle and trade freely in Africa is no answer. The reason is that

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foreign settlers inevitably tend to be absorbed and lose their nationality, while foreign trade and invested capital are bound to encounter certain handicaps. This is true even in British Africa, where law and custom are exceptionally liberal. It is far truer elsewhere. France has always run her colonies as national preserves, to be exploited primarily by Frenchmen and those willing to become French. The same is true of Portugal, save where she has to defer to British interests. As for the Belgian Congo, it is a melancholy instance of the trend of the times. This vast, rich region, the true heart of Africa, started out as the Congo Free State, avowedly international in character and pledged to equal treatment for all comers. The guiding spirit in this enterprise, however, was Leopold II, King of the Belgians. And beneath his benign mask, this sinister genius concealed two ambitions: (1) to make a huge fortune for himself; (2) to turn the Free State into a Belgian colony. In both aims Leopold succeeded. The Free State presently faded out into "Belgian Congo," and today the country is just as Belgian as the adjacent French Congo is French. Though a few vestiges of the original liberal set-up still legally exist, a glance at trade statistics and financial concessions show that Belgian interests are well served.

That is the picture outsiders see when they look at present-day Africa. So it is not surprising that what Italy and Germany really want is big, rich African colonies of their own, where their citizens will keep their nationality, where their interests will get the preference, where they can develop protected markets, and where they can be assured ample sources of raw materials. If Italy and Germany can't get that, the very least that will satisfy them is the thoroughgoing internationalization of a large portion of Africa, wherein everything Italian and German will stand upon an absolutely equal footing with any one else in every way. Those are the only two methods of genuine appeasement. There is no other alternative.

To grasp the full scope of the dilemma, we must understand that more than money and business is involved. National pride, self-respect, and honor are likewise at stake. Perhaps peoples *ought* not to put such intangibles above material self-interest. Possibly they are very foolish to do so. Nevertheless, they *do*. To close our eyes to that stubborn fact is to conjure up an unreal world which at any moment may vanish like a desert mirage at the harsh impact of grim reality.

Italy and Germany have a basic grievance. They both see their nationhoods sharply limited, just like their material prospects, while other more fortunate peoples can expand at will. But besides this general grievance there are others of a very specific and highly irritating sort.

Take Germany. She actually did possess a worth-while colonial empire. This empire (mostly in Africa) was conquered by Allied arms during the Great War. Then, in German eyes, the Allied Powers added insult to injury by declaring at the Peace Conference that the Germans were unfit to have colonies and hold primitive peoples in tutelage. That festers deep in the soul of every German. The wound will never heal until the Fatherland gets back at least one colony, if only for honor's sake.

To be sure, the German Government is not pressing colonial claims for the moment. That is because Herr Hitler wants to be on good terms with England. Also he has plenty to attend to in Europe. But sooner or later, Germany will demand a share of Africa, especially as Africa becomes more vital to Europe as a whole.

Italy's special grievance, though different from Germany's, is just as rankling. All Italians feel that England and France tricked them shamefully. Here is how Italians argue: Eager for Italy's aid in the Great War, Britain and France promised her big rewards in Europe, Asia, and Africa. At the Peace Conference, however, those promises were not redeemed. Even in Europe, Italy got only part of what she had been led to expect. Elsewhere she got nothing at all, though France and England carved off large slices of Asiatic Turkey and in Africa helped themselves to German colonies totalling nearly 1,000,000 square miles.

Furthermore, Italians believe that they were thus duped at the Peace Conference because Britain and France thought Italy a weak nation which could be safely ignored. The Caporetto disaster had indeed shattered Italy's military prestige abroad, and shook Italian morale at home. Humiliated, crushed with debt, threatened by red revolution, Italy could only take her bitter medicine and nurse a terrible inferiority complex.

Then along came Doctor Mussolini, who proceeded to cure his fellow countrymen of their complex by making them very hard-boiled and bumptiously self-assertive. Incidentally he made Italy a much stronger military and naval power than she had ever been before. The logical conclusion was that if Fascist Italy didn't get what she deemed her due, she would make trouble. However, Mussolini first tried diplomacy by reminding England and France of their wartime promises of African rewards. He dickered for several years, but all he got was a couple of deserts. So *Il Duce* started out to get something on his own: Ethiopia, to wit.

Italy had tried to conquer Ethiopia forty years before. She probably would have conquered it if she had had a better army. And she could have conquered it then without a single outside protest, in those bad old imperialistic days.

Now, however, Mussolini is sternly told that times have changed; that on a certain memorable day in the year 1919 a new world order began wherein war was scrapped in favor of collective security. To which *Il Duce* rudely answers that he doesn't see any new world order; only a new set of rules designed to let the big winners keep theirs without fighting for it. That may be a very wrong, reactionary argument which Mussolini puts up. But it represents the way Italy feels; the way Japan and Germany feel; the way still other dissatisfied nations feel even though they are not strong enough to kick over the traces as the big rebels have done. Deplorable? Of course. Yet fact, just the same.

Once more we run into the world aspects of the problem. But let us stick to Africa and see what, if anything, can be done to better that especially troublous situation. Thus far, England alone has intimated that she is willing to examine the whole matter on its merits. France has not gone that far, and still sticks to legalisms buttressing the dear old *status quo*. Yet even Britain's open-mindedness fails to satisfy Mussolini and his fellows. They say

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they won't be stopped in their stride by glittering generalities; that fine words butter no parsnips; that they are not minded to wait and suffer, perhaps for decades, while everybody sits down and slowly threshes the matter out. They want action *now*—not in some more or less distant future.

What are the prospects of immediate action? Frankly, they are not bright. Probably the ablest analysis of the situation now in print is from the pen of Lord Lugard in a recent issue of *The London Times*. No one is better qualified to discuss the matter, because Lord Lugard is one of those great proconsuls who built Britain's African empire, and also because to wide colonial experience he adds more than a decade's membership on the Mandates Commission of the League of Nations. He is thus eminently fitted to see the problem alike in its details and as a whole.

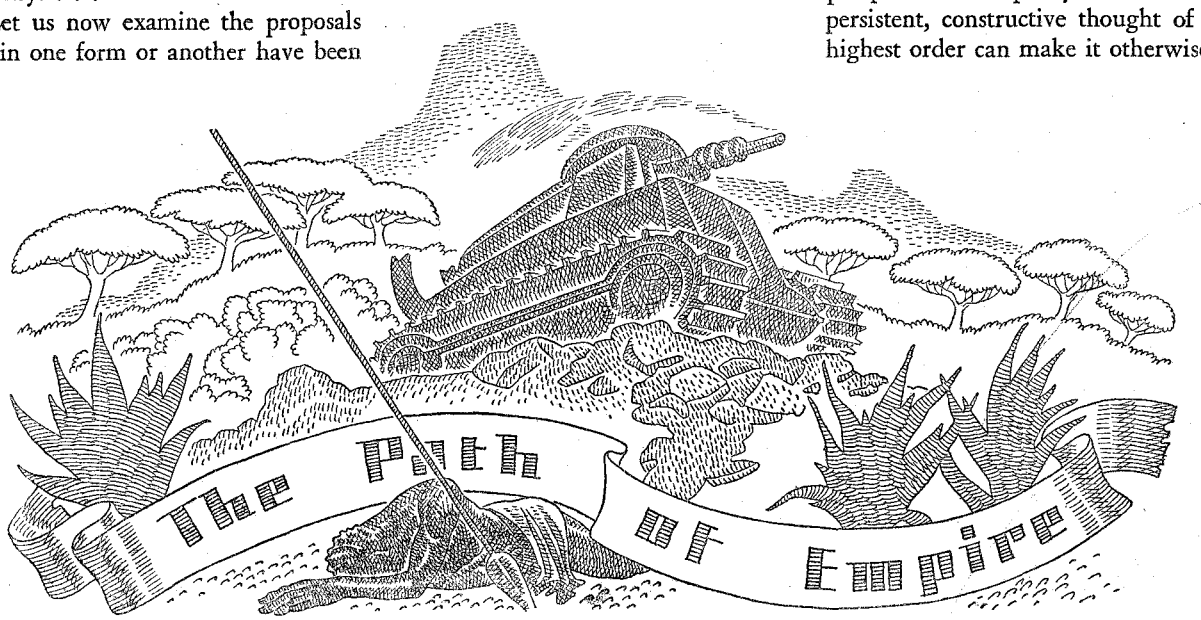
Lord Lugard frankly admits that Italy and Germany have a grievance, not only in African colonies but in the Mandates as well. "Undoubtedly," he writes, "the suzerain Power enjoys a position of special advantage. Even in its mandated territories it appoints the entire administrative and technical staff, who may be expected to favor the trade of their own country. With the exception of material for large public works, which, in a mandated territory (but not, of course, in a colony), must be submitted for international tender, the local Government obtains all its supplies from the homeland. The official language is theirs, and so is the currency. . . .

"Let us now examine the proposals that in one form or another have been advocated in the press by writers whose opinions carry weight, with the primary object of effecting a more equal distribution of economic opportunity to the nations of Europe.

"The first proposal of those who wish to 'share and share alike' is that the 'surfeited' nations should transfer some of their colonial 'possessions' (and/or the mandates held by them) to the 'starving' nations. This means that the repeated assurances that there would be no change (assurances upon which those who invested capital in the country relied) would be set aside and that the native inhabitants would be treated as negotiable chattels transferable at will without their consent to German or Italian control. . . . How strong the opposition can be to such a transfer was exemplified lately by the outcry over the proposed transfer to Ethiopia of a strip of uninhabited and waterless desert as a corridor for access to the sea. A distinguished French journalist recently told me that he was sure there was no living man in France who would dare to make such a proposal."

Lord Lugard thus dismisses the idea of direct cessions of African territory to Italy and Germany as at present beyond the bounds of practical politics. And he holds that internationalization would be unworkable. "Assuming for the moment," he says, "that such a scheme were practicable so far as the League is concerned (and I hold it to be impracticable), its advocates could only hope that the dissatisfied nations would be appeased if they had a dominant voice in the collective control. . . . But consider the position as it would affect the League. Each of the Colonial Powers has a Colonial Office of trained and experienced officials dealing from day to day with the many problems of administration. . . . The League has no such machinery; and, putting aside the question of cost, there would be difficulty in creating a board of qualified men of different nationalities who could work together. In whom would the final authority be vested to decide on questions where opinion was divided?" He then rules out the Mandates Commission of which he is a charter member, as a suitable governing body. Finally, he sees no way by which the League could raise the vast sums needed for colonial maintenance and development. After this analysis, his conclusion is not surprising. Posing the question: "Is there nothing constructive to suggest?" Lord Lugard answers bluntly: "I fear little, so far as Africa is concerned."

Such is this authoritative verdict, rendered with exact specifications and in great detail. Before so expert a judgment, the author of these lines can venture no solution of his own. Yet he does urge plenty of hard thinking on the subject; because if the present monopolistic set-up in Africa is definitely "frozen"—no matter how legally and efficiently, there is a lot of chronic trouble ahead and probably recurrent war to boot. What that would mean to Africa, to Europe, and to the world at large may be left to the imagination. The prospect is not a pretty one. And only persistent, constructive thought of the highest order can make it otherwise.



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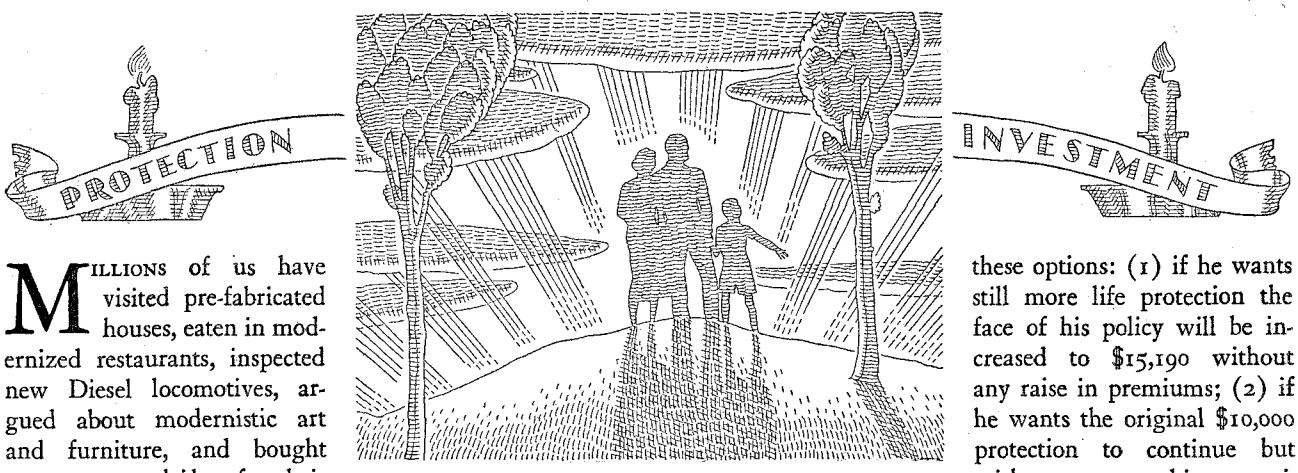

New Life in Insurance Policies

By Ray Giles

Ways in which life insurance has met the needs of the changing times—how legal reserve companies weathered the depression—new types of salesmen

MILLIONS of us have visited pre-fabricated houses, eaten in modernized restaurants, inspected new Diesel locomotives, argued about modernistic art and furniture, and bought new automobiles for their streamlining. But in a recent survey of hundreds of business and professional men and women to learn what they thought of life insurance and how much they knew about it, the composite answer was little more than this: "It's a good thing; I only wish I had more." Not one in ten realized that during the past few years life insurance, in effect, has gone through a process of modernization which makes it very different from the life insurance of twenty years ago.

Imagine a Cape Codder of 1736 brought back to life and led through a modern city. After several hours of bewilderment he sees a house that looks exactly like the gabled home he built a hundred years ago. He begs to enter it for a brief respite from the unfamiliarity which dazes him. But once inside, everything is strange again: ice made mechanically, radio, heat piped through the house, electric lights, telephone. That is something like the modernization which has been going forward in life insurance. Today's policies may *look* like those of a generation ago, but within we often find surprising differences.

Although several of the larger companies now issue nearly a hundred different contracts, many of which did not exist ten years ago, nothing has served to dramatize the changes which have modernized insurance. The newer policies are printed on the same stiff paper, crowded with the same small type, and worded in the same dusty language. To switch from the modernized Cape Cod farmhouse to the automobile, an additional comparison may help to explain the newer developments.

The primary function of the early automobile was to provide quicker transportation, and only men could drive. The chief service of early life insurance was to establish immediately an estate to protect wives and children in case of premature death, and men were the only buyers. Today, life insurance, like the modern automobile, serves people of both sexes and of all ages. And while about 85 per cent of the $100,000,000,000 of life insurance in force names women as beneficiaries, the trend since 1929 has been to modernize the basic contracts and make new combinations of the insurance, endowment, and annuity elements into contracts which provide for almost any money emergency the mind can imagine.

J. A. wants life insurance but doesn't wish to commit himself irrevocably to one unalterable contract. He is thirty-five. He buys a new policy which allows him five years to make up his mind. Immediately this single contract gives $10,000 ordinary life protection. At the end of five years Mr. A. has these options: (1) if he wants still more life protection the face of his policy will be increased to $15,190 without any raise in premiums; (2) if he wants the original $10,000 protection to continue but wishes to stop making premium payments as soon as possible, he can continue paying the same premium and his policy will be fully paid for when he reaches fifty-three; (3) if he wants all the capital he can lay hands on when he is older, he can continue paying the original premium until his sixty-first birthday when the insurance company will mail him its check for $10,000; (4) if he wants to continue $10,000 of ordinary life insurance throughout his life he can do so and enjoy a reduction in premium payments of about 40 per cent, and (5) if he continues payments five years longer the company will guarantee him a life income of $100 monthly. All this in a single policy!

Mr. B. pays less than $10 a week for his life insurance, but if he dies his widow will receive about $125 a month for five years and at least $50 monthly for the rest of her life. At her death the son and daughter will each get $10,000. Here the income during the first five years is purposely made larger to provide for young children who should, after the five years are up, be old enough partially or wholly to support themselves.

Young Doctor D., just starting in practice, has insurance so that his father will be repaid a $5,000 loan for his medical education. Since Doctor D's earnings are now small, he safeguards his wife with special ten-year term insurance for which the rate is substantially less than that charged for ordinary life insurance. When the young physician is able to repay his father from income he will have the $5,000 policy made payable to his wife. Within

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a specified number of years the $10,000 term policy can be converted into ordinary life insurance.

Charles E. is young, unmarried, and earns only $100 a month. He pays $120 a year for life insurance and gets $5,000 protection for his mother which can subsequently be made payable to a wife instead. His policy also guarantees him $25 a month if he becomes disabled, and he need not, under such misfortune, make any further premium payments. The policy will also pay $10,000 to his dependents should he die by accident. Finally, his payments establish a constantly growing cash reserve which is convertible into a retirement annuity for his own later years.

These examples clarify a term much used today in insurance circles—"conversion privileges." Early life insurance was hedged about with unpleasant restrictions. Failure to pay a single premium might mean forfeiture of the policy. The policyholder might get nothing if he died on the high seas or outside the settled limits of the United States. These and other limitations were cancelled long ago, but during the past five years the modernization of life insurance through liberalizing the contract has accelerated greatly. There is a growing realization that protecting dependents is only half of a balanced financial program, for it leaves unsolved the need for old-age income. Perhaps the best brief summary of the functions of modern life insurance was made recently by Doctor S. S. Huebner, Professor of Insurance and Commerce, Wharton School, University of Pennsylvania. He said, "Life insurance has three objectives: First, it will protect the dollar value of the policyholder's life value for the benefit of those who are dependent on him. Second, it will protect his property estate against unfortunate investments as well as loss through unavoidable social and governmental forces. Third, it will protect the policyholder himself in his old age."

Doctor Huebner's third item—old age protection—has, during the past five years, been built increasingly into life insurance programs. Annuities existed centuries before life insurance, being sold in Rome in 230 A.D., whereas the first regular life insurance was issued in London in 1583. The annuity has been slow to gain popularity in the United States, mostly because the average man did not like to surrender capital in spite of the fact that annuities have an unequalled record for safety and in later years give a handsome return. At fifty-five they pay about 6½ per cent per annum no matter if the annuitant hangs up a longevity record that beats Methuselah's. At sixty-five the return rises to about 10 per cent. This return is possible because the insurance company gives back, year after year, part of the principal together with interest.

Within the last few years enterprising insurance salesmen have discovered that annuities, particularly the deferred or retirement annuity bought early in life to give income at fifty or after, has a strong appeal because it completes the broad financial service of the insurance company. Life insurance has long been sold "in case you die too soon." The appeal of the annuity is "in case you live too long." And insurance companies have made the annuity still more flexible. First they met the objection that if the annuitant died one year after buying he would lose practically every cent he had paid. To answer that the refund annuity guarantees a total return equal to the money paid in. If you pay $10,000 and die after receiving only $500, your widow or other heirs will continue in your stead to receive income until total payments equal $10,000. About a year ago two of the largest companies "mutualized" their annuities; that is, they reduced the guaranteed return slightly so that dividends might be declared from time to time as they are on life insurance.

Today the annuity element is built right into many life insurance contracts through allowing the cash value of the policy to be converted into life income for the insured person when he reaches fifty.

Payment of premiums can be varied more easily than formerly to fit purchasing power and expectations. They may be paid annually, semi-annually, quarterly, monthly, and, in some cases, by the week. A young man beginning on a small salary may take a policy on which early premium requirements are small but increase later when his income will presumably become larger. The older person may pay larger premiums while his earning power is at its peak and have them smaller later on or stop entirely without any reduction in his insurance protection.

Some policies may be bought with single large payments and laid away to mature. Example: Mr. X., now forty-one, makes a single payment of a little over $8,000. His contract guarantees that ten years hence he will receive $10,000 plus dividends. In effect he has bought a gilt-edge investment with a guaranteed return, plus additional insurance coverage, and one which has tax advantages, is non-fluctuating in value, and has guaranteed marketability and value in any year after purchase.

In former years the beneficiary ordinarily received a single large settlement —the full face of the policy. Too frequently this capital vanished through inexperience at investment. Trust officers say that most estates left outright to widows disappear in seven years or less, and this happens whether the sum is ten thousand dollars or ten million. The growing trend is toward paying monthly income instead of one large sum, one of the best pieces of modernization work that could happen for widows, for the money thus reaches her in the form of a monthly allowance to which she is accustomed.

The life insurance companies have done more and more to arrange still more flexible settlements. They are combining monthly income with occasional payments of larger sums. Special educational policies pay monthly income to college students. An interesting family-income policy offers 1 per cent a month (12 per cent a year) on the face of the contract until the children are grown, at which time the widow receives the face in full. Our imaginary Mr. Y. takes out such a policy for $30,000. If he dies prematurely Mrs. Y. gets $300 a month until the children are twenty-one when she receives either $30,000 in cash or a substantial income for life.

Originally life insurance companies employed no outside salesmen. They counted on the sheer merit of their offering to bring customers to their offices. This worked so poorly that following the Civil War they went to the other extreme and unloosed on the public an army of poorly trained representatives. Only a month ago I caught a

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glimpse of what modernization is doing in the selling of life insurance. The president of one of the leading companies said his organization has been deliberately reducing its agents in number but insisting on a much higher type of man, and was profiting immensely by the change. All of the better companies have been moving in this direction.

Perhaps you have had a card sent in to you which bore the letters "C. L. U." after the visitor's name. They stand for a degree, Chartered Life Underwriter, earned only by passing a strict examination in insurance underwriting. The degree does not necessarily make a perfect life insurance adviser, but it marks another forward step in modernizing life insurance.

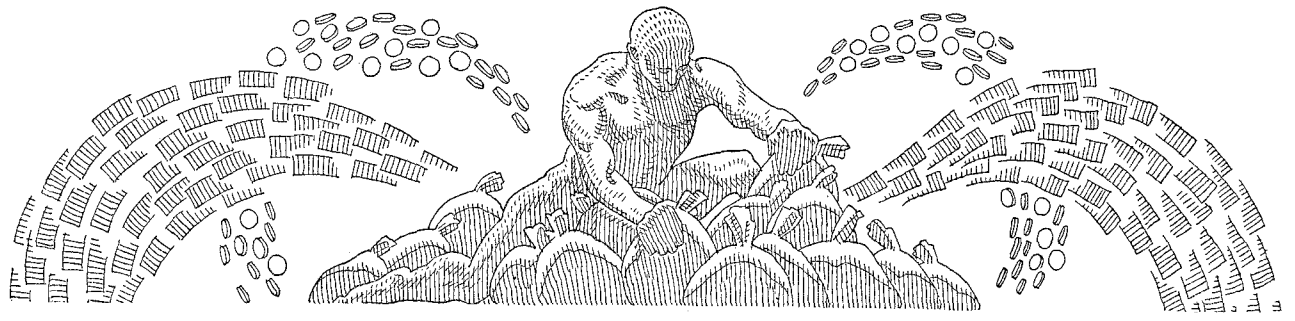
Several colleges and universities now have carefully prepared courses in life insurance. These have raised standards throughout the entire field. For one thing, the excellent text-books prepared for college courses are available to any insurance agent. Instructors who teach underwriting write for many of the life insurance journals read by the 250,000 agents in the country. Several of these authorities are retained by insurance companies to teach recruits and coach old-timers, while other teachers have been induced to quit college and join the staffs of the insurance organizations.

Modernization of life insurance salesmanship has included training and encouraging agents to help clients with broad financial programs instead of selling single policies by heart-throb or strong-arm methods. But here the intelligent agent is often handicapped by the fact that the prospect is not willing to divulge his private affairs or even to give the matter as much time as he gives to planning a fishing trip or buying a new heating plant for his home. A fully modernized life insurance transaction must include a modernized prospect willing to give adequate time and attention!

Have there been any recent developments that make life insurance still safer? After all, that is what we want —the certainty of protecting dependents and our own older selves. Here there seem to be no innovations. Viewing the record of legal reserve life insurance during recent years we may well be satisfied with things as they are. The assets of legal reserve companies during the years following 1929 increased about a billion dollars a year. Less than 1 per cent of the assets of these companies was in common stocks. . . . No death claim was unpaid or scaled down. One president of a life insurance company who was recently asked, "How about depreciation of securities bought before 1930?" showed a list of bonds bought in previous depressions as far back as the 1890's which today show handsome increases in value. While the insurance company could not avoid making investments at unfavorable times it had also bought when prices were artificially low, thus averaging up its holdings. And all through the worst times the companies were operating on a scientifically calculated and time-proved mortality table that enabled them to provide for their payments to policyholders with uncanny accuracy. When your mathematics are perfect there isn't much point to modernizing them.

If there is one thing to be desired in improving the protection given by life insurance throughout the country it is this: Establish in every state in the Union the same strict regulations and requirements set up by Massachusetts and New York. The prospective buyer of life insurance and annuities should require his agent to show evidence that the company under consideration is licensed to sell in both New York and Massachusetts. This is not the only standard of safety, but it is the simplest one, and most important.

All this only hints at the recent developments in life insurance. While the modernization does not show as it does in the streamlined locomotive, a comparison between life insurance and railroading is very much to the point. There are entirely new policies which may be compared to the diesel-powered locomotive which is a unit with its passenger cars. And similar to the standard steam locomotive, modernized merely by enclosing it in a bullet-nosed steel dressing gown, is the ten- or twenty-year-old policy which can be brought up to date through the addition of new conversion privileges and a changed mode of settlement. Nothing here should lead the reader to dispose of or exchange an old policy for a new one without consulting the agent or company from whom he bought it. Often an old policy may be modernized to equal one of the newer ones or it may be supplemented with other policies which make a still better financial program for every member of the family.



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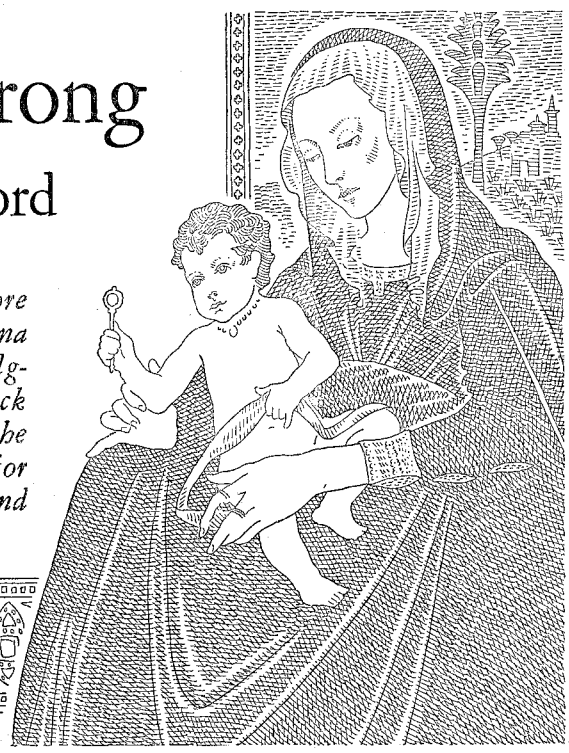
STRAWS IN THE WIND

SIGNIFICANT NOTES IN WORLD AFFAIRS TODAY

Mother Is Always Wrong

By Helen Ellwanger Hanford

The humble and helpless attitude of parents before their "modern children" is one of the phenomena of this age. Do your children respect your judgment? Can you convince them or do you fall back on the "mother knows best" formula? Maybe the children are right. Read the questionnaire for mothers, add up your score, and see where you stand



THERE was a time and not so long ago, either—those of us who have arrived at Mr. Pitkin's Lucky Decade remember it perfectly—when it was generally believed that Mother knew best. Everybody said so, and it was down in print: Children's literature fairly bristled with ingenious tales of little boys and girls who obeyed their mothers and received all the ponies and ice cream. Only a very hardy child, a born Bolshevik, questioned the truth of the statement.

For the sake of good sport, select today one average adolescent, your own, and say firmly, "I will not permit you to do thus or so. *Mother knows best.*" Long before the shout of laughter has died away, it will have become apparent that times have changed. Not only is Mother not always right, she is under the strong suspicion of being nearly always wrong. She herself is well aware of this. She no longer queens it among her children with a Mother-of-the-Gracchi pose. She lurks around, entreating her offspring for permission to discipline them. She begs wistfully for the admission that last week or last year she was right once, don't they remember. And if any one backs her up unexpectedly, her gratitude is pathetic.

A great many factors have contributed to this state of affairs. For one thing, extraordinary changes have taken place in the field of education in the last quarter of a century. A whole new phraseology and way of evaluating conduct has developed. The girl of twenty-two who teaches your youngest knows all about conditioning and reconditioning. It is she, by the way, who is doing the reconditioning, and she makes it only too clear what it is that she thinks you did. She bears you no personal grudge, but she honestly regards the influence of the average parent as damaging to her program. It is her sincere and pious hope that her little charge will not lose too much ground over night. About week-ends she is less optimistic, and as for holidays!

Not only is the teacher herself different from the palpitating spinster your mother graciously asked to dinner; both her method of presenting her material and much of the material *per se* are calculated to keep you in your place. You are, let us say, quick and accurate at mathematics. So when you observe your nine year old whining over his arithmetic it seems not too dangerous to help him to subtract 389 from 714. But try it! The chances are a dozen to one that you won't put the minus sign in the right place or that the teacher doesn't carry over in that funny way. Moreover, your lisping child knows far more than you about the making of airplanes, the behavior of the planets, and the management, from cow to bottle, of a well-run dairy. He takes dinosaurs in his easy stride. He paints like a young Picasso. And from time to time he asks intelligently, "What *did* you learn in school?" This while he is young. When he gets on to sociology and psychology, when the air is dim with discussion of compensation, psychosis, neurosis——

The churches too have let you down. Sunday-school teachers nowadays tell the little ones almost nothing about your virtues. They are too busy helping clumsy fingers to "cut out," or recounting the more striking incidents

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of the Old and New Testament, enlivened by tales of Peter Rabbit. As the child grows older, they give him some reliable Bible history with a touch of the higher criticism. At all times they are far more concerned that the child make a satisfactory adjustment to something or other than that he should give you an honored old age.

Perhaps, however, the family doctor is still on the side of the angels? In the first place, *cherchez* the family doctor. Only a few of him are left; you will find instead your obstetrician, your pediatrician, the whole array of specialists who examine your heart, your ears, your digestive apparati, and the condition of your nerves when inevitably you have developed them. Each one accepts his fee fastidiously through nurse or secretary, and then either forgets you or remembers something to your disadvantage, like the time you fainted at the operation.

Anxiously you turn to the children's father. Contemporaneous and sympathetic, surely he can be counted on. But even here, something very queer has happened. For some reason his position in the family circle appears to be different from yours. His opinions are frequently listened to without interruption. He is even told occasionally that he is a good egg. He does not flaunt this in your face but you can see that he feels definitely flattered. Furthermore, he has lost a certain firmness. When you issue an ultimatum and turn expectant eyes upon him, his echo has a hollow sound. "Go on, Honey," he urges the recalcitrant one, "do what Mother wants!" (Humor the poor thing, after all she's your mother.)

But the children! Heaven knows what you went through, getting them into the world, rising at night, nursing them through sickness! Well, the very young ones still accept bottles and lollypops from you without protest; but as soon as they can walk to the corner alone, they discover that your infallibility is a myth. The older children, moreover, show an odd reluctance to take their stand with you against the younger ones. They hedge: "Better go ahead and do it, Skinny, you'll have to in the end." Or they just stare at you and say: *"You don't understand."* Challenged, they are glad to enlighten you. Not only are you lacking in ordinary imagination, you are quaintly different from other people. Your notions about make-up, clothing or the lack of it, smoking, liquor, and chastity are nothing short of medieval. It is the last straw. Looking about you, you feel that public opinion has practically put you in a state of quarantine.

But at just this moment, when your illness seems likely to prove fatal, let us suggest a homeopathic remedy. (Yet would we walk with exceeding delicacy and the reminder that if the medicine prove unpalatable, it is the same difficult dose that we ourselves swallow three times a day and upon retiring.)

Tentatively, then, modern mother, we hold out this fact to you in the spoon: No one has robbed you of the sense of security you value so highly; somewhere along the way you have let it slip from your hands. Twenty years ago, you were sure enough of yourself in all conscience. You had the fortifying illusion that you missed none of the implications of life. But you had something else too—an ardent acquisitiveness that redeemed your egotistic youth. Now, all around you, the world has grown immeasurably more fascinating, but are you treating it as if it belonged to you? And do you view the scene with the eye of the realist, or do you hold on to an illusion or two? Illusions, alas, are the finery of youth; they refuse to adorn the middle years.

Greatly daring, then, we venture to construct a questionnaire, intended, let it be clearly understood, not for those mothers who forever hear their praises chanted in glad antiphony, but for that more crowded group of parents who, to put it gently, hear something quite different. The questionnaire is based directly upon the factors that you have found so subversive.

To begin with the schools. Just how much energy have you put into understanding the theories underlying modern education? If you came into a game of contract, equipped only with an ancient knowledge of whist, you would receive little mercy from expert players. The skilled teacher at least gives you a chance. She offers you lectures, courses of study, innumerable books. If you have seemed unable to fit them into your program, she has stopped short at forcible feeding. But she may have wondered what program was more important than the thorough understanding of your child. Certainly her own knowledge has not seemed less valuable to her in contrast. How very neatly a sound psychological background, plus your years of experience, would reverse your relation to her!

As for all the little new ways of presenting a subject, you are adaptable enough, even if your child is not, to put the minus sign anywhere on the sheet of paper, and your mind is still as good as his, though not so nimble, and you can acquire the facts which you have never learned or have forgotten. You can, in fact, do anything that will change your child's regard from a downward to an upward slant.

Now about the church. How often, incidentally, do you attend church? How much do you contribute besides the envelope you drop into the collection plate? Are you deeply concerned with the struggle that the churches are waging, or with the future of the sect to which you belong? And if the answers here are largely negative, what do you expect even from the church in a *quid pro quo* universe?

But oh your doctor, you say. Well, if he has been your doctor long enough, and has seen you in courageous action, you almost certainly have his respect and cooperation. But under modern conditions, the probability is that he views you without the background of long experience. Be sure then that he observes your reactions. He may see that you maintain a calm exterior; that you never discuss the patient within the patient's hearing. He may notice that all the little things he needs are conveniently at hand; and that you have prepared a chart which you permit him to read *without interruption.* Accustomed as he is to the smooth routine of the hospital, he will rate you high. But if, on the other hand, you have exhibited signs of inefficiency and nervousness, his mark may be barely passing. It might be an interesting experiment to play his game and watch his shrewd look change. Meanwhile, do not forget that it is your privilege to return the compliment by sizing up your physician. There is a good deal of quiet shopping around now on the part of the layman, and you are entirely within your rights if you think, "Doctor —— is excellent for an ordinary illness; for operations, I want a surgeon; and for behavior problems, I'll take a good psychiatrist."

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We come now to the children's father. Be very honest with yourself. Is there any reason why the fathers of the present generation should shy away from the old position of solidly backing Mother on all occasions? Grandfather always took Grandmother's part —yes, but recall Grandmother's reverent attitude, her constant bolstering up of his morale. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* If you don't believe it, listen to the uncensored table conversation of the average family and notice how frequently the opinions of the "head of the house" are received with amused tolerance by his wife. Yet this lady, having eaten her cake, proposes to have it too.

Last of all, consider the attitude of your children. But exactly what is it that you want of them? Boiled down, it would seem to be a grateful acceptance of your store of wisdom. Then it would be logical to discover by research that you in your youth exhibited the same humility. Curiously enough, you recall that the generation behind you was not a race of demigods, but a group of rather muddle-headed people, obstacles to your activities. Their love life—reason told you that they must have had one—did not seem ardent like yours but a remote and glacial affair. They were, to sum it all up, *different.* You may not have mentioned all this, inhibited as you were. You may not even have thought it out very clearly. Wherein you differ from your son and daughter. Products of a scientific age, they work inexorably from cause to effect; inheritors of Freud, they are nothing if not expressive. But let them shout of life as it really is and of fair play. Your hard-to-bear young judge is merely 1936 speaking.

To continue: Do you stop making decisions for the child as soon as he is ready to make them for himself? There are thousands of such Independence Days in the life of every maturing child, but only the listening ear may hear the ringing of the bell. It is the wise parent that does not confuse lack of discipline with friendly acceptance of another's tastes, even those of a child. A blue frock or a pink, what is it to you? Even when trousers are balloonlike and bathing suits approach the vanishing point, your fairness, coupled with your sense of humor, will remind you that the latest styles are always beautiful to the young who wear them, reprehensible to older people who can't, and hilarious to the succeeding generation. Tolerance, moreover, works both ways. It will afford a talking point when your pretty daughter wishes to make you over.

Or it may be tolerance toward changing conventions. When your young son discloses his plans for the camping trip just about to start, and you find that it involves a night at a hotel for the boys and girls before they catch up with the chaperon's car, do you slip to the telephone and call up Jane's mother? Or do you say placidly, "Well, I'm glad it's you and Bill; I know you'll take good care of the girls"? And does your son at this reply look like the villain of melodrama or does a singularly harmonious expression transform his face? And what are the chances of being told next time?

But there are other things that by no stretch of the imagination can come under the head of mere tolerance, since they involve the very continuation of life itself. How for example are you going to keep your boy from reckless driving? Economic pressure is one excellent preventive. Having to pay, even by the sweat of his brow, for all damages he has caused will not offend his sense of fairness. Working from within out is still better. If you can manage it so that he will come to *you* with some appalling statistics on the subject of careless driving, it will be a real triumph.

Most difficult of all are the moments when the parent and child face each other as two adults on opposite sides of a moral issue. Suppose your daughter of nineteen greets you with something like this: "I don't believe all the things you used to tell us any more. Everything about sex is different now. Boys respect girls who have had experience and babies aren't necessary if you know anything about contraception. Besides," she may add sagely, "there are plenty of doctors now that operate." Bald and startling utterances these, untempered to the shorn lamb of maternal fears, no matter how you may be moving with the times.

Two ways are open to you. You can receive the proclamation with the outrage you doubtless feel, declaring shrilly that sex *never* changes. Or you can discuss the matter with philosophic calm, both hearing and asking questions. You can pool experiences. Somewhere along the line, you can point out the danger and expense and especially the discomforts of illegal operations. By the time you suggest that you shall want to help if such a thing should ever become necessary, the tables may be turned. Your young daughter, seeing life as it really is, may be the one who is white-faced.

But do you say, my poor madam, that *your* young daughter never thinks about such things? Skillful investigation may surprise you. And if she is thinking about them, why isn't she discussing them with you? It takes all the sensitiveness and tact in the world and all the respect for youthful ideas to keep the channels of communication open. But there are happy surprises. "Mother!" you may hear from the girl who so recently seemed omniscient in immorality. "Of course I know in a general way; but just *exactly* what is a prostitute?" Let anything on earth slide then, while you snatch your golden moment.

A casual last question or two. Do you ever play the martyr: "Mother is so tired? Mother works so hard?" It simply isn't in the modern, camp-trained, college-bred vocabulary. Driven to the uttermost extreme, do you weep? God help you! Far, far better, if you feel yourself breaking, to shout, *"Stop it I say!* I've had just about enough." Your outburst will as likely as not be met with admiration. "That's the way, Mother! I *like* you when you talk like that!"

The questionnaire is ended. Add up your score in private and draw whatever conclusions you see fit. One thing is certain: The woman who is even half way sure of herself is not worrying much about what any one else thinks. She is too busy keeping up. She knows too that the old position was untenable, because it was not based on truth; and she rejects it. She does, however, wish to be an individual that can command respect, and eventually she is sure to have gained this. She may even live to hear it in words. Some day her husband, her eldest, some friend of the household, will say in all sincerity to one of her stormy brood, "Better do what Mother says. I've been watching her a long time now and I've noticed that nearly always Mother is right."

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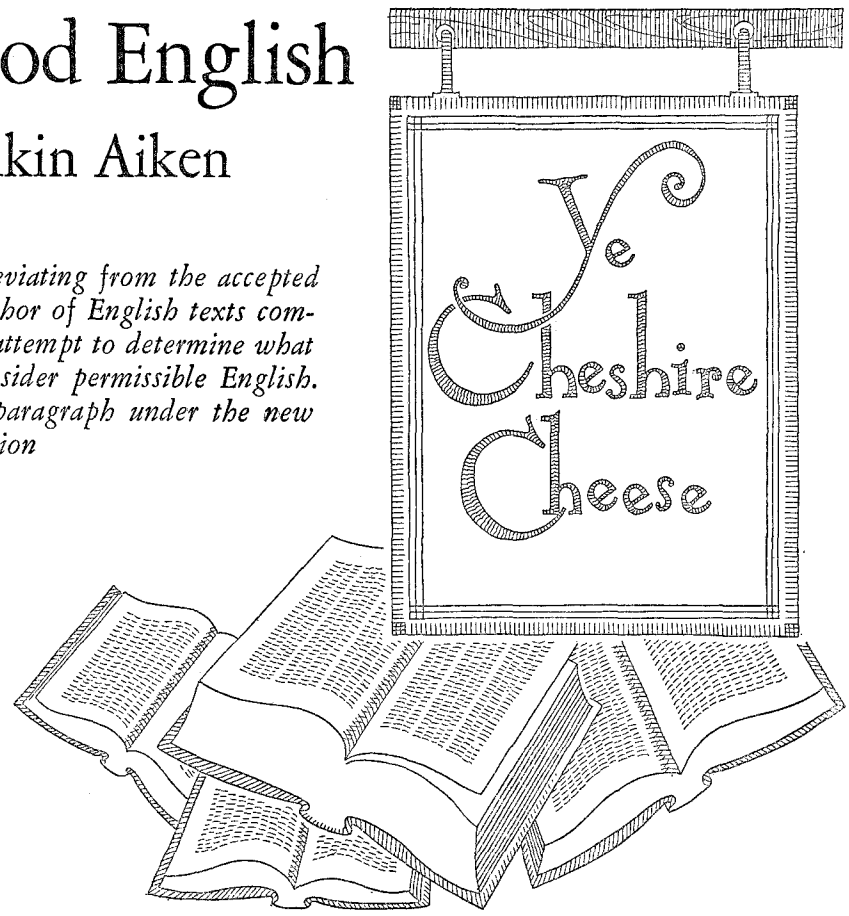
Votes for Good English

By Janet Rankin Aiken

How far can liberality go in deviating from the accepted forms of good English? An author of English texts comments on recent surveys which attempt to determine what adults and school children consider permissible English. She concludes with a sample paragraph under the new dispensation



DURING these Nineteen Thirties we are seeing strange and impressive things in economics, politics, government. But—who can tell what, a thousand years hence, will be considered of moment or memorableness in this age? It may well be that in 2936 our Twentieth Century will be remembered not so much for its social experimentation as for movements which now draw few of the curses and hurrahs of general publicity—movements such as the boring from within, I might almost say the revolution, in the field of good English.

Grammar nowadays is not what it used to be in the years when it gave its name to the sixth, seventh, and eighth grades. Today pupils no longer attend grammar school; they go to Junior High. Moreover, grammar now commonly goes untaught in those very "grammar grades." Children may enter senior high school, even college, without ever hearing about adjectives and predicates. Though taught to use sentences, they are not informed what a sentence is, or how to recognize it. It is about as if you took elementary arithmetic out of a kindergarten-to-college course for accountants.

Grammar is still a popular object of study among adults. In one great correspondence school teaching hundreds of courses it is the single subject most in demand. Adult education organizations include it in their programs as a matter of course. Magazines devoted to correct English flourish, and commercial courses in grammar are numerous. Yet in the public schools themselves, the standing of grammar is progressively becoming lowered.

One result of this changed attitude is that we are far less worried over deviations from standard English than we used to be. Linguistic ears which would have wobbled in horror a while back are now titillated by the verbal eccentricities of writers like Octavus Roy Cohen, Milt Gross, and Sam Hellman. Eyes which would have spotted unerringly the least slip in English have become blurred, so that linguistic murder is often committed unperceived and unpunished. It is childishly easy to pick flaws in the grammar of any author you may care to mention.

The situation is revealed in a simple experiment which I repeat each year for the benefit of a college class in the English language. The students are directed to buy a certain newspaper some three days thence, and to read a certain column of literary criticism, marking all departures from standard English in grammar, punctuation, use of words, and so on. You will observe that in making the assignment I have nothing up my sleeve, for at that moment the column in question is perhaps not written, certainly not read by any of us. And it really does not matter what specimen of English I choose. I have tried editorials, magazine articles, chapters from books, anything. The point is that each year it takes a full fifty minutes for my class to report and discuss the errors we find in approximately 800 words of American prose. The errors we mark are of course those listed in any textbook on correct English—the fragmentary sentence, the comma splice, the use of *will* for *shall*, and so forth.

Thus two facts stand out as apparent in relation to our English language—a decreasing amount of time given to teaching grammar in the grade and high schools, and a more carefree, even reckless, attitude toward what the books call mistakes or solecisms in speech and writing. Bad grammar is becoming more current; grammar of any sort is becoming less taught.

There are the facts. But do not jump to the conclusion that they are to be deplored, or that you are going to be asked to do something such as telegraph the chairman of the local school board, to remedy the trouble. Let us look farther before we assume that trouble really exists and that the English language is going to the dogs as one might at first imagine.

May it perhaps be that the rules of

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grammar themselves need changing? Perhaps the columnist, and not we, is right in allowing the comma splice? Perhaps people really should be allowed to say *I think I will,* and *It's me.* Is it perhaps first of all a new grammar that we need?

And what is good English, anyway? What is it that we are to learn and use in our talk and writing? Is it a system of fiats handed down from heaven like the commandments received by Moses? Is it the exclusive possession of king, president, or grammar teacher? How shall we recognize good English, so that we may teach it more effectively?

The grammars have their answer pat, and it is a very good answer. Standard English, they all say, is simply the English actually used today by people of education and cultivation—the linguists, teachers, authors, lawyers, librarians, and others of a like degree of training. The rules given in books of grammar and rhetoric (or at least so their authors claim) merely reflect this cultivated usage; they neither invent nor manipulate it. Usage is the one necessary, final test of good English.

The inference is inescapably that grammar-book rules must follow cultivated usage wholly, changing when it changes, remaining fixed where it remains fixed. And here again the logic of the matter is good. Where usage leads, grammar must follow. Text-book rules are mandatory only for those unacquainted with good usage. For the educated they are simply sequential.

And this brings us to the paradox which inheres in the general subject of good English. The moment cultivated usage shifts so as to employ expression formerly outlawed, that moment does that expression become good English. In other words, the more we're wrong the more we're right. The more people of cultivation who use an "incorrect" expression, the nearer correct it becomes. The oftener we say or write *It's him* or *Who do you mean,* the fewer the grammarians who can reasonably object. Good English is thus by inescapable logic shown to be not a mathematical matter of two and two, which are and remain four, but a democratic, political matter of votes which may go to one candidate or another. If *neither are* gets enough votes, it becomes right. If *his'n* cannot secure the support of the great cultivated public, it stays wrong. As for us educated ones, the more we're wrong, the more we're right.

The point is worth elaborating because it explains what the attitude of the grammarian should be toward change. He should welcome it if only it is sufficiently widespread. But alas, most grammarians are conservative. Having paid their lip-service to usage, they go on teaching the same old rules, heedless of whether or not these rules are obsolete in practice. My favorite example of their conservatism is the use of *shall* with *you* in questions. (*Shall you be at home this evening?*) No person I know, cultivated or otherwise, uses *shall* in such constructions. It has no place in present-day grammars, yet it is found in all or most of them.

To be sure, it may be asked how usage may be determined. How can any one, grammarian or otherwise, decide just which expressions are now current and which are not? That is indeed a difficulty; but two recent studies will be found to throw some light on the question.

In 1932 there was published the report of a survey of correct English, a survey initiated by the brilliant Wisconsin scholar, Stirling A. Leonard, and issued after his death. Mr. Leonard conceived the idea of checking up on incorrectnesses by asking a representative group of authorities whether or not they really thought them incorrect. If, all the books insist, usage is the test of good English, Mr. Leonard reasoned, then let us investigate actual usage and see where it lies. Let us discover what the true guardians of our language, the small cultivated and articulate minority, think good English really is.

The jury was composed of over two hundred men and women, some teachers of English, others linguists like H. W. Fowler and George Philip Krapp, editors like H. L. Mencken and Frank Vizetelly, authors like Booth Tarkington and Zona Gale, and business men, who took shelter behind anonymity. It was altogether a jury whose pronouncements were calculated to inspire respect.

Recognizing that there are not one but two acceptable or standard types of English, the spoken and the written, Mr. Leonard asked the jury to classify as literary, colloquial, or illiterate, 230 expressions of all sorts, mainly those under the ban of the textbooks. The results were published in a pleasingly seagreen volume entitled *Current English Usage.*

The Leonard Survey admittedly did a little hocus-pocus as between the literary and colloquial divisions, which it simply lumped into one. It also gave perhaps undue weight to the views of the linguists, whose tastes in language proved much more catholic than those of the other groups. But it came out fairly enough with no fewer than 77 of the 230 questioned expressions approved by at least three-fourths of all the judges, and hence recommended as "established" usage. You may now say *pretty cold, awfully cold, loan some money, go right home, go slow, proven,* and many other such things. *It is me* was voted into the company of Shakespeare and Milton by 25 out of 28 linguists, and a similar sanction was given to *Who are you looking for?*

Seventy-seven additions to standard English is quite a few, and makes it obvious that the Leonard Survey was open-minded, even liberal, in its grammatical views. And why not? If an expression is good enough for Dorothy Canfield Fisher, for Edward Sapir, for Henry Seidel Canby, is it not good enough for Bobby Thompson in the fifth grade? All the various lay and learned attacks and protests which followed the publication of the Leonard Survey have never succeeded in shaking the undeniable common sense of its conclusions. Based on the paradox of grammatical correctness as dependent wholly on usage, it is based on a rock.

More recent than the Leonard Survey, an extensive study has been made by Doctor L. J. O'Rourke, involving, it is said, a million and a half school children of grades three to thirteen, and over forty thousand of their teachers. The report is a darkly green volume with the formidable title, *Rebuilding the English Curriculum to Insure Greater Mastery of the Essentials,* but what it really is is simply a glorified set of examinations in grammar, matters of "Tell what is wrong with this here sentence."

There are dozens of tables, but my own favorite is the one about the lower grades and Form T. Form T contains fifty items on the order of "The program was (real—very) interesting," the pupil being expected to cross out *real*

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and choose *very*. The table tells us that of 35,814 pupils taking this particular test, the average third-grade child got 29 items right, the fourth-grader 35, the fifth-grader about 38, and the sixth-grader 40. I love those figures. I can see tiny Salvatore, and David, and Mary, and Rebecca, doing their small best with Form T, and somewhere between grades three and six, learning that you must not say *real interesting*. The table means Progress to me, even though Doctor O'Rourke thinks that it shows too little progress and says that we must perfect and speed up the process of eliminating *real interesting*. Of course I would keep *real interesting* if I could. There is a homely heartiness about it. There is a flavor which *very* loses. But. . . .

Progress is exemplified throughout the report. In no instance does a higher grade slip below the one before in preferring *rung* to *rang* or *sit* to *set*. The tables have a cumulative impressiveness. We see at first hand the slow, mighty process of education ironing out our children, purging their little bellies of impurities, and filling them with *It is I* and *Go slowly*. As I contemplate the figures, the tremendousness and the pathos of it all are rather overwhelming.

The pathos of the report as a whole is enhanced by the patent fact that Doctor O'Rourke has just missed a splendid opportunity. Let us take a concrete instance of it—the third-rate crime entitled *angry at Mary*, where he says you must say *angry with* (Form B, item 63.) And let us start in the seventh grade, which shows as nearly as possible a state of innocency with respect to *angry with* and *angry at*.

From the O'Rourke report we learn the astounding fact that only five out of each hundred seventh-grade pupils saw anything wrong with "The man becomes angry at his friends." In grade twelve, 28 out of each hundred made the required change, but in grade seven the vote was 95 to 5 in favor of *at*.

Do you see now, reader (and I hope you are as excited as I was when I did), what we have here? We have for the first time in linguistic history an extensive, unbiassed popular vote on *angry with* and *angry at*. All over the country seventh graders have voted *at* correct, and by heavens, correct it is if 95 per cent of them say so. I say *at* is right in this expression and shall henceforth maintain *angry at* as established American usage. Doctor O'Rourke has done a thing he never intended; he has provided liberal grammarians with an excellent means of determining what is and what is not corrct English. This was his opportunity, and he did not see it. Accepting uncritically the dicta of the grammarians, not perceiving the paradox of linguistic correctness, he could not disclose the true inwardness of his own figures.

Of course the school children in the country backed up the ordinary rules in some instances. Take the double negative, for example. A bare third (33 per cent) of seventh graders know enough to correct it, but at the end of the high school the proportion has risen to 86 per cent. The majority vote is here definitely in favor of continued condemnation of the double negative, and so our teachers may as well go on teaching that *I haven't got none* is a crime. Shakespeare was friendly to the double negative, but generations of modern school teachers have evidently accomplished its prohibition.

Taken in this obviously scientific fashion as a means of determining what is and what is not acceptable English, the O'Rourke Survey becomes a fascinating document. In general the school children of America side with the linguists of the Leonard Survey, with Krapp, Fowler, Sapir, Bloomfield, Wyld, and Jespersen, in being of liberal leanings. Few of the expressions covered by the O'Rourke Survey are unqualifiedly condemned; about the nearest is *had wrote*, voted against by 92 per cent of the twelfth graders, but only 40 per cent of those in the seventh grade. Still the teachers are advised that they may go on teaching *had written*. The voice of the people, to whom the English language actually belongs, is in favor of it.

Neither are bears a different record. Condemned by only 3 per cent of seventh graders, approved by 97 per cent, we have clearly a mandate to open our gardens to this wild flower of speech, which by the way has the approval also of numerous dictionary makers, of Samuel Johnson, and of Otto Jespersen among modern linguists.

Conservatively, let us say that when fewer than 20 per cent of children in the seventh grade condemn a form as bad English, and when not all the efforts of their teachers can lead half of them to condemn it by the twelfth grade, we may welcome it through the pearly gates into the kingdom of heaven. In this way we shall bring salvation to the dangling participle, to *one of the books are*, and to *they knew the earth was* (not *is*) *round*, as well as to dozens of items concerning which the report annoyingly fails to give figures.

The path of the reformer is clear. He will at once begin (if indeed he has not done so already) using *angry at, neither are, the team were*, etc. I myself have eliminated *whom* from my oral language—a bad word, a troublesome word, an unnecessary word which has no legitimate place in English. We shall use the full findings of the O'Rourke Survey as the Leonard Survey has already been used, to justify us in bringing the English language up to date.

In the early and middle periods of its history, that is, up to about 1600, the English language was left to itself. Forms were lost, ways of saying things underwent many changes, and the English language became so altered that today Anglo-Saxon is a foreign language. What was the result? English today stands as the most mature and well-developed of Indo-European languages. It would be a great pity if it should become so entangled in grammar-book rules that it could not continue its past record of progress. No wonder that the linguist stands for a liberal English, for the admission to "correct" standing of many expressions reasonable but hitherto barred from cultivated society.

Neither prejudice nor ignorance are eternal. We need not be angry at them, but we may well be real firm in maintaining our liberal attitude against whoever we may find defending the exclusive right of the traditional forms to existence. Searching diligently, there is for your discovering at least nine samples of the new English in this brief paragraph. If none of them are outstandingly offensive, perhaps yourself will decide to talk like the seventh graders of our broad land, the dictionaries, and the Leonard Survey recommend as established English.

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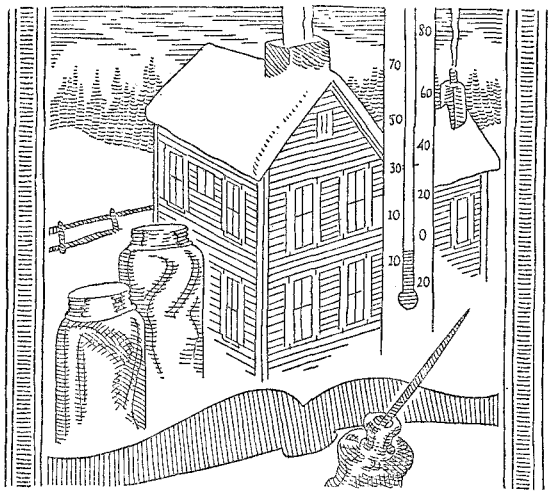

AFTER HOURS

A travelling salesman, an engineer gone back to the land, and a book collector who lives in an upstate farmhouse describe their hobbies and tell what they do to get fun out of life. Contributions intended for this department should be addressed to After Hours, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. *Manuscripts selected for publication will be paid for*

THE HOUSE THAT FRAN AND CHRIS BUILT

By CHRISTOPHER MAGEE

Cornell, M.E., 1915; steel mills; Second Lieutenant, Pilot, six months in France; steel mills; marriage 1920; first additions to family 1921—two girls; France 1928–31 to write; home to discover we were not so rich and engineers were a drug on the market; saved pennies and bought a broken-backed farmhouse in New York State; 1934, a son and heir to the soil.

In 1933, with the loss of a job and the prospect of a steadily decreasing income, we moved to a little village some twenty miles out of town and bought a deserted, tumbled-down farmhouse with a little plot of land around it. It was necessary to make a good many repairs and changes in it before we could be thoroughly comfortable, and as our funds were low I, with a little help and a little advice from the local workmen, undertook to do most of the job myself. It was hard work—patching roofs and moving partitions and changing plumbing and electric wiring and digging cellars and gardens and grading lawns were not quite in my line—but I found it unexpectedly entertaining, and when it occurred to me one day that what was worth doing was certainly worth keeping a record of, our Log Book came into existence.

Log Book may have a rather too nautical sound for a record of events that take place in the foothills of the Adirondacks, but it is the only name that seems to describe what our record actually is. It is not exactly a cost book, although it contains a record of the costs of construction, of electricity, and of the coal and wood we burn. It is not exactly a weather book, although it supplies a record of daily temperatures and other occasional data on the weather. It is not exactly a photograph album, although we have put into it a number of photographs of our children as well as of the house itself. It is not exactly a guest book, although all our overnight guests have put their names in it. It is not exactly a picture book, although the margins of its pages are liberally sprinkled with dot-and-line sketches depicting the things we have done. It is not exactly anything except what it says it is, on its home-made cover, The Log Book of the House that Fran and Chris Built—a journal that keeps a daily record of everything of interest to us that happens to us or around us, the diary, in fact, of a home.

It may seem that we have gone far afield in making a hobby out of keeping a record of things that, in themselves, are little more than hobbies, either temporary or permanent, but the longer we keep that record the more it means to us. It is of no interest to any one else that on August 4 I caught the biggest native trout of the season, that on October 15 I shot two ruffed grouse, that on June 6 Fran put up twenty quarts of sunshine strawberries, or that during the month of August our two daughters gathered enough wild raspberries to make a dozen jars of jam. It is of no interest to any one else that we put on the storm windows on October 12, that on December 27 the temperature never rose higher than eighteen degrees below zero, so that our skiing guests found the weather almost too cold for comfort, that in March we gathered 157 gallons of sap from our maples and boiled it down to six gallons of syrup, that on April 12 we had two inches of snow, and that on May 26 we let the furnace go out. It is of no interest to any one else that we planted the garden on June 3 and harvested our first corn on August 23, that in September we set out a hundred lilac bushes and fifteen peonies, or that we saw the first wild ducks of the season on October 13. But all those things, and a hundred others, are intensely interesting to us, because they make up the pattern of a busy life, a pattern so good to look back upon that often the record in the book seems to be of almost as much value as the event itself.

When we finished painting the house last spring, the first thing I did, even before cleaning my brushes, was to wash my hands in turpentine and jot down a line in the Log Book. More than once I have got up in the morning before I was really awake, to read the thermometer at the right time and so keep our records complete. And when I cut a ski trail over the hills one day, clearing out the brush with an axe, to make it passable, I'm not sure which prospect it was that pleased me the more, that of using the trail some bright frosty day three months later, or that of drawing a map of it, that very night, in the Log Book.

I'll grant you that it's all very futile, and that it may make us appear a little more childish than we should be, but our Log Book has become so important to us that I don't know what we would do without it. And if I may be permitted to mangle one of Kipling's lines, I can say, I think without fear of contradiction, that it's not Art—but isn't it human?

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TRAVELLING ARTIST

By Ballard Quinn

With the territory of Ohio, Southern Michigan, Northern Kentucky, and Indiana to cover and evidently no place to call home, Mr. Quinn is on the verge of becoming an ex-salesman and of taking a job writing commercial movie scripts.

The time salesmen spend between cities and in waiting rooms, in the evenings, and in hotel lobbies on Sundays is usually wasted. I sell and like selling, but automobile parts are business to me, and after thinking of them all day I want diversion. I saw a surfeit of dull movies, and I hated meeting girls in every city yet never really knowing any. So until I stumbled on my hobby, I was often bored.

My hobby is art. It's as valuable to me as my commissions and more exciting than any job. I've taught myself to draw and to paint in water colors, and I've also developed a gratifying awareness of line, form, and beauty. In her wildest dreams of attainment for her only son, my mother couldn't have imagined me reading a book of abstract theory, but my hobby began with such a book.

I found Clive Bell's *Art* on a bus seat —God knows how it got there. As I had no other reading matter with me, I worked my way through it. I didn't understand much of his metaphysic, nor of art in connection with history and religion, but I was very interested in the statements concerning Paul Cézanne. Clive Bell was far beyond me, but his book has intensified all my experiences since.

The volume carries a Cézanne reproduction, and after wading through the text, I turned back to the picture and spent the rest of the ride trying my damnedest to see why it was so great. It was a quiet landscape, in black and white, and, I'd have sworn, exactly like hundreds of other paintings I'd seen. There was a house in the left forefront, some trees around it, and some hills in the distance—nothing to get worked up over.

When my bus reached Bay City I stuck the book in my grip and promptly forgot everything connected with art. But a couple of evenings later I ran across it again and turned back to the landscape. It was the same quiet picture, but I liked it better. I was familiar with the house and the hills. It was fun just looking at it.The scene was so peaceful, balanced, and complete that it was strangely satisfying. Cézanne went up in my estimation.

Another evening, after I had finished writing letters, I sat thinking over the day and absently drawing on some stationery. I was surprised to find I had made a copy of Cézanne's landscape. It was a terrible job—crude and completely out of drawing, but a tree and a couple of hills actually looked farther back in the distance than the house. I was proud as I now am when I make a field actually recede toward a horizon. I got out my Clive Bell, compared the two, and then made a better copy from the book. And at different times I made sketches of all the illustrations. They didn't resemble much of anything, but it was fun.

When buying presents that Christmas I came across Thomas Craven's *Men of Art*. I looked through it and found a self portrait of my old friend Cézanne. And, by the Lord, the portrait was built up entirely of separate planes of color—just as Clive Bell had said Cézanne painted. I could see it myself! I was so pleased that I read the Cézanne chapter then and there. Cézanne, over whose very name men fight, was the only artist I knew. No academicism had made him a monstrosity for me. Now it can't—I know more of form.

A period of copying, with pencil on hotel stationery, of the reproductions in *Men of Art* followed. Everything I did was wrong, but I always hoped the next one would be better. I read during the next few Sundays and found biographies of artists absorbing. They led to books on technic, design, color. I found reasons for liking what I was doing and learned why everything I drew was lousy. Learning to draw is a slow process but not a boring one.

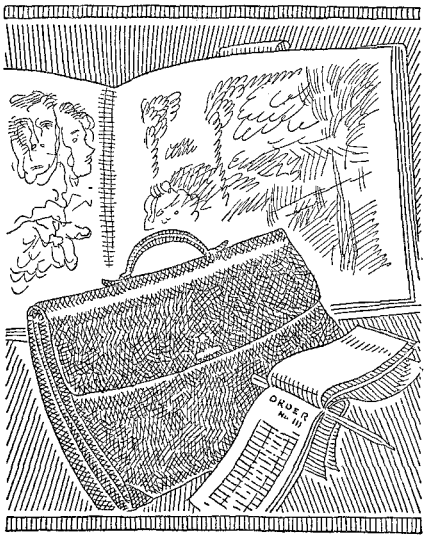
Later I shifted from copying other's pictures to drawing what I saw around me. It was great sport buying equipment, testing pastels, water colors, erasers. I took to carrying a pad with me and can never ignore the possibilities of a blank sketch book. The bundle of reproductions and the paint box which travel with me now are exciting —which is more than I can say about a sample kit of automobile parts.

I memorized Hogarth's explanation of drawing from memory and learned from him to store away what I see. Now none of the beauty I pass on the road need be wholly lost. Although it was a long time before I got any proportion or grace whatever in studies of humans, even my portraiture of pretty reception clerks is getting better. Best of all is to watch a composition take shape—to *cause* it.

I no longer have empty hours—I've dozens of waiting rooms in my sketch pads to prove that. And I have satirical drawings that would shock the men whose callous refusal to buy accessories inspired them. The only trouble is that I want to ride my hobby at a dead run. I guess I draw too much. It's difficult to sell a hardboiled purchasing agent while you're trying to catch the heavy line of his jaw without his knowing it.

Every city has museums to be studied and enjoyed. Each day has a landscape to be done in water color or at least a view of streets and sky from a hotel window. Lobbies hold no terrors for me now. I can revamp, draw them as I want them. I meet no critics and don't exhibit so I have no limitations. It's a personal matter.

As my work increases in craftsmanship I think my mind does in caliber. I use my knowledge of art in a hundred ways. Awareness of one art form leads to interest in others. No matter how pedestrian the plane on which you begin, such a ball, once started, never stops rolling. My love of the literature of art led to enjoyment of literature in general. I've barely tapped the surface. And here I am—of all things—dabbling at writing!



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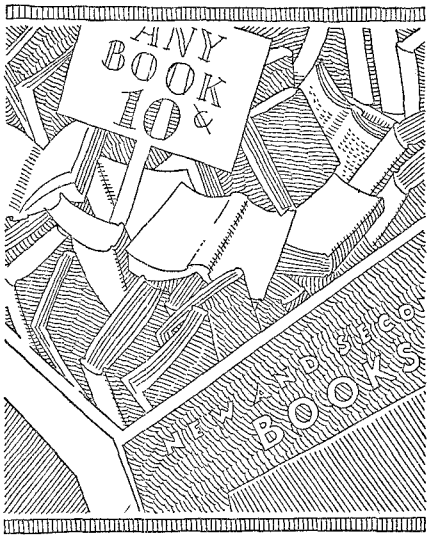


BOOKS UNSUNG

By Alan Devoe

With his wife Mr. Devoe lives in an ancient New York State farmhouse five miles from the nearest village. Here he has written articles on nature for The Atlantic Monthly, Vanity Fair, Esquire, *and other magazines.*

We have not as yet built bookshelves in the bathroom, but I have little doubt we shall come to it. Books are piled in the store-room, and we have books in little mounds on tables and under sofas. Having once upon a time been a professional book-appraiser myself, I am aware that if Doctor A. S. W. Rosenbach were to roam through my house and inspect the contents of my shelves he would be moved to derisive guffaws. I fancy that Sotheby's experts would be coldly disdainful of what I call my collection, and I suspect that the most poverty-stricken public library would hesitate for some time before accepting my volumes even as a gift. The great part of my library, in short, is no good. It is completely valueless . . . except to me. And to me, I think, it is my chief source of pleasure.

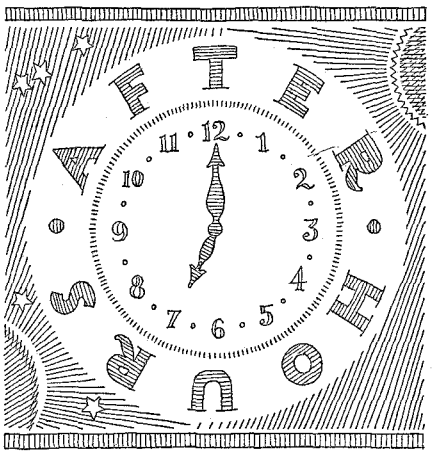
Pore over my books diligently and you will find few notable Rare First Editions. You will find that my Signed Copies In Original Wrappers are pathetically scarce. What you will find, instead, is an enormous mass of very singular stuff. There is, for example, that badly scuffed little calf-bound volume known as *A Memoir of Deacon Tukesbury*. There is Queen Victoria's *Journal Of Our Life In The Highlands,* and standing snugly beside it, a hideous gilt-backed "parlor" edition of Bishop Wilberforce's *Practical View Of The Prevailing Religious System Of Professed Christians.*

I, you see, am a book-collector—but a collector whose canons are not quite those of traditional bibliophily. I am heretical enough to amass solely volumes that *interest* me, and do so with a shameless disregard for their financial rating in "Book Prices Current." I have no animosity toward first editions. Frankly, I covet them. But I covet also all volumes, however cheap—and however the lofty bibliophile may sneer at them—that speak eloquently of the temper of their times, or that offer some odd and out-of-the-way sidelight not to be found in the history books, or that display the workings of some unfamous curious author's mind. Should I discover a first edition of Poe's *Tamerlane* in an attic I should undoubtedly be as tremulously jubilant as any other bookman, but I was jubilant, too, when last week in a second-hand store I found the first-and-only edition of *The Brief Remarker on the Ways of Man,* written and published by one Ezra Sampson in the year 1818. Mr. Sampson's work, as his title-page avers, is "intended, and calculated, more especially, for the use of those in the common ranks of American society," and it is glorious. His chapter "On Learning Children To Lie" is something to read and to reread with whoops of glee. I possess, quite probably, the only copy on earth of Ezra Sampson's *Brief Remarker,* and nothing could induce me to part with it. It is worth, in the rare book market, about a nickel.

There is no truth in the notion that book-collecting is only for the affluent. Collecting Shakespeare folios, to be sure, *is*—or collecting fourteenth-century illuminated manuscripts or the first editions of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Away with all that! Let a man build his library on a different plan—on the principle, that is, that the *savor* of a book is far more important than its current auction-record—and he can do it for a smaller sum of money than he spends for cigarettes. The original manuscript of *Alice In Wonderland* is a fascinating thing, but so, I think, is a certain little packet in *my* collection. It is a bundle of letters written during 1857 and 1858 by a completely unheard-of clergyman named Engstrom to another totally obscure fellow named Blythe, and it affords a more vivid picture of the times than one might obtain from fifty formal histories. It is—even to the Spencerian handwriting and the forms of salutation and conclusion—the very epitome of an era and a state of mind. I got the little bundle from a second-hand man who had found it in a bureau. It cost me a dollar.

For a good many years now I have been book-snooping and bookshop-prowling, burrowing in the crannies of attics and scrabbling among the moldy volumes in basements. The size of my library grows (as Mr. Ezra Sampson would have said) amain, and I am sure that my executors are going to curse me heartily. But I have managed, through the years, to spend only a microscopically small sum of money, and I have made a number of vastly entertaining acquaintances—acquaintances as various, for instance, as that Abner Kneeland who in 1838 wrote and published an account of his imprisonment for blasphemy, and that gentleman called Symes who in 1795 engaged in "an embassy to the kingdom of Ava, in the Birmese Empire." History does not always speak most revealingly through the lips of important persons or through the pages of the books that everybody knows.

There are garrets by the myriad still to be explored, and dingy little bookshops to be hunted through. There are still to be bought, for a few pennies, tattered old volumes in sheepskin and calf that are beneath the notice of any orthodox bibliophile but that are "full of odd conceits and curious lore and such-like fancies." I recommend them.



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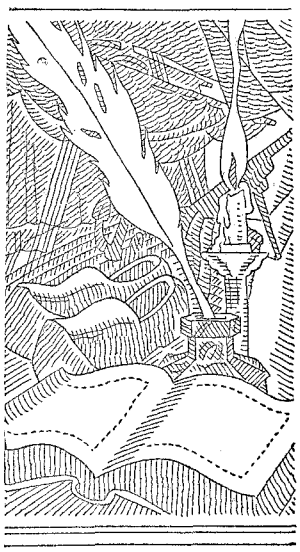
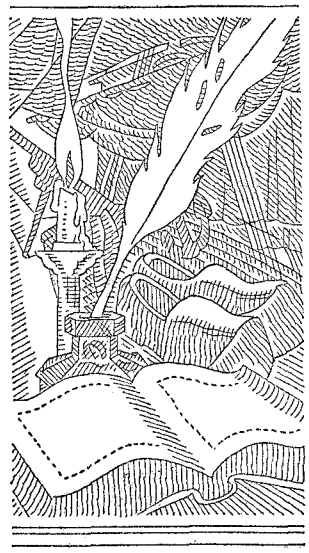


AS I LIKE IT

By William Lyon Phelps



Nine Creative Writers of England . . . The D. A. B., XVIII . . . Pearl Buck's New Story . . . Keats, Pirandello, Vachel Lindsay, John Jay . . . The Yale Literary Magazine Centennial

TWELVE years ago in the spring of the year 1924, there were living in England nine creative writers who were known in every part of the world, the oldest of whom was Thomas Hardy and the youngest John Galsworthy. These contemporaries in order of age were Thomas Hardy, George Moore, Bernard Shaw, Joseph Conrad, J. M. Barrie, Rudyard Kipling, H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, John Galsworthy; and now only three are left.

It is interesting to speculate on whether or not these Nine Worthies will have many daily readers in 2036; some of their works certainly seem to have in them the principle of life.

It is exactly fifty years since Rudyard Kipling published his first important volume; and whether he was or was not chagrined by the fact that his early works gave him so much more reputation than his later ones, there were three great advantages accruing to him, which I hope gave him some solid satisfaction as he looked back over his career.

First, to have those magnificent stories and poems stream from his mind in such floods of abundance in those early years, proves that it really was the inspiration of genius and not the result of a carefully nursed talent. Had he started as many men do with clumsy and immature work, which very gradually improved with maturity and toil, we could not be nearly so sure of his genius.

Second, he enjoyed such world-wide fame almost from the start, that in addition to the glow of immediate recognition, he lived long enough to see those creations put on classic robes.

Third, the fact that we are able to regard those early poems and stories through a vista of half a century is powerful evidence of their immortality.

Turning from Great Britain to America, Volume XVIII of the indispensable *Dictionary of American Biography* has just appeared, covering persons from Ira Steward to William P. Trowbridge. The two men who receive the largest space are Henry D. Thoreau and William H. Taft, thirteen columns each. Other famous writers are Harriet Beecher Stowe, Frank R. Stockton, Henry Timrod, Bayard Taylor, William Graham Sumner, Augustus Thomas; while others prominent in public life are Zachary Taylor, Roger B. Taney, Samuel J. Tilden, Charles Sumner. I think it probable "Billy" Sumner will outlive Charles, though the latter here receives much more space.

The two most famous athletes are John L. Sullivan and Walter J. Travis.

See how many of these names you immediately recognize; the number following is the number of columns assigned.

A. T. Stewart, William M. Stewart, Ezra Stiles, 6; James Stillman, William J. Stillman, Frank R. Stockton, 4; Charles W. Stoddard, John L. Stoddard, Richard Henry Stoddard, Carol Stoeckel, Anson Phelps Stokes, Rose H. P. Stokes, Amasa Stone, Lucy Stone, Melville E. Stone, Bellamy Storer, Moorfield Storey, James J. Storrow, Richard Salter Storrs, Joseph Story, 11; Julian Story, William Wetmore Story, 4; Harriet Beecher Stowe, 8; Isidor Straus, Nathan Straus, Oscar S. Straus, Augustus Street, Augustus H. Strong, Caleb Strong, Josiah Strong, William L. Strong, Gilbert Stuart, 8; James E. B. Stuart, 6; Moses Stuart, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Russell Sturgis, Petrus (Peter) Stuyvesant, 3; John L. Sullivan, 2; Losis H. Sullivan, 5; Thomas Sully, 5; Charles Sumner, 12; William G. Sumner, 6; Thomas Sumter, Henry Suzzallo, 6; Joseph R. Swan, Timothy Swan, Noah H. Swayne, Gustavus F. Swift, 3; Lewis Swift, David Swing, John Swinton, William Swinton, James J. Sylvester, John B. Tabb, Charles P. Taft, William H. Taft, 13; Thomas Taggart, Ethelbert Talbot, Eliza Talcott, T. DeWitt Talmage, Roger B. Taney, 10; Benjamin T. Tucker, Doctor Tanner, Arthur Tappen, Benjamin Tappan, Henry P. Tappan, Frank B. Tarbell, Increase N. Tarbox, Ralph S. Tarr, Joseph Tattnall, 3; Bayard Taylor, 4; Bert L. Taylor, George Taylor, Hannis Taylor, James M. Taylor, John Taylor, 4; Moses Taylor, Nathaniel W. Taylor, Robert L. Taylor, William L. Taylor, Zachary Taylor, 10; Sara Teasdale, Tecumseh, 5; Edward Telfair, Henry M. Teller, Gilbert Tennent, 5; Charles D. Tenney, Tabitha Tenney, Alfred H. Terry, David S. Terry, John Boyd Thacher, Thomas A. Thacher, William Thaw, Celia Thaxter, Roland Thaxter, Abbott H. Thayer, 5; Eli Thayer, Ezra R. Thayer, James B. Thayer, Joseph H. Thayer, William M. Thayer, William R. Thayer, Augustus Thomas, 2; C. F. T. (Theodore) Thomas, 4; Edith M. Thomas, George

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H. Thomas, 5; Isaiah Thomas, 4; Seth Thomas, Benjamin Thompson (Count Rumford), 6; Denman Thompson, J. Maurice Thompson (there are 40 Thompsons here), Henry D. Thoreau, 13; Ashley H. Thorndike, William Thornton, 5; Thomas B. Thorpe, Montgomery H. Throop, Allen G. Thurman, Lorrin A. Thurston, Robert H. Thurston, 6; Reuben G. Thwaites, Elisha Ticknor, George Ticknor, 6; William D. Ticknor, Charles L. Tiffany, Katrina Tiffany, Edward Tiffin, Samuel J. Tilden, 9; Thomas Tileston, Matthew Tilghman, Benjamin (Ben) Tillman, 4; Edward L. Tilton, Theodore Tilton, 3; John Timon, Henry Timrod, 4; Katherine Tingley, Edward B. Titchener, David Tod, Charles S. Todd, Mabel L. Todd, Herbert C. Tolman, Everett T. Tomlinson, Daniel A. Tompkins, 3; Daniel D. Tompkins, 3; Sally Tompkins, Joseph M. Toner, Robert A. Toombs, 5; Bradford Torrey, John Torrey, 4; Joseph G. Totten, James W. Toumey, Albion W. Tourgée, 3; Charlemagne Tower, George M. Towle, Ithiel Town, Charles A. Towne, Crawford H. Toy, George F. Train, Horace Traubel, Walter J. Travis, Robert Treat, Augustus Trowbridge, John T. Trowbridge.

Pearl Buck's new book, *The Exile,* is "a memoir in the form of a novel," to quote Mr. Santayana's description of his own work. It is, as one might expect, a powerful and beautifully written story. Her mother is the heroine; and after finishing the last page, one feels as if one had lived in that household and known this astonishing woman with prolonged intimacy. If it sometimes happens that daughters love their fathers and sons their mothers, it can't happen here. The mother is idolized and the father is represented so unsympathetically that it is difficult to avoid both hating and despising him, though he surely had the courage of his religious fundamentalism. He also had to a high degree the most unlovely of all human traits—consistency. Every one should read this narrative, not only for its splendor as a work of literary art, but because it is an essential part of the autobiography of our famous American novelist. It explains much in her personality and character and more in her opinions. While women are often the conservators of religious faith, they are also often in rebellion against their husbands' religion, when it takes the form of repression. The fact that for so many years women have been forced to submit to conventionalities must often have made them wildly rebellious internally. Many of those seemingly demure wives of our colonial Puritan clergymen—don't you think?

To me Fleet Street is the most exciting street in the world; I always spend much time, when I am in London, walking along that famous thoroughfare, and always with thrills. Thus I find especially interesting the autobiography of A. Beverley Baxter, called *Strange Street.* He is a Canadian who devotes only one page to his war experiences which were long and terrible —and for this relief much thanks. He spent many hectic years on *The Daily Express* in Fleet Street, and loved the newspaper life with fierce passion. He pays many fine compliments to the King of Fleet Street, Ralph D. Blumenfeld, of whom all Americans should be proud; he correctly describes him as "great gentleman." In the hurly-burly and delirium in which daily-paper men live, a daily intoxication to Mr. Baxter, did he ever wish he had followed his initial success with that marvellous Scot who accepted his novel? This is how Mr. Baxter describes his feelings when his novel was accepted; the letter from the publisher said "We hope that you are well and that you will send us the rest of the manuscript as soon as possible."

> They hoped that I was well? My mother thought I had gone mad and my sister threw her arms around my neck. Men have bragged to me about the exhilaration of a mountain-top or the thrill of a successful bye-election. Poets have pictured the ecstasy of love. They can have them all for that one delirious moment of acceptance.

Perhaps only those who remember the acceptance of their first manuscript can understand this. Tolstoi wrote "It made me happy to the limit of stupidity." Dickens said, "I walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half an hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride, that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there."

The Letters of John Keats, edited by Maurice Buxton Forman, is a new edition in one volume of 561 pages, with a full index and the calendar date and letter number at the top of every page. Observe this is not a reprint; letters are added that have never been printed before, and the Preface with biographical memoranda covers sixty-nine pages. The editor is quite right in saying that it is in the Letters that we shall find out what manner of man was John Keats. Certainly his letters, as well as his poems, show that his death was the greatest loss in the history of the world's literature.

Vachel Lindsay, A Poet in America, by Edgar Lee Masters, is an admirable biography of a man of genius. There have been greater poets in American literature than Lindsay, but none in the twentieth century has been so original. For if we had lost any of the others, their places could have been partially filled by poets of a somewhat similar manner. Lindsay was unique. Nobody ever wrote anything like *The Congo, The Santa Fé Trail, General William Booth,* and at least a dozen other poems. What is entirely new to me in this biography is the tragedy of the poet's last years. I had not even guessed it. I received many letters from him after he had gone to Spokane, and they were all in his happy, high-hearted vein. Three times I got him to lecture at Yale; he always seemed to enjoy it, and the students most certainly did. I had many talks with him. To discover that at the very last he was ill and unhappy, clouded with debt, warped by mental disease, and finally a suicide, gave me a terrible shock. I am glad Mr. Masters believes that Lindsay's poems will live forever, though I cannot go all the way with him when he says,

> Having listed these poems as Lindsay's best and second best I take the responsibility of saying that they constitute the most considerable body of imaginative lyricism that any American has produced.

Yet I am pleased that he said it; because Lindsay has been generally underrated.

I hope Mr. Masters will himself get out an edition of Lindsay's selected poems; for he was fearfully and wonderfully unequal. Yet I fear he will leave out what I think is the best poem Lindsay wrote, *General William Booth.* Please include it, Mr. Masters, and add

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a note, if you like, saying just how much you dislike it.

Mr. Masters is wholly right when he says that what Lindsay needed was a congenial and inspiring poet-friend, to be with him; if he had ever had as a companion what Wordsworth had in Coleridge!

The Drama of Luigi Pirandello, by Domenico Vittorini, of the University of Pennsylvania, ought to have a wide circulation, for it is certainly the best book on Pirandello ever written in English. The personality of this dramatist is as enigmatical as his plays; but every American will better understand both after reading this excellent work. It is good, too, to find a letter from Pirandello prefacing the volume, in which he ratifies the interpretation. This book discusses the life, character, aims, and methods of the great Italian, and then gives an interpretation of every play. Henry Bernstein told me there was no doubt that Pirandello was the foremost living dramatist on the continent; and Pirandello himself told me the only true reality was spiritual reality.

Another biography of distinction is *John Jay,* by Frank Monaghan. I have always admired the mind and character of our first Chief Justice; and it is well to remember that he associated always as an equal with men of genius. Hildreth says of Jay, "In lofty disinterestedness, in unyielding integrity, in superiority to the illusions of passion, no one of the great men of the Revolution approached so near to Washington." This is the view taken by our latest biographer, Mr. Monaghan. But in addition to giving the facts of Jay's public career, and an estimate of his services and of his character, we find here an immense amount of information about the details of his personal and family life, some parts of which are rather diverting. When on circuit, for in those days the Justices of the Supreme Court were forced to travel, Jay came to New Haven, Conn., and there he was not only entertained, but was told off-color stories.

The gentry of New Haven seemed to possess a vast fund of racy stories. Jay noted in his diary with that prudence which rarely deserted him:

"Learnt sundry anecdotes not proper to be written, but to be *remembered,*" and then added certain key-words that would enable him to produce these anecdotes at the next gathering in which he found himself.

Although this work is founded on scrupulous research, it is written in a sprightly and entertaining style—a thoroughly good book.

John Jay is a biography dealing with the times of a century ago and only with facts; but *President Randolph as I Knew Him,* by John Francis Goldsmith, is a biography that runs far in the future of Mr. Lewis's *It Can't Happen Here.* This Randolph is not only President of the United States in 1957, he becomes President of the World, that is, of the union of four great nations—the United States, Great Britain, France and Germany. Other countries will be admitted only after they show complete fitness to join the association. Really this is one of the most attractive books of futurity that I have ever read. It is written by an experienced Pennsylvania lawyer, and I can only hope that his picture will approximate the truth. For, while we do not know what is going to happen, it seems as if a union of countries in the near future were as necessary to civilization as the union of our states was in 1787. The machinery of this vast union is not left in doubt. Mr. Goldsmith has thought it all out in detail; and the details are actually the most interesting part of the book. The author is so taken with the world-scheme that he has not had time or possibly inclination to polish his literary style; but after all, it is the subject matter of the book and not the presentation which will attract readers.

Maurice Baring, one of the most graceful writers now living, has given us another of his charming novels in *Darby and Joan.* It is a story of character and not of incident; it is not only beautifully written, it is full of passages that force one to stop and think.

Boston and the Boston Legend, by Lucius Beebe, is continuously interesting while also providing instruction and information in every chapter. The style is marked by the irreverence of one who, although born in Boston, was a born journalist; but if some of the observations occasion a fluttering in the dovecotes, all should be forgiven to the author of so delightful a book. Few large cities in the world are more interesting both historically and contemporaneously; and Mr. Beebe loves Boston while constantly diverted by it. It really is different from other cities. I myself have noticed that the street-cars bear the legend Prepayment Car, which would have to be translated in some other places; on these cars the people are reading books, instead of newspapers and magazines; most astonishing of all, the conductors address the women as Madam instead of Lady. On the day of the Manila victory in 1898, I was having my shoes shined by a lad in Boston who was on the sunny side of seven; he remarked, "But suppose we do take the Philippines; aren't they more likely to be a liability than an asset?"

One of the most thrillingly bookish moments of my life came when Mrs. Marjorie Wiggin Prescott of Greenwich, Conn., was kind enough to show me her copy of a book by Jonathan Swift with his notes written on the margins thereof. A copy of his *Miscellanies* published in 1727 contains a poem called *Stella's Birthday 1724,* the last two lines of which are

> Oh, ne'er may Fortune shew her Spight
> To make me deaf, and mend my Sight.

In his own hand Swift underlined the word *deaf* and wrote in the margin

"now deaf 1740."

I made a number of mathematical errors in my comment in the January issue on F.P.A.'s brilliant *Diary of Our Own Samuel Pepys.* The author writes me

Westport, January 3.

Dear Mr. Will:

I never was one to look at a gift horse as though I was an orthodontist, but I began writing a daily column in 1903; and Always In Good Humor in 1904. I didn't begin the Diary until 1911.

I am glad that I commented on Wordsworth's French daughter in the December issue, for it brought me from Professor Carl J. Weber, of Colby College, his admirable booklet, *Thanks to the Censor,* which gives me for the first time a clear portrait of the character, personality, and "background" of the French mother of Wordsworth's child. It contains much interesting information, and is printed by the Colby Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa, Waterville, Maine.

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THE FANO CLUB

Two distinguished members are Miss Annie Jennings and Miss Alice Lounsberry, of New York. They had some difficulty in being allowed to see the picture, but they were not going away without seeing what they came for. They saw it. And just as I was writing this paragraph, I received a card from Fano, bringing in another welcome member—Joseph Pacifici, of Somerville, Mass.

THE FAERIE QUEENE CLUB

Miss Betty Jarden and Joseph Dana, both pupils of Professor John E. Flitcroft of Carroll College, Waukesha, Wis., read the entire work, the first three books in the new, magnificent Johns Hopkins edition, and the last three in the Oxford.

From Howard Mansfield of New York:

Your reference to Homer has prompted me to pass on to you a tale that was told to me some forty-five years ago, and of which, I believe, there is no record save in my memory.

The tale was told to me by William Churchill of the class of 1882 at Yale, who, in 1896, was United States Consul General at Samoa and Tonga, and is reported to have died in 1920.

While in College, Churchill was a foremost scholar in Greek. After graduation he developed an adventurous disposition which his studies may have fostered. Anyhow, the story is that some years later he acquired part interest in a sailing vessel which he loaded at San Francisco with goods destined for Australia. He accompanied the ship, which was wrecked on a reef off one of the smaller islands in the South Pacific. With his entire crew he was saved, although the vessel and its cargo were lost. The survivors were hospitably received by the natives and given a great feast at which the chief made, in his native tongue, of course, a speech of welcome, to which Churchill listened with due respect, wondering how he could make an appropriate response. At last, a happy thought came to him and he rose and recited the entire first book of the Iliad in the original, which aroused rapturous applause.

Another tale which Churchill told me is this: He eventually reached Australia, where he found employment as a "boundary rider," whose business it was to traverse, with helpers, the entire length of the fences around some great property, making replacements where necessary. One day, after the mid-day meal, he went off by himself to the shade of a tree on the border of a stream, where he settled himself to read from a copy of the classics—Horace, I think it was this time—which he always carried with him. He noticed how, in the noonday sunlight, the water flowed over the bed of the stream as if over burnished gold. On his return to California, after he had made enough money to take him home, he read in a San Francisco newspaper, a dispatch from Australia telling how two men had staggered into a Government Agency on the border of the wilderness leading two horses so heavily loaded that they could scarcely walk. When the men had registered claims based on gold discoveries, they took from their horses as much gold as the animals had been able to carry, and told their story, which was published in the dispatch. The description given of the find was so definite that Churchill had no difficulty in identifying the place of richest deposit as the stream beside which he had sat and read the classics.

Although edited by undergraduates, the centenary number of the *Yale Literary Magazine*, which has just appeared, must be regarded as one of the literary events of the year. William M. Evarts, who later became one of the most famous lawyers in American history and Secretary of State in the administration of President Hayes, founded this periodical when he was a Yale undergraduate in 1836. It has appeared regularly every month since that date; and now the present board of the class of 1936, Brendan Gill, chairman, have got out a Centennial number, of 250 pages, with contributions from former editors, Sinclair Lewis, Stephen V. Benét, Thornton Wilder, Leonard Bacon, Archibald MacLeish, Philip Barry, and many others, all written expressly for this issue. I think a great many, not connected with university journalism, will find this worth reading and worth owning.

PARSON WOODFORDE

Miss Mary Johnston of MacMurray College, Jacksonville, Ill., corrects a bad blunder I made in the February issue. I quoted from memory and got the Parson mixed up with his brother. I am grateful to Miss Johnston for correcting me.

You say that Parson Woodforde "did not turn a hair when the Squire called on him accompanied by his wife and mistress." When was this? I thought that I knew the Journal as published pretty well, but I did not even know that Squire Custance had a mistress. His brother, Mr. Press Custance, yes. She was Miss Sherman, and she sat in the Parson's pew in church until the Squire complained of that and of her manner in strutting past them "in a very impudent manner coming out of Church—and stared at Mrs. Custance." This on June 19, 1780, following the Sunday on which the Parson had entered the fact "Press Custance's woman at Church and in my Seat also."

Three years before, on May 15, 1777, ". . . Mr. Custance called on me this morning to go a fishing. We rode down the river. Mr. Custance's mistress Miss Sherman and one Sandall an oldish man a broken Gentleman and who keeps a mistress also tho he has a Wife living, went with us on horseback."

The good Parson added, "Mr. Custance behaved exceedingly civil to me. He sent me the finest trout and the pike this evening by his man Phillips."

BOOKS MENTIONED IN THIS ARTICLE WITH NAMES OF PUBLISHERS

Dictionary of American Biography, Vol. XVIII. Scribners.

The Exile, by Pearl Buck. Reynal & Hitchcock. $2.50.

Strange Street, by A. Beverley Baxter. Appleton-Century. $3.

The Letters of John Keats, ed. Maurice Buxton Forman. Oxford. $5.

Vachel Lindsay, A Poet in America, by Edgar Lee Masters. Scribners. $3.

The Drama of Luigi Pirandello, by Domenico Vittorini. Univ. of Penn. $3.

John Jay, by Frank Monaghan. Bobbs Merrill. $4.

President Randolph as I Knew Him, by John Francis Goldsmith. Dorrance. $2.

Darby and Joan, by Maurice Baring. Knopf. $2.

Boston and the Boston Legend, by Lucius Beebe. Appleton-Century. $5.

Centennial Number of the *Yale Literary Magazine*. Quinnipiac Press, New Haven. $1.

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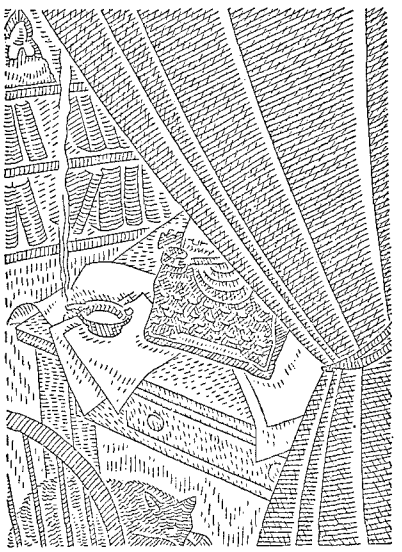
Behind the Scenes

About Scribner authors . . . What they say . . . David Cushman Coyle on the New Deal . . . Saroyan tells his plans . . . New York is a home town to J. C. Long . . . Patients and doctors . . . Diabetes not disabling



EVERY one, these days, is ready to offer an opinion on "The Impossible Next War" but **Roger Burlingame's** original opinion is that of a veteran of the A. E. F., a 1st Lieutenant in the 308th Machine Gun Battalion, who has written many articles on the bonus and other war subjects for nearly all the nationally known magazines. He has a novel *Three Bags Full* coming out in the fall.

Bertram B. Fowler, who writes "The Masses Go in for Big Business," has studied the cooperative movement first hand during several months' travel in the Middle West. His interest in the subject goes much farther back. He served for a time on the staff of *The Christian Science Monitor* and became interested in the world-wide development of consumer cooperation. A little over a year ago he became convinced that consumer cooperation was beginning to play a real part in our national economy and resigned from *The Monitor* to free-lance, specializing in the cooperative movement. Since then he has written extensively for the various magazines and newspaper syndicates. He has done considerable speaking on his chosen subject before community, social, and educational groups.

The author of "Noonday Demon," **Cuthbert Wright,** wrote his first and only novel as a Sixth Former at school. "It was," he writes, "strange to say, neither published nor preserved." His first professional contribution was an article in *The Boston Transcript* on the *Sons and Lovers* of D. H. Lawrence. His first book (of verse) was printed by Brentano when he was still an undergraduate "and," he adds, "it looks it." He is a veteran and prolific book reviewer and has written numberless articles and short stories. By race part English and part Irish, by religion Episcopalian, in politics he professes to have no particular views "save a vague distaste for democracies."

"One of those stubborn fanatics who believe that poetry will still find its uses even in an age whose preoccupations are as exclusively economic as our own" is the way in which **Arthur Davison Ficke** characterizes himself. Although he is not a champion of free verse and unorthodox punctuation in general, he does think that they may be useful for certain special purposes and in "Hospital" he attempts to express in the broken rhythms of free verse and arbitrary punctuation some of the emotions of a patient who finds himself amid the bewildering scenes and events of a great modern hospital. He has written many books of verse of which *Sonnets of a Portrait Painter* is perhaps best known. A new book, *The Secret, and Other Poems,* will appear in the fall. He is a native Iowan, born in Davenport.

James Truslow Adams, chronicler and interpreter of American history, adds another book to his long list on the subject with *Thomas Jefferson: In His Day and Now* to be published in the spring. The book, like his series on the Constitution, is more than historical, for it shows Jefferson's career, like the Constitution, as a force that has shaped our whole history and is vitally alive today.

Katharine Newlin Burt is one of the few women in the world who being the wife of a distinguished writer does not have to base her claim to fame on being just that. Her talent has many sides. She has written "western" novels in a background that she knows from having lived long in Wyoming, but the real importance of her work appears in such serious writing as *The Monkey's Tail* (which most people know she wrote though it appeared under the name of Rebecca Scarlett),

OUR AUTHORS SAY:

"The United States will have to find means to cause small locally owned industries to prosper in the rural areas."
David Cushman Coyle. P. 220

"And of those future struggles, the present fracas in Ethiopia is but the signal gun."
Lothrop Stoddard. P. 234

"The Farmers' Union of North Dakota set up their cooperative oil wholesale in St. Paul in 1928. . . . In rural North Dakota it is the leading distributor of oil and gasoline. . . . It is the story of distribution for service versus distribution for profit."
Bertram B. Fowler. P. 195

"Say firmly, 'I will not permit you to do thus and so. Mother knows best.' Long before the shout of laughter has died away it will be evident that times have changed."
Helen Hanford. P. 242

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Quest, and *Cock's Feather* and in such short stories as "Dark Night," "Herself" and others which have appeared from time to time.

Al Smith and his Liberty Leaguers announce their views of it over the radios and newspapers of the land, H. L. Mencken opens both barrels in a magazine, but **David Cushman Coyle** gives his "Map of the New Deal" as one who has seen it both from the inside at Washington and as an observer in lecture halls and as participator "in innumerable discussions, from Mt. Desert to San Diego, with New Dealers and Old Dealers, fishermen and cowboys, brain trusters and Congressmen, conservatives and communists, professors and bankers, stodgy experts and wild-eyed cranks. They all had something to say and were engaged in debunking one another." This is what he says in the introduction to *Brass Tacks,* that small booklet on national affairs published by the National Home Library in Washington, which is now selling 4500 copies weekly.

With storm clouds gathering thick and fast over the forthcoming Republican Convention in June, **Nicholas Murray Butler's** picture of the chance circumstances which during the last fifty-six years have swung previous conventions into unexpected channels becomes particularly portentous. In this last article of the series on the Conventions, he makes a ringing challenge to all who are interested in the fate of the Republican Party.

"Saroyan is the most sharply edged personality who has appeared in American writing since the early Hemingway," said Lewis Gannett in a review of his new book of short stories *Inhale and Exhale* which came out early in February. His earlier book *The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze* was published two years ago, and since then his short stories have appeared in magazines from time to time. He says that his new book is dedicated to the English tongue, the American earth, and the Armenian spirit. His third book is written and ready for publication. He has no new plans, "just the steady ones: to write and to make it interesting and to remember all the time the men who long ago wrote greatly. The greatest. And to compete with them. To ignore critics except when impossible and then to send them greetings . . . to turn down all offers to write for the movies, or Hearst. To remember the days of poverty, including today. To be interested. Courteous to the rich."

Among those called before the House Committee on Foreign Affairs to give expert opinion on the Administration's Neutrality Bill, and the world situation generally, was **Lothrop Stoddard.** He was before them for two hours and the record of the testimony, including questions by members of the Committee, runs over thirty printed pages. The author of "Africa, the Coming Continent" is also an authority on affairs in the east and his *Clashing Tides of Color* came out last spring as a successor to his *Rising Tide of Color* published fifteen years ago.

Ray Giles has for many years been advertising adviser to prominent manufacturers. He has been known in the pages of SCRIBNER'S for his hobbies in the "After Hours" department, and his hobbies are indeed legion. He has collected many things, has won awards in photographic contests, and has exhibited water colors in two art exhibitions in New York. In addition to writing several books on business, he has in the last three years had three books of general interest, among them *Your Money and Your Life Insurance* now in its third edition. He has served as director in the New York Council of the American Association of Advertising Agencies, and as director in the Sales Executives Club of New York.

The Mother Who Is Always Wrong is **Helen Hanford,** Mrs. James Holly Hanford, mother of four daughters. They encourage her in her writing, but she says she has learned that nature gives with one hand and takes away with the other, for while it has been through marriage and children that she has found material for writing, the time for doing so has necessarily been extremely limited. She has published about thirty short stories and articles in nationally known magazines and at the same time has managed to live the normal life of the wife of a professor who teaches at Western Reserve University in Cleveland. Her diversions are walking and English country dances.

There are degrees and degrees. **Janet Rankin Aiken** says she is a 1929 Ph.D. from Columbia, and a Mrs., mother of three children. Her books include *English Present and Past, A New Plan of English Grammar. Your English Grammar,* now in process of being written, will appear in the spring. She teaches at Columbia and Brooklyn College. Her favorite enjoyments are teaching, writing, children, religion, reading, walking, friends, morals, and humor and she says her life is very full of all of them.

IN answer to "New York Is Not a Home Town" John C. Long, author of *Bryan the Great Commoner* and many biographies and essays, protests by telegram, from Bethlehem, Pa.:

AS FOURTH GENERATION NEWYORKER HEREBY PROTEST ALLEGATIONS JANUARY ISSUE NEWYORK NOT A HOME TOWN STOP GRANTED AM KULAK LIQUIDATED INTO A SIBERIA TO WHICH AM DEVOTED BUT WHEN I DIE THEY WILL FIND CANARSIE WRITTEN ON HEART.

No small part of our correspondence this month has been from either doctors or patients interested in Edna Yost's article "A Patient Wants to Know" and Nancy Hale's story "Love Is Not Love."

ANOTHER PATIENT HEARD FROM

Sir: I was much interested in Miss Yost's article, "A Patient Wants to Know." I have felt the same way for some time, and am glad to see somebody putting it into print where the doctors can read it (if they will).

Doctors don't only evade. Sometimes they tell outright lies to their patients. Many times the patient is not fooled at all, and worries much more than if the doctor had been frank in the first place. Of course some people are hysterical when they find they are in danger, but I believe that most normal people are bothered much more by some sensed but undefined danger. A doctor should cultivate the art of reading character until he can tell the difference between these types.

I think the only hope for us patients is to organize, as strongly as the doctors have, and then pay them to keep us well, not to cure us after we are already ill. The incentive for the doctor would then be to find the root of the trouble as quickly as possible, and not waste the patient's time or his own.

When patients are organized, perhaps doctors will give us credit for having some sense.

(*Continued in Advertising Section*)

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Take your baby regularly to the doctor for health check-ups. Consult him about immunization against some of the diseases of childhood.

The Healthy Child

EVERY prospective mother is a builder. She has the most important job in the world—the building of a human being—a son or a daughter. Foods are her building materials—both the food she eats before her baby is born and the food she gives him during babyhood.

The building process must begin even before the baby is born. Under her doctor's care and observation, the prospective mother will be advised what she should eat, the amount and kind of exercise she should take and how much time she should spend out-of-doors in fresh air and sunshine.

Perhaps the mother should be on a special diet or restricted exercise — because of underweight or overweight or some difficulty with her blood pressure, kidneys or heart. It is important to know and observe these conditions long before the baby arrives.

After the baby is born, he should when possible have the food that is best for him —his own mother's milk. But if conditions prevent, the doctor will order the best substitute. Into baby's diet must go all the elements needed to build sound teeth, sturdy bones, strong muscles. His food must contain the vitamins needed to help him grow into vigorous childhood and to build up resistance to help him fight off disease.

The Metropolitan will send you a 32-page book "The Baby" which was prepared by experts. It tells not only about his feeding, but gives helpful advice regarding his clothing, bathing, sleep and play. All this information supplements the advice you will receive from the doctor who periodically examines your baby.

This useful book "The Baby" will be mailed free upon request. Address Booklet Department 436-S.

Keep Healthy—Be Examined Regularly

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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BEHIND THE SCENES

(Continued from page 256)

Perhaps after all they are right at present, for who could respect people who are so helpless, and do nothing about it?

MRS. J. M. NUDING.

Palo Alto, Cal.

VICIOUS AND UNWARRANTED

Sir: Recently I read an article written by Edna Yost entitled, "A Patient Wants to Know," appearing in the January 1936 issue of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

This article is a vicious and unwarranted denunciation of the entire medical profession and I am amazed that the Editorial Board of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE accepted it for publication. The only cause I can ascribe to its action is that the members of the Board sympathized with her in a personal grievance and permitted her to air her absurd and bitter tirade to its readers.

In my opinion her article will be resented by the majority of your subscribers as an insult to their intelligence. A magazine publishing an article making such sweeping criticism of any profession does not deserve and should not hope for patronage.

L. A. ENSMINGER (M.D.).

Indianapolis, Ind.

A DOCTOR'S VIEW

Sir: I am taking the liberty of giving my views regarding Miss Edna Yost's apparently just complaint, in her excellent essay, "The Patient Wants to Know."

Miss Yost has given her own personal experience. I have no fault to find with that. There is much truth in all she has written. It is however important that her readers should realize that it is simply one individual's experience with a few doctors. It is true that she is familiar with other patients who have had the same experiences. There is nevertheless, a vast difference between a patient consulting a few doctors, and a doctor seeing a very large number of patients.

Miss Yost has taken as her topic, one of the most important branches of the practice of medicine, "The Art of Medicine." She has handled it in a very expert manner, but she has not written broadly enough concerning the various difficult phases that are encountered. Unfortunately doctors are human beings, each one having a different degree of intelligence, a different degree of personality and a different degree of skill. Each one during his years of experience develops a certain method in the art of medicine. This method depends upon his experience, his sense of the Art of Medicine, and his skill. After years of handling of his patients he develops a technique which he believes to be suitable for his clientele. Should during that time a patient present himself, who has a great deal more character, intelligence, and wealth, than the patients to whom he has been accustomed, it is probable that the doctor would fail dismally, in that particular case. It would go down in his record book as an unsatisfactory case.

When an individual wishes to write about what a prisoner experiences in his cell, he does not gain that knowledge by talking to one or two, or even three wardens. He gains it by spending six months or more in jail, as a prisoner. If Miss Yost is really interested in "the Art of Medicine," I would suggest that she visit as a patient, at least two or three hundred physicians, she will then undoubtedly obtain a much better picture of the real state of affairs.

WILLIAM LAPAT (M.D.).

Houston, Texas.

Doctor Walter A. Coole of Houston, Texas, writes in part:

PSYCHONEUROTIC CHAFF

Sir: As a doctor wholeheartedly and a free-lance writer experimentally, I enjoyed a sympathetic chuckle over "A Patient Wants to Know" by Miss Edna Yost. I have found that free-lance writers are walking encyclopedias and it is only natural that Miss Yost "wants to know."

I can also sympathize with her doctors. Full fifty per cent of the doctors' patients have some form of psychoneurosis. They come to his office with monotonous regularity. The editor who grimly wades through the stack of manuscripts on his desk, most of which he can recite before opening, has nothing on the doctor who must sit in constant review of the time honored symptoms of psychoneurosis. It is most difficult to keep constantly atuned to the significant grain of wheat in so much psychoneurotic chaff.

Doctor Smith Ely Jellife of New York City:

FALSE ILLNESSES

Sir: I have practised medicine now some 50 years, starting in dispensary work while a student and also as a "detail man" in my medical student vacations when I visited hundreds of doctors. For nearly 40 years six days a week I have spent nearly every afternoon in a hospital or dispensary *giving* my services to the sick. For over 40 years I have read our medical literature critically, as I have been an editor, associate editor, assistant editor, and even publisher of medical literature. I have visited Medical Association meetings and met and know thousands of doctors in nearly all the states of the Union and in many of the European countries. Therefore may I hope that my experience makes me competent to judge somewhat of the story as told by Edna Yost in the SCRIBNER'S for January, 1936.

First let me say I am prepared to believe every word of her story; but what I do wish to state emphatically is that for every one individual who has been put through such an experience, there are at least fifty whose story would be just the opposite.

In my dispensary work, and I have worked in nose and throat, eye and ear, skin, heart, lung, nervous and mental clinics, I have seen hosts of illnesses of all kinds and have convinced myself of the value if not the exact truth of a statement made by Dejerine of Paris, one of the world's outstanding pre war organic neurologists and psychotherapists, that at least 80 per cent of the ills of mankind are what he called "false illnesses"—"fausse gastropathies," "fausse cardiopathies," etc. Not meaning they did not exist but that an organ of the body is made to carry the emotional disturbance of the patient. This was his simple formula, as was that of Dubois, an able colleague, who put additional emphasis on the false knowledge of mankind and sought to aid the psychically ill by the development of their intelligence.

I am persuaded that the medicine of the future will show that every illness always contains a certain proportion of psychogenic influences and that the antithesis body or mind, physical or mental is false.

Edna Yost should at least be thankful that the "psychical" treatments did not deprive her of any of her organs.

Of Nancy Hale's story, Doctor Paul T. McAlpine of the Mather Memorial Hospital in Port Jefferson, Long Island, says:

MISINFORMATION

Sir: I have just finished reading "Love Is Not Love" by Nancy Hale in the February issue, and I am irked no little by the apparent misinformation on which the author bases her story. Let her heroine be reduced to a life of invalidism—but not by diabetes! I have yet to hear of a patient of the insulin era, with uncomplicated diabetes, who was forced to lead the sort of life upon which our heroine was embarking. Instead, I should like to propose pernicious anemia, with neurological changes, as a suitable basis for Elisa's proposed life of misery.

Doctor Elaine P. Ralli of New York comments:

DIABETIC PATIENT

Sir: In the February number of SCRIBNER'S you published a story entitled "Love Is Not Love," by Nancy Hale, which was concerned with the difficulties encountered by a man who was married to a woman who had diabetes mellitus.

I have no quarrel with writers who wish to write on medical subjects, but I resent having the facts distorted in order to arrive at a dramatic effect. Any physician with any knowledge of diabetes and its treatment could have informed you that the facts as presented in this story were not true. To begin with: exercise is very important in the treatment of diabetes and greatly improves the tolerance of the patient for carbohydrate; secondly, the administration of insulin has made it possible for the diabetic individual to live an absolutely normal life and to eat a normal diet; thirdly, there are thousands of diabetic patients in this country today whose only handicap is the attitude of the laity and the press towards their disease. They know that they can live a perfectly happy existence and when you publish a story which so distorts the truth, you contribute towards the ignorance that exists and that the medical profession and the diabetic patient are trying to overcome.

Doctor Carl H. Fortune of the Lexington Clinic, Lexington, Ky., is concerned:

FOLLOW DIET—TAKE INSULIN

Sir: Seldom does any work of fiction annoy me and until now none has ever provoked me to write in protest. The story "Love Is Not Love" by Nancy Hale in February SCRIBNER'S has done just that. I am not one of those who feel that fiction should possess the accuracy of fact required of a scientific article. That Elisa takes her insulin at bedtime instead of before meals amuses rather than irritates me. Minor medical inaccuracies are unimportant; misrepresentation of the entire psychology of the afflicted is unforgivable.

When the researches of Banting gave to the world insulin, the most significant contribution was not the saving of lives—as great as that was. Thousands of diabetics who pre-

(Continued on page 24)

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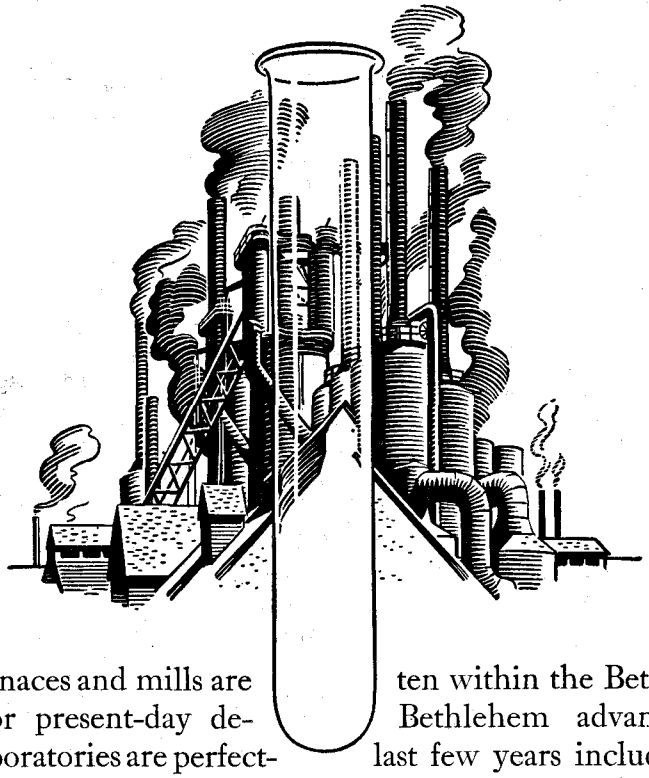
Research in Steel



While Bethlehem furnaces and mills are turning out steels for present-day demands, Bethlehem laboratories are perfecting new steels for tomorrow's requirements.

A staff of research men trained in pure and applied science, never satisfied with the accomplishments of the present, continuously seek answers to the questions *How can we do this better? How can we make this a better product?*

Every important application of steel, every phase of its manufacture, rolling, shaping and treating, is explored. One man may be studying electrolytic cleaning and coating. Another will be assigned to heat-treatment of rails, steels subject to impact at sub-zero temperatures, or gas absorption and diffusion in metals.

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James Watt's teakettle, germ of the age of power, typifies the way in which mankind's steady advancement in material well-being has been along a road paved by the insatiable curiosity and glowing energy of practical dreamers.

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Phonograph Records

By Richard Gilbert

● Toscanini approves seven record sides for the Victor. . . . Re-recording of *The Fire Bird* by Stokowski reaches new heights of realism. . . . Stravinsky's violin and piano arrangements of ballet fragments. . . . Original ballet music of Pierne recorded especially for phonograph.

WORD that Toscanini has at last elected to record a number of masterpieces before concluding his leadership of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra this month will give music lovers everywhere great reason to rejoice. Particularly indebted will be those of us who are already lamenting the irreparable loss we must suffer at the termination of his permanent association with an American orchestra. At sixty-nine Toscanini continues to pervade all the music he touches—Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, Wagner, Debussy, and lesser lights—with challenging virility, unrivalled penetration, and complete realization of everything the composer wished and intended. What a pity it would have been to have foregone the electrical magic without which Toscanini's evanescent art cannot endure.

For the past seven years Victor made prodigious and untiring efforts to record Toscanini interpretations. The conductor remained adamant. Meanwhile the science of recording leaped forward; complex sonorities and dynamic intensities, recalcitrant in the past, now emerged from the disc with amazing verisimilitude. Still Toscanini resisted. "Don't talk to me of discs," he thundered. "They are a martyrdom. One works oneself to death over them, until one thinks that everything has gone well; then they send along the proofs, and one is inclined to tear one's hair." That Toscanini's graying locks remained undisturbed was apparent the other week when he approved seven out of ten record slides made in Carnegie Hall. We are assured at least of Wagner's serenade to Cosima, the *Siegfried Idyll,* and *Siegfried's Journey to the Rhine* from *Götterdämmerung.* Should Toscanini have no more time or patience with recording sessions there is in the above something indeed for which to be eminently thankful.

One of the first records I ever possessed was of an abridged *The Fire Bird,* played by Leopold Stokowski and as many members of the Philadelphia Orchestra as could get within earshot of the restricted recording horn of a decade ago. Yet the box-like affair that I had at that time to play records on, with intermittent windings and windings, gave considerable pleasure, and established a love of Stravinsky's music which still endures. Today, as I listen to the Philadelphia Orchestra's third recording of *The Fire Bird* (an early electrical one was made in 1928), it seems altogether fantastic and absurd that I had ever enjoyed the emaciated sounds my little portable emitted almost a dozen years ago. Adjectives describing present-day reproduction of orchestral tone and volume have been pretty much exhausted in this column. After having heard Stravinsky's concert suite from a specially built, multiple speaker, wide range reproducer, I find it impossible to suggest effectively the musical eloquence of this new reproduction. From the mysterious introduction of bass strings, through the dazzling instrumental palette used to depict the resplendent Fire Bird and the dance of the Princesses, the whirring harmonics of glowing violins, the ominous crashing chord of full orchestra as King Kastchei's frenzied dance begins with the metallic clang of the tubular bell, the many devices of woodwind and brass, to the muted and dreamy loveliness of the *berceuse*—all this kaleidoscopic tone is projected with a vividness undreamt of a few years back. I can only hope that you will make a point of hearing the set (Victor No. M291) from a late model instrument—it seems hardly possible that lateral-cut (as distinguished from the "hill and dale" laboratory variety) recording can hope to capture greater detail or wider dynamic range.

The current American tour of the Russian ballet and the recent publication of several books devoted to the dance, and biographies of Nijinsky and Diaghilev have acquainted practically every one with the stories of and the circumstances surrounding Stravinsky's early music, of which *The Fire Bird* is his first important work—commissioned by Diaghilev and completed in 1910. Stokowski's interpretation could hardly be bettered; it is rich in contrast, pulsating in rhythm. The odd side of the set is occupied by Stokowski's free transcription of Dmitri Szostakowicz's piano *Prelude in A-flat,* a dirge-like piece of no great importance either as an example of this contemporary Soviet composer's art or as a piece of orchestral brilliance.

Stravinsky and the violinist Dushkin, who have returned to America for another concert tour, recently arranged the *scherzo* and *berceuse* from *The Fire Bird* for violin and piano, the results of which collaboration you can hear played by them on Columbia disc No. 17049D. Like line drawings of brilliantly colored decorations, the arrangements are wholly unsatisfactory; but as examples of Stravinsky's exploitation of the fiddle's resources, original and absorbing. There is also another disc by Stravinsky and Dushkin of the *Air du Rossignol* and *Marche Chinois* transcribed from excerpts of the same titles from the former musician's opera after a tale by Hans Christian Andersen, *Le Rossignol* (Columbia No. 68334D).

Practically all the familiar ballet music has been recorded. Hence, dancers and balletomanes have the orchestral music of *Swan Lake, Les Sylphides, Pétrouchka, Pas d'Acier, Les Songes, The Three-Cornered Hat,* and other stage works, at their finger tips. It remained, however, for septogenarian Gabriel Pierné to compose a ballet, *Giration,* especially for recording so

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that dancers who could not avail themselves of an orchestra might have effective tonal assistance. *Giration* is written for eleven solo instruments and records extremely well. Dancers with phonographs may invent their own choreography; the airiness and piquancy of the music, conducted by the composer, offers inspiration far beyond that of the routine bar exercise accompaniment (Columbia No. 68432D).

Mendelssohn, whose music was once more popular than at present, and whose place as a favorite composer of impeccable and dispassionate music is pretty much occupied today by Maurice Ravel, appears on phonograph lists after a long absence. Koussevitzky and his Boston Symphony Orchestra offer the "Italian" *Symphony No. 4 in A, op. 90,* a new recording of which has not been particularly sought after by collectors. At any rate, with this flawless recording, the last word has been said (Victor set No. M294).

Debussy's subtle and aromatic description of Spain, the three brilliantly scored movements of *Iberia,* the second of a series of three *Images* for orchestra, has been re-recorded by the Paris Conservatory Orchestra conducted by Piero Coppola (Victor set No. M77). Somewhat of an improvement over Coppola's previous electrical version, this set does not represent the definitive *Iberia.*

Other recommendations: A most impressive but lugubrious *Funeral March for the Last Scene of Hamlet* of Hector Berlioz, played by Sir Hamilton Harty and the London Philharmonic Orchestra with organ reenforcement (Columbia No. 68429D). . . . Violin concerto collectors will probably find the playing of Vieuxtemps's *Concerto No. 4 in D minor* by Jascha Heifetz sensational (Victor set No. M297). . . . Kirsten Flagstad's singing of *Elisabeth's Prayer* from Wagner's *Tannhäuser* is notably eloquent, but Hans Lange's accompaniment leaves something to be desired (Victor No. 8920). . . . The flow of string quartet recordings from the Columbia studios continues this month with a warm and vibrant reading of Haydn's famous work in C major, *op. 76, No. 3* ("The Emperor"), played by the Lener String Quartet (Columbia set No. 246). Side eight contains the *andante* movement from Haydn's *Quartet in D minor, op. 76, No. 2.*

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If I Should Ever Travel

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

● The *Queen Mary* leaves the Clyde for Southampton. . . . Tours of Europe now and later. . . . England. . . . Ireland in songs and poetry. . . . New England for the summer. . . . The South. . . . Hawaii.

All travel-talk for the summer of 1936 inevitably starts with the *Queen Mary*. On the 24th of March she left the Clyde for Southampton and on May 27 she sails from there on her maiden voyage to New York. But even before she left the Clyde she had caused a revolution in ships' classifications everywhere. No longer will you go first class, second class, tourist, or third. Now the big boats on the Atlantic are cabin class, tourist class, and third class, and thus third class assumes a new importance in the travel picture. Compared to tourist class when I went over on it first in 1924, third class on ocean liners these days, and particularly on the big new boats, is absolutely palatial. Third class cabins for two, often have twin beds instead of bunks. And a round trip, say on the *Queen Mary*, third class in the summer season is $167.50, New York to Southampton. Tourist class is $270 and cabin class $525. (All round trip from New York to Southampton.)

It would be possible, as well as good fun, to write an entire article about this important new boat—how each of her lifeboats carries more passengers than did the original Cunard liner *Britannia;* how each anchor weighs as much as twelve popular-priced cars; how the *Britannia* would fit into the main dining saloon of the *Queen Mary;* how the play-space decks would approximate the ground area within the Yale bowl; how forty miles of freight cars could just carry her weight—but even so you would have no conception of the size, dignity, and majesty of the great new liner. You will have to wait with the rest of us, till the day early in June when she makes her triumphal entry into New York harbor.

And June is not as far off as you think. Bookings for summer tours are already getting crowded and it's high time to be making up your mind as to what particular brand of travel adventure the summer holds for you this year. Or better still, if you should suddenly find a chance to go right away, a thirty-eight day tour starts April 20 from New York, goes to Quebec, sails from there for England, Holland, Belgium, France, and home again, landing at Quebec May 27, all for $345. Springtime in Europe! And at a price.

For a first trip to Europe, in the regular season, there is one fine tour sailing July 2, going to France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, England and back to New York August 18. This tour costs $670 with third class transatlantic passage, $746.25 with tourist class transatlantic passage. If you want to make the tour longer, and to see Ireland, Wales, and England too, starting from New York June 13, you can do that, join the main tour in Paris and pay $925 third class, $997.50 tourist. And who doesn't want to see Ireland, Wales, and England!

In London just now, and probably going well on into the summer, is James Barrie's new full-length play *David and Goliath*—his first long play in many years, starring Elisabeth Bergner. At Aldershot the Military Searchlight Tattoo will be held in the Rushmoor Arena June 11–12 and June 16–20. There's the tennis at Wimbledon June 22–July 4, the Royal Regatta at Henley-on-Thames July 1–4 and the summer Canterbury Festival June 20–27—if you need any extra persuasion to take you to England.

Ireland

As for Ireland, I've still to meet any one who somewhere in his make-up

EVENTS IN EUROPE, 1936

EVENTS	PLACE	DATE
Passion Play in Austria	Thiersee, Austria	May to September
Vienna Music Festivals	Vienna, Austria	Every Sunday
Great Soviet Dance Festival	Leningrad and Moscow, U. S. S. R.	June 7–21 June 10–20
Frankfort Open Air Music Festivals	Frankfort-on-Main, Germany	June to August
Lawn Tennis Championships	Wimbledon, England	June 22–July 4
Swiss Flower Festival	Geneva, Switzerland	June 27–28
Munich Music Festivals	Munich, Germany	July and August
Henley Royal Regatta	Henley, on Thames, England	July 1–4
World Sunday School Convention	Oslo, Norway	July 6–12
Federal Gymnastic Festival	Winterthur, Switzerland	July 17–20
Bruckner Music Festival	Linz, Austria	July 18–25
Bayreuth Festivals	Bayreuth, Germany	July 19–30 Aug. 18–31
Petrus de Dacia, Visby Ruin Play	Island of Gotland, Sweden	July 22–25 Aug. 13–15
Zoppot Open Air Operas	Zoppot, Germany	July 23—Aug. 1
Salzburg Festivals	Salzburg, Austria	July 26—Aug. 31
Reich Festival Plays	Heidelberg, Germany	July and August
XIth Olympic Games	Berlin, Germany	Aug. 1–16
Royal Dublin Society's Horse Show	Dublin, Ireland	Aug. 4–8
Cowes Royal Regatta	Cowes, Isle of Wight, England	Aug. 1
Baden-Baden Races	Baden-Baden, Germany	In August
Leipzig Fall Fair	Leipzig, Germany	Aug. 30—Sept. 5
Moscow Theatre Festivals	Moscow, U. S. S. R.	Sept. 1–30

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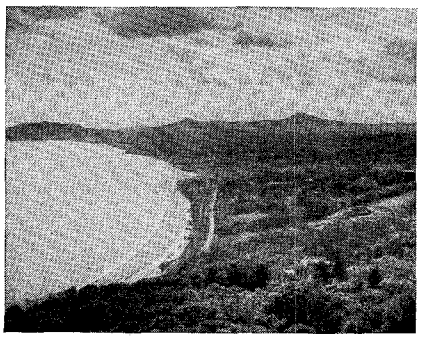
hasn't cherished a secret hankering to go there. There's something about the place, about the mere thought of it, that starts you smiling without really knowing why. I haven't pondered much about it, so I've no reason to suggest why this should be so. I read a list of places to which it is possible to buy excursion tickets on one of their railroads during the summer season—just an ordinary list of places posted in an ordinary time-table—yet they filled me with glee. The first ten were Achill, Arklow, Avoca, Ballybunion, Bray, Bundoran, Cappoquin, Caragh Lake, Cashel, Castleconnell. The last five were Sligo, Tramore, Wicklow, Woodenbridge, and Youghal. And ten taken from the middle were Inniscrone, Kenmare, Killaloe, Killarney, Kilkee, Lahinch, Lisdoonvarna, Mallaranny, Miltown Malbay, Rathdrum.

Kenmare, Killaloe, Killarney! . . . There's something so incontrovertibly Irish about them all—and why it should be that something that fits, something so completely *right* and familiar at the same time makes one want to laugh for joy I don't know, but it seems to be so. Compare those homely, friendly, little-village names with names in Africa, for instance. The names on the "dark continent" have a certain unreality, and some a certain grandeur, but you'd never want to laugh about them. They speak of places that are distant and unapproachable. I can't imagine, as an example, entering the Valley of Diamonds on anything smaller than an elephant, swaying along, followed by a long train of unclothed native hunters, single file, and very solemn. Nothing to chuckle over, there. That's perhaps because I've not the remotest idea what the Valley of Diamonds is or looks like. And the same holds true of South America, Asia, and other far and unfamiliar places.

But Kenmare, Killaloe, Killarney! We've been there in the songs that our mothers and our nurses used to sing us. We've been to Sligo in Yeats's happy

(*Continued on page 20*)



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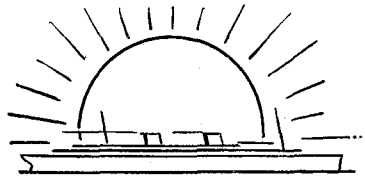

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If I Should Ever Travel

(*Continued from page 19*)

poem of the fiddler of Dooney (whose cousin was priest in Kilvarnet, his brother in Moharabuiee):

> "I passed my brother and cousin:
> They read in their books of prayer;
> I read in my book of songs
> I bought at the Sligo fair."

(But when heaven is finally reached the fiddler goes first through the gate)

> "For the good are always the merry,
> Save by an evil chance,
> And the merry love the fiddle,
> And the merry love to dance."

Yeats and James Stephens, Donn Byrne, John M. Synge, and the poets and singers and philosophers of the ages have made Ireland familiar to us all. We could walk the streets (no elephants, please) of any of their little villages and know the freckled, bright-eyed urchins who would come out to meet us, we would know the thatched cottages they live in, the castle on the hill, the wild green beauty of the country roundabout. And you'll say that this knowledge, superficial at that, comes not from poets or singers or philosophers but straight from the movies, and maybe you'll be right, but even the movies got their plays from somewhere.

New England

Turning from European plans for the summer, I have already had several nibbles and tentative offers for my New England cottage, and it gives me grounds to warn you that if you are hoping to rent a cottage for part or all of the summer, it is never too soon to begin lining up the possibilities, setting your own mind straight as to what you want—the sea, the mountains, a farm, peace and seclusion, a gay resort, whatever—and it's a good thing to start looking right now before some one else has snapped up the most desirable thing in your line, and at the best rates. New England offers any of the things that you may be looking for, and it's fun covering the ground in the early spring, when summer cottages are deserted and daffodils are showing their bright and hardy heads along the melting edges of the remains of winter snow. Only wear your galoshes. You'll need them for warmth as well as protection against deep and treacherous spring mud that awaits the unsuspecting, off the main roads. Last year, early in May we spent a week-end in a summer cottage—no heat but the fireplace —and I shall not forget how strange

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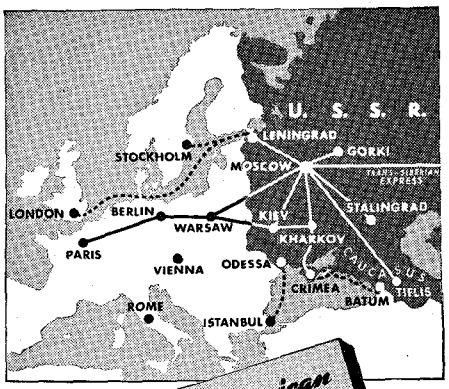

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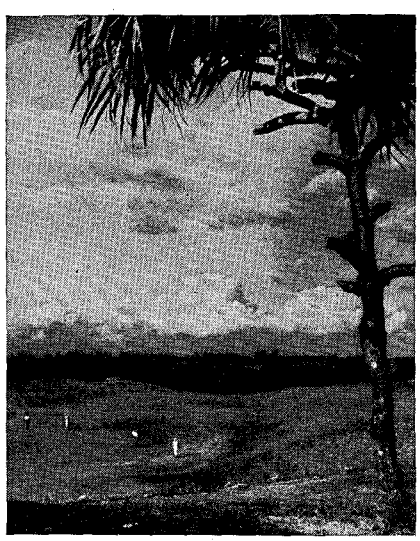
it seemed walking up the hill to the cottage at five in the morning after driving all night, with dawn just breaking and the thermometer reading 25°. Just as we reached the cottage door a sleepy white-throat sparrow, always before associated with warm, clear summer evenings, gave us his drowsy "John Peabody, Peabody, Peabody,"—and I had a sudden sense that the world was upside down as I fumbled at the lock with numbed and clumsy fingers. I remembered, too, how surprised I was to find that the mountains in southern Vermont, at that time of year, made me think of Scotland, with the bare rock outlines that one doesn't see in summer, but now clearly visible through the leafless trees on the mountainsides. There was a prevailing grayness everywhere, and against this background the purplish color of the bursting red maple buds gave much the same impression that heather does in the Scottish hills. The Scotch illusion was enhanced, I will say, by the warm mist and rain we met all day on the drive home. It was a week-end of high adventure, to be recommended to all fellow-motorists who enjoy the outdoors and the feeling of accomplishment that comes from putting up with a little discomfort for the sake of the mental exhilaration that follows meeting and enjoying nature on her own terms.

The South

Our Southern States are at their best at this time of year and are getting ready to show the world that the far-famed Southern hospitality is not just wrapped up between the covers of Civil War novels.

The Huey P. Long bridge across the

(*Continued on page 22*)



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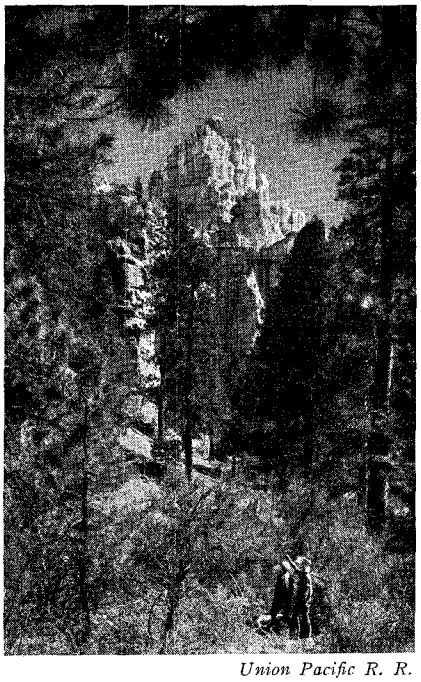

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BRYCE CANYON IN UTAH

If I Should Ever Travel

(*Continued from page 21*)

Mississippi at New Orleans is open now and it is possible to go all the way from St. Augustine to San Antonio—1275 miles—by car and then on to the West. "For the visitor in the South," we are told, "that whole stretch from St. Augustine to San Antonio is one of enthralling interest, for there are color and romance along the trail originally broken by the sandalled padre and the booted conquistador bearing flag of Church and King westward to the fabled land of gold." I know that my own history would need considerable brushing up before I could wrest all possible "color and romance" from the country, but how I should love to open my history book for that purpose. You can go to both Florida and Texas by boat. You can take a six-day, nine-day, ten-day, or thirteen-day cruise to Miami, any Saturday or every other Wednesday from New York, from $60, $70, $73, or $81 respectively. For $56 you can take an eight-day cruise to St. Augustine, including calls at Charleston and Jacksonville. Or you can take a thirteen-day Texas cruise for $101, all expenses, sailing every other Wednesday.

Hawaii

Hawaii will be on many travellers' lists this summer, and for the pleasure of us who think of going, as well as for those who have already been, I quote a letter from Pete Street on a recent trip:

"I'm probably one of the naïvest of travellers—although I must admit a fairly constant one—that ever took a boat out of an American port. But

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Speaking of seeds reminds us: Have you bought yours for the garden yet? It isn't too early to plant some of them now. How about the slip covers for the porch chairs? Need a new lawn mower? Or soaps and cleansers for your spring cleaning? Look up these items in the advertisements before you buy.

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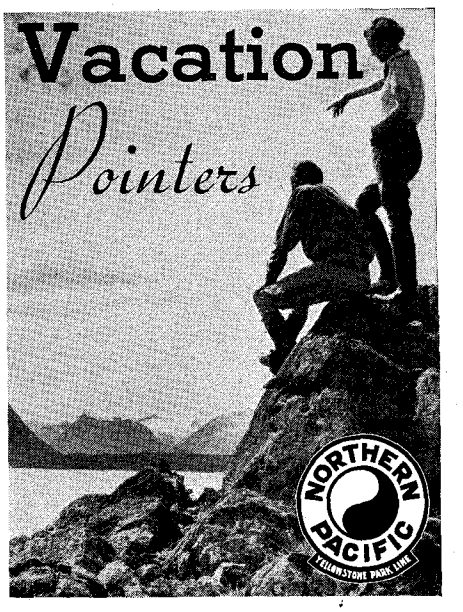
somehow or other I don't particularly regret the hours I used to spend at prep school with the *Motor Boys* concealed behind the spacious cover of my geography book. For instance, when I get to a place like Honolulu, I'm perhaps as close as you can get, in a world of radio and travelogues, to the state of mind of the early Vikings in search of continents. I'm surprised by banyan trees, surprised they grow coffee out here, surprised to find neon signs along Waikiki, surprised indeed to find that Honolulu on Oahu is still some 200 miles from the actual "Big Island" of Hawaii. You can get to the Big Island of Hawaii with its volcanoes, its lovely Kona coast, by boat, you are told, or better yet by plane.

"Well, I make up for my shameless lack of preparation in other ways. I may not have read the travel books, but I am quick to catch on when taxis are too expensive and it's better to rent an old second-hand car. If I'd had to pay for a taxi from the Halekulani Hotel to Pearl Harbor I'd never have gone there. And if that were the case I'd never have had the fascinating flight over Uncle Sam's local naval base with Lieutenant Jesse G. Johnson, U. S. N., in a navy bomber. Flying with the Navy is a new experience for one who doesn't like flying anyway. Security, that fine old bourgeois virtue, is emphasized. Navy regulations require civilians to wear flying suit, helmet, goggles, a life-saving vest, and a parachute. I was in the bomber's position with a window under me, an open cockpit above. As we sailed in graceful circles over nearby Honolulu and Waikiki I stuck my head out to get a comprehensive view and immediately my mouth was blown open. Of course I hadn't realized that we were going over a hundred knots an hour. For fear you may feel that perhaps it has stayed open and waggling ever since, I think I'd better stop before I go on with the beauties of Diamond Head and the Pali. . . ."

For those in the East, going west to sail for Hawaii, the trip across the continent can be as fascinating as any part of the journey. Since you can sail from Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, Vancouver—any of a number of places all up and down the coast—the choice is up to you whether you will see the South-, Middle-, or the great Northwest on the way. The chances are that you don't know half of what the West affords, or even what parts of it hold most of interest for you. Get out the atlas, be wise and study. It will be worth your while!



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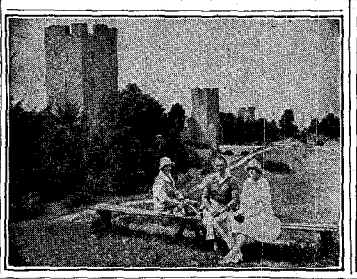

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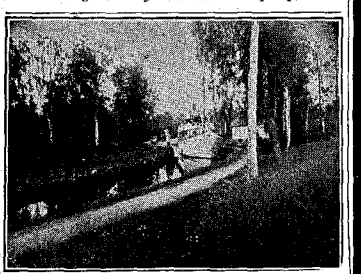

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BEHIND THE SCENES

(*Continued from page 14*)

viously had led very hampered lives, then became normal individuals—except for the necessity of following a diet and taking insulin.

To imply that diabetes causes invalidism reveals unbelievable ignorance of the disease in one who presumes to write of it. Because of the necessity of the diabetic understanding his condition, many scientifically accurate books are available which are written in the language of the layman. All emphasize that the disease is no bar to normal activity. From such sources, as well as from the thousands of physicians of the country, any one interested can learn the absurdity of assuming that a diabetic must sleep alone, as though the disease were infectious, or that exertion must be avoided because of the danger of excessive fatigue.

It seems pernicious to spread the idea that the diabetic is doomed to a life of invalidism, when such is far from the facts. The thousands of diabetics who are doing their share of the world's work—manual laborers as well as white collar workers—have a right to rise in protest at such insults to their stamina. It is indeed fortunate that the readers of SCRIBNER'S are as a whole intelligent and well informed enough to be amused rather than depressed by the impossible situation depicted in "Love Is Not Love."

Doctor James Ralph Scott, Chairman of the New York Diabetes Association:

EFFECTIVE CONTROL

Sir: In the February number of SCRIBNER'S there appeared a story by Nancy Hale entitled "Love Is Not Love." This story and the accompanying illustration presents a totally erroneous picture of the life of a woman who is a diabetic, and hence is distinctly harmful to the public attitude towards this disorder.

Diabetes claims throughout the United States as many deaths yearly as do automobile accidents. These deaths are needless but can be prevented only if diabetics and the general public have a true understanding of the disorder and of its readily available and entirely effective means of control.

Nancy Hale makes the following reply:

WHAT SHE SEES

Just a word in reply to the letters written in about "Love Is Not Love."

I suppose all any writer can do in honesty is to write what he sees. In "Love Is Not Love" I wrote what I saw. How much hypochondria played in making Elisa what she was I cannot attempt to gauge.

However, since reading the expostulatory letters I have consulted a practising doctor about one or two of the points brought up in them. I am informed that in cases of extreme diabetes it is found necessary to give a fourth daily injection of insulin at bedtime to enable the patient to pass a comfortable night. I am also informed that upon ceasing the insulin injections a patient would immediately begin to feel the ill effects of insulin's absence, and in proportion with the severity of the disease, would sooner or later die.

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